

# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1824.

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LONDON :

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# LONDON MAGAZINE

## THE LION'S HEAD.

In compliance with the request of several Correspondents, our readers will perceive that we have entered somewhat more fully into the reviewing department of our Magazine. "Assessing the various quality of literary journals, many of them conducted with ability, some with impetuosity, there are few," it is said, "which are properly—flawless. The two leading Works, under this denomination are, for the most part, collections of Essays, and these chiefly political. The minor publications of the same class are but partially devoted to their proper object, and we regret to see series of Extracts, than Reviews, (which are exclusively devoted to one purpose—the due valuation of literary productions)—yet containing little more than a list of titles, and a few remarks on the subjects. In the editorial part of their chief end, the information of the public on the contemporary state of the press, so that society shall not become the prey of all sorts of persons of vice, but the friend of virtue, industry, and knowledge—are still wanting." The London Magazine will endeavour to supply this deficiency.

J. C.'s Review of the "Pilgrim's Tale," another of which we shall soon state say part of our reputation. Judging from the present prospect, we have some doubt of his ability, though some whiff of his wit is to be seen in his "to become a regular contributor." We, however, put no value on his "to become a regular contributor."

A press of matter obliges us to postpone the late Review and Miscellaneous of the "Plan for the Government and Internal Instruction of Negroes in Barbadoes." Our next number will be the better for it.

We must shelter ourselves under the same excuse for the non-appearance of Mr. Farnen's "Essay on Hume's" this month, but it shall certainly appear in our next:—our first is only now beginning to receive the portion of attention which his genius may fairly expect.



## THE LION'S HEAD.

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IN compliance with the request of several Correspondents, our readers will perceive that we have entered somewhat more fully into the Reviewing Department of our Magazine. "Amongst the endless variety of literary journals, many of them conducted with ability, some with impartiality, there are few," it is said, "which are properly—Reviews. The two leading Works, under this denomination, are, for the most part, collections of Essays, and those chiefly political. The minor publications of the same class are but partially devoted to their professed object, and are rather—series of Extracts, than Reviews. Critiques, exclusively dedicated to one purpose—the due valuation of literary pretensions,—yet embracing all subjects; Reviews, having for their sole object, literature in the abstract, and as their chief end, the information of the public on the cotemporary issue of the press, so that society shall not become the purchaser of folly nor the patron of vice, but the friend of genius, industry, and learning,—are still wanting." The LONDON MAGAZINE will endeavour to supply this deficiency.

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J. C.'s Review of the "Pilgrim's Tale," is not one on which we should wish to stake any part of our reputation. Judging from the present specimen, we have some doubt of his abilities, though none whatever of his willingness, "to become a regular contributor." We, however, put no Veto on his exertions.

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A press of matter obliges us to postpone the able Review and Examination of the "Plan for the Government and liberal Instruction of Boys, in large Numbers." Our next number will be the better for it.

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We must shelter ourselves under the same excuse for the non-publication of Mr. Farren's "Essay on Hamlet" this month; but it shall certainly appear in our next:—our great Poet is only now beginning to receive that portion of attention which his genius may fairly arrogate.

A better proof of our wish to encourage youthful talent, than an insertion of its crude productions would be, is, inserting here our advice to all such juvenile aspirants as Juliana:—upon the subject of translation.—Translation does not consist in a mere version of foreign words into native ones of equal value, but in turning foreign idiom into native idiom so as to preserve the sense. The sentimental, shepherdess style, of French authors in general, is the worst of all bad styles: in translating for exercise from French into English, all such writers should carefully be avoided.

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In reply to the demand of "Thine," inserted in our Lion's Head of December last, we are desirous to say that Kant is now in English, and that the translator is desirous to present him with a copy.

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The lines beginning—

There is a mystic thread of life,

are not too good for Lord Byron, but much beyond X. C., or he would not have stolen them. Matthew Green's maxim—"Shun petty larceny in wit," would be lost upon this desperado; he commits nothing short of "flat burglary." X. C. may be young enough ("not yet twenty,") to think he can be-fool us, but he is old enough to play the knave, though, in this instance, without success. *I, fausto pede, puer!* in the honourable track you have chosen, and a literary gibbet will no doubt be your portion.

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The "*Nugæ Dramaticæ*," "Ride to Ravenswell," together with the elaborate effusions of P. N., R.\*\*\*, and L—T—, are not destined to attain immortality through the medium of our pages.

THE  
**London Magazine.**

MARCH, 1824.

RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE JESUITS IN NAPLES,

THEIR SUBSEQUENT PROCEEDINGS, &c. &c.

*Che voi siate scherniti e vilipesi*

*Non è stupor.—Salvator Rosa, Sat. iii.*

WHEN King Ferdinand's turbulent subjects had been reduced to proper order by a foreign force, that monarch, in his return towards his states in 1821, had business of an important nature to settle at the Vatican; favours were given and received; there was an harmonious reciprocation between the prince spiritual and the prince temporal; the pope absolved the king from the oath the Carbonari had extorted from him, and the king, among other returns, consented to receive the "Society of Jesus" into his states and favour, and was brought to acknowledge, that the falls of thrones, and the abridgments and convulsions royal authority has been subjected to in late years, all emanated from that most impolitic and unjust proceeding, the suppression of the Jesuits. The king was soon followed to his capital by about twenty members of this once redoubted society, who, after an absence of many years, once more took possession of their splendid church *del Gesù*: the spacious monasteries or rather palaces that belonged to their community were, however, turned into Austrian barracks or manufactories; these they could not have again, and indeed the smallness of their number would have told a melancholy tale in those once-thronged abodes of their wealth and influence. They were indifferently accommodated in a convent adjoining

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the church, and supported by a royal pension and the donations and countenance of certain devotees; they proceeded forthwith to their task with a great show of industry and energy. In a few days the confessionals of their church were announced as being accessible to the penitent sinner at any hour of the day whatever; an additional number of daily masses was instituted; preaching and vesper services, besides many others, neglected by the torpidity and carelessness of the other religious orders and of the regular priests, were undertaken with true jesuitical zeal and indefatigability; and a set of religious pamphlets, adapted to the meridian of vulgar minds, were printed and distributed, at the same time that a spirited Italian translation of the celebrated apology of their order, given in by the French Jesuits at their suppression, was published for the edification of the more intellectual, for the conviction of modern sceptics, and for establishing unanswerable evidence of the justice of their cause. The harvest of their labours was soon seen; other churches were deserted and theirs crowded from morning till night: in passing by, we have frequently seen the devout issuing in streams like those which the chapels of some of our more *gifted* methodist preachers emit; and we have seldom entered in times between service with-

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out seeing all their confessionals occupied by kneeling penitents, and their altars besieged by weeping suppliants. One of the most powerful engines in the complicated machine of their power, was their monopoly of a great part of the education of youth; this had formerly awakened apprehension, and was one of the strongest of the motives alleged for their suppression; but now things were changed, and the society was encouraged to attempt the regaining of that ascendancy—they opened a school, which, like their church, was presently thronged.

Thus far, every thing went on in a cool, didactic way, but a *coup d'état* was judged expedient, and was given without delay. The body of a certain Francesco di Girolamo, a *Sacerdote professo* of their order, who died at Naples somewhat more than a hundred years ago in the odour of sanctity, and who has since, after a due trial in the *saint making* court at Rome (council being heard for and against) received the honour of beatification,\* was brought back to Naples, whence his brethren had carried him, at their expulsion, as part of their moveable property, and reinstated, with full authority to continue his miracles in the church *del Gesù*. In a few days a splendid ceremony was announced, and a collection set on foot to defray its expenses; as the king gave liberally, the ministers did the same, and all their *impiegati* and dependants, who had any respect for their characters, contributed their mite—the Jesuits pocketed a total of 26,000 ducats. On the day fixed the city was in unusual bustle; the peasantry poured in on all sides, and their number may be imagined to have been great, when, as it was ascertained, more than 30,000 entered on one side, that is, by the *Strada Foria*. About five in the evening the ceremony was arranged, and the relics were carried in procession from the church, with a

decorum and solemnity Neapolitan processions had long been strangers to. We saw them enter the street of Toledo, which was occupied by an undulating mass of plebeians, while the balconies and roof tops of the houses were crowded with people of all classes; the relics, protected by the Neapolitan Royal Guards, and accompanied by the devout murmurs, or the enthusiastic exclamations of the mob, moved on with sedate pomp; the sneer of the caviller, the disgust of the liberal, were of course suppressed or whispered, and every thing seemed to smile, like the setting sun of that fine summer evening, on the glory of the Jesuits. But alas! the whole length of Toledo was yet before them, and we all know how much may happen during a slow walk of half a mile: on a sudden the panic-spreading "*fuyi, fuyi*," (fly, fly) was heard; how it originated, whether from the nefarious designs of a set of pickpockets, or from the malice of the Carbonari (it was said in both ways), or from what other cause, we know not, but in a minute the word of terror was vociferated by the voices of thousands, and an alarming rush ensued.† The Austrians who were placed at regular distances to preserve order, fearing that a revolt had broken out, put themselves in a position of defence; bayonets were lowered, and the clatter of arms and the unintelligible words of command were heard by the Neapolitans, who imagining that they were all going to be massacred, set up the most hideous yells and rushed more violently than ever. The weak were thrown down and trampled under foot, and a certain number of the curious who had elevated themselves on stools and chairs were swept from their pedestals, and carried down the stream: the children, and the priests in the procession, still more cowardly than they, were with difficulty kept from running away; the troop wavered about the

\* All parties, however, are not satisfied of the legality of his beatification, as the evidences of popular tradition, of the concurrence of magistrates to strengthen tradition, of a decision of the clergy of the country, were not fully given in on trial, and are all prescribed by the canons of holy church.

† Neapolitan crowds are generally dispersed in this manner with the cries of *fly! fly!* without any apparent cause of alarm—these people seldom want a second intimation to run away, and the fright, the hurry, the confusion which ensue, are very amusing, when one does not happen to be in the streets among them, for then, as we know by mournful experience, it is far from being agreeable.



street, the relics, the cross were hurled on this side and that, and were more than once near being relinquished altogether by the hirelings that bore them; the Jesuits were bawling and beating their breasts—in short, all decorum, all the *spettacolo*, all the *maestoso* of the procession were annihilated. At length the multitude had partly disemboved through the numerous streets and lanes that diverge from the Strada Toledo, and the remainder had the satisfaction of discovering it was a false alarm! By slow degrees the flustered spirits were calmed, the procession formed again in tolerable order, music of instruments and voices again resounded, and the whole began to pass on decorously and solemnly as before. But the half of Toledo was not passed when the magic words “fuyi, fuyi,” were again bellowed out, and the same scene of panic and confusion followed: this finished as the former, but not quite so soon. The procession then continued with fear and trembling, and with hastened steps: no other interruption occurred, but we believe the reverend fathers, and all personally interested in the business, were exceedingly happy when the Beato Francesco di Girolamo was again deposited in his coffin in the church. The mortification of the brethren and their party at this *vistosissima mala riuscita* may be conceived; the police of the city took sides with them, and that night and the following day a vast number of poor devils, who were supposed to look like pick-pockets or malcontents, were thrown into prison, and three very respectable men were arrested for having laughed (for which we think there was great excuse) at the extraordinary scene, as they witnessed it from their balconies. The anti-jesuit and anti-miracle party, which amounted to all the people of sense in the capital, enjoyed this *chute d'orgueil*, and among the warmer of them, several pasquinades were written and circulated. The Jesuits, however, were consoled in their afflictions by an opportune miracle; as the body of the Beato was being carried into the church, a rickety child in the arms of

a devout mother was carried to touch the case in which it was enclosed, and immediately on the contact the child was perfectly cured of all its infirmities. Of this fact an instrument, consolidated by oaths, was drawn up the day after by a public notary, and put in circulation forthwith.

Shortly after the society published a compendium of the life of the said Beato Francesco di Girolamo, with an appendix, containing two of his miracles, approved by the Holy See, in the process of his beatification at Rome, and a *Novena*, or vigil, to be held in his honour. The darkest ages of superstition have spawned few documents more insulting to the Divinity, and to the greatest of his gifts—the human intellect—few more dangerous in their tendency, more degrading, more monstrous than this abortion of the nineteenth century. It begins by relating that he was born at Grottaglie, a village near the ancient Tarentum, in 1642, that he gave evidences of sanctity as soon as he was born, and that he enlisted into the service of the church as soon as he was ten years old. He studied in the Jesuit College at Taranto, where he was promoted to holy orders: he then came to Naples, and entered as *prefet* in the Jesuit College de' Nobili; in that establishment he continued his studies, obeyed the scriptural injunctions of obedience to the very letter, obtained the title of *Sacerdote Santo*, and went with honour through the difficult ordeal to which the society subjects those who aspire to be its members. In 1670 he was admitted as a novice, and the following year he was sent as a missionary into the province of Otranto, where he laboured apostolically for more than three years; he then returned to the head house in the capital, finished his course of theology, and made profession of the four vows.\* Francesco was desirous of being sent missionary to India, and for a while it was reported he was destined for Japan, but Providence, that intended him for the good of his native country, induced the superiors to appoint him missionary of the city of Naples. One of

\* These vows are of poverty, chastity, obedience, and renunciation of honours.—What strange proofs does the history of the Order furnish us, of the observance of the first and the last of these vows!

his first labours was to instruct a thousand youth eight days previous to their first communion; this he performed with great unction, and on the ninth day, the youths being dressed as angels, he conducted them with the music of sacred songs to the cathedral, to eat the angelic bread. His great duty was to preach on holidays in the public places of the city; in his discharge of this duty he was superhumanly fervent, and his preaching offered an uninterrupted course of eloquence and holiness on his part, and of conversion and miracles on that of his auditors. All the instances of divine interposition that are cited are very *characteristic*. What can reasonable beings think of the following?

A certain monk of another order, who in discharge of his office also preached in the public places, conceived a great jealousy against Francesco di Girolamo, who always commanded greater audiences than he; one day this monk found some Jesuit students, headed by Francesco, preaching at a spot that, from long occupation, he considered exclusively his own; enraged at this intrusion, he first obliged the young men to silence, and then commanded Padre Francesco to follow their example; this the Jesuit immediately did, and moreover prostrated himself before the envious monk to kiss his feet. His rival, with furious gesture, threw him from him, and, accusing him of hypocrisy, turned his back on him spitefully. The ensuing night divine vengeance fell upon the monk, he was struck with apoplexy: knowing from what hand the blow came, he sent to supplicate that Padre Francesco would repair to him. The Beatified went instantly, and consoled the monk by the grief he showed for his late transgression.

A beautiful and celebrated courtesan, on hearing Padre Francesco, who was preaching beneath her window, recommend charity for a poor convert, threw him a piece of silver; the Father, invested with celestial light, looked at her and exclaimed, "Sister, this charity will soon be of use to you." At these words alone, the obscene woman, touched with the spirit of repentance, resolved to change her way of life. She repaired to church, to the feet of Padre Francesco, and begged him to receive her confession. "Oh, not so," said he, "I require a surer pledge of your conversion; go into the conservatory of the Penitents; when you are entered there I will confess and absolve you." The woman did as she was bid. But when she thought herself duly disposed, and had confessed, and was expecting the Father

would give her absolution, and that she might be admitted to the communion—he left her in suspense, and went to say mass. When he returned to her he said, "Well! so you have not disclosed *that sin*;" and he named the sin, and it was true she had been guilty of it; and the woman replied, "Yes, it is even so, but I failed to mention it through forgetfulness." She was absolved, and she approached the holy altar; and God then favoured her by sending her a cancer in the face, and so purified her from the faults she had committed through the incentives of her meretricious beauty.

In one of the streets where he was accustomed to preach to bad women, there was one so lost in sin, that she not only hindered his being heard, but mocked him and laughed at him: one day, surprised by divine justice, she died suddenly. That same day Padre Francesco, passing by, followed by a great multitude of people, asked what had become of Caterina, and he was answered that the unhappy wretch had died of an apoplectic stroke. Immediately he ascends the stairs, the crowd following him; and seeing her extended on her bed, he lifts his voice imperiously, and once, and twice, interrogates her, saying, "Caterina, where art thou?" The defunct, however, answering nothing, with still greater faith he interrogates her the third time, "Caterina, tell me where art thou?" Then the miserable creature, drawing a deep sigh from her bosom, with a hoarse and horrid voice answered, "I am in hell!"

On the 11th of May, 1716, Father Francesco di Girolamo, in the 74th year of his natural, and the 46th of his Jesuit existence, seceded from his mortal labours in an excess of spiritual enthusiasm. One of the brethren who had attended him in his illness, wished, from motives of devotion, to cut off in secret a corn that the deceased had under one of his feet; but in making the incision the blood gushed out alive, and in such quantity that, besides drenching several cloths, it filled a good sized bottle, in which for several months it remained liquid and of a ruby colour. This circumstance had a powerful effect on the Beatification Court at Rome, and no doubt the blood and blood-stained towels were valuable and productive property to the Jesuits. The body was carried into the common sacristy, and his death was rumoured through the city; such multitudes rushed to the church and to the vestibule of the sacristy, that it was necessary to close the doors and



to place a body of Swiss to keep back the crowd. This precaution, however, was rendered futile, for they opened a door to give ingress to the Princess of Roccella, a lady of high distinction and a penitent of the Father; the mob made a rush, precipitated themselves after her, and filled the vast church. The bier with infinite difficulty was brought to the middle of the church; the funeral service commenced—the pressure of the multitude interrupted it, and the Fathers, surrounded by soldiers, carried the bier into the chapel of the Santissima Trinita, which is defended by strong iron railing, where the service was concluded. This timely removal probably saved the body from being torn to pieces by the superstitious mob. The church could not be cleared until late at night, and the next day the crowd returned with increased density. The chapel where the body lay was besieged, particularly by the diseased and sorrowing: others ran to break the Father's confessional box in pieces, to preserve as miracle-working relics; but here the Jesuits had been before them; it was deposited in a place of safety, and only a few persons were admitted to kiss it. A little girl, who had been a cripple several years, had the good fortune to sit down on the seat of the said confessional—she rose up perfectly cured. Miracles, of course, were worked after his decease, for it is the working of miracles after death that gives a title to beatification and canonization: the two following were those which were proved in the Roman court, and which merited him the title of *Beato*; they are given in a style which has a close resemblance to that of the advertisements of puffing quack-doctors—the latter one will recall to the reader one of Prince Hohenlohe's miracles in Ireland, which has lately been so much noised.

A short time after the death of Padre Francesco, D. Giovanni Ambroselli, of Castronovo, in the kingdom of Naples, professor of medicine, who had been congregated under the direction of the holy man, was unfortunately wounded, by the bursting of a blunderbuss, in his left hand and arm: several bones were fractured, the nerves were lacerated; in a few days the wounds began

to gangrene; he was reduced to extremities; he received the sacraments, and was given over to the assistance of the priests. At a moment when he was more than ever tormented by spasmodic pains, he turned to God with faith, imploring succour through the merits of his servant Padre di Girolamo, whose death he was yet ignorant of, and anon the spasm was tranquillized, and he was surprised by sleep. During his sleep Padre Francesco appeared to him, animated him to hope health in God, and then touched with his dress the wounded hand and arm. Ambroselli awoke at this act, and feeling himself perfectly cured (*guarito perfettamente da ogni incommodo*), to the joyful surprise of all present rose from his bed, thanking the Lord, who through the merits of Padre Francesco had thus healed him by a prodigy; and as only the scars of the wounds remained, as a memorial of the grace he had received, he repaired on foot to Naples, where he better intimated his gratitude at the tomb of his beneficent deliverer, at the same time publishing through that great city, the miracle, and authenticating it in his person.

Nor less prodigious was the cure that D. Maria Rosalia Rispoli, a nun in the monastery *Dell' Annunziata*, at Massa, near Sorrento, acknowledged to have obtained through the mediation of our Padre di Girolamo. She had for many years been molested by an hypochondriac, hysterical affection, that caused her most acute pains in the head and bowels, and was at last surprised by a violent apoplectic stroke that paralyzed all her left side, so that she could neither stand nor move without the aid of two or more of her sisters. Thus oppressed by an evil, declared by the physicians to be incurable, as she had heard of the numerous prodigies that were operated by God through the intercession of the recently deceased Padre Francesco, she was inwardly moved to have recourse to his protection, and forthwith procuring one of his relics, she crossed her side with it in great faith and fell asleep. In her sleep it seemed to her that she saw the servant of God apply his hand to her side, and restore her lost motion. Her dream was verified in fact: as soon as she awoke she felt herself perfectly cured, and so agile that she leaped from her bed, dressed herself without any help, and rapidly betook herself, all gay and smiling, and astonishing all the sisterhood, to the choir, where with great devotion she rendered thanks to God, who, through the intercession of Padre di Girolamo, had restored her to perfect health, *con un tanto strepitoso prodigio*, "with so noisy a prodigy."

We hasten with pleasure from

\* The society has published a detailed life of the *Beato*, in folio. It contains a vast number of miracles operated by his means, not only in Italy, but in Germany and elsewhere.

these shallow, worn out tricks, to other details, although they in their turn have little to conciliate us.

The company has not been able to re-establish their college *De' Nobili*, which once monopolized the education of nearly all the young men of family; nor have they the means of boarding their present pupils in the house, a circumstance which they must much regret, as the boy that goes home daily to his family, and has the city open before him, is not at all likely to be so docile a disciple as one shut up from year to year, within the walls and under the eyes of the society. The present number of these pupils is somewhat more than a thousand; the far greater part of them are children of men holding inferior situations under government, who, in an anxiety to keep their places, seize every opportunity of conforming to the spirit and taste of the rulers that be. The plan of study they profess to follow is, the *Ratio Studiorum*, one of the most luminous efforts, one of the columns of the Jesuit order; but this plan, in fact, they do not pursue, being incapacitated by their present lack of means, and the circumstances of their pupils: we might, perhaps, go further, and say, that the fathers established here have not mental capacity sufficient to realize the scheme of their ingenious predecessors, which, after all, would be futile or pernicious, practised on poor lads who will be obliged to engage in the inferior occupations and toils of society. To them the day-schools established on the French form (many of which have been suppressed by government, that took no heed of the masters thus reduced to want) were incontestably better adapted. The system of *enseignement mutuel*, so long and so loudly deprecated by the whole body of the Catholic priesthood,\* has, curious to say, been largely drawn upon by the Jesuits; their school, how-

ever, is not half so orderly as one of our establishments for the poor, and without order this mode of instruction is worse than nothing: it is true, their subjects are *Neapolitans*, but our children are of a far inferior stage of society; they, too, wield the awful terrors of religion to repress vivacity, make use of means potent on the spirit of childhood, which our pedagogues can never handle. An immense crucifix, the figure distorted and smeared with blood, ever hangs at the end of the school-room, which is purposely kept rather dark, and the physiognomies of the teachers, their voices, their motions, are studied, to produce awe and respect—and then, what a difference is there in the costume of a Jesuit and the dress of one of our schoolmasters! Before they begin school in the morning the children are employed half an hour in genuflections, and in repeating, all together, a certain set of prayers; the afternoon studies have a similar prelude, and are wound up by the singing of a long *rosario*. When, after all this, we see that the children are neither respectful, obedient, attentive, nor quiet, we must conclude that the brethren are wanting in those talents or qualities that command and conciliate—that they are unfit for the duties they have taken upon themselves.

In the month of September (1822), previous to the vacation, the Jesuits gave a public display of the success of their labours, which did not answer the ends they proposed, much more than their unfortunate procession. As they had not sufficient room in the monastery, they resorted to their spacious church; the high altar was screened, the space immediately before it was furnished with a stage, and benches and chairs were placed in the body of the church for the audience. A picked number of the cleverest boys had to sustain the *scena*, which opened by a disputative

\* Shortly after the fall of the constitution, and while the affairs of police were in the hands of that wiseacre, Signor \*\*\*, a poor man who had established a school on this system, in Strada Santa Brigida, was visited one morning by some *sbirri*, and some Austrian soldiers, who conducted him to the presence of the dreaded minister. "Ah! how is this?" said Signor \*\*\*, "you make use of signs in your school—signs wicked—forbidden!" The affrighted pedagogue explained the use of those signs; that they were children who used them; that his school doors were open, &c. "It won't do—it won't do," cried Signor \*\*\*, "Carbonari make use of signs—Masons make use of signs—signs are prohibited by his majesty's decree." The school was put down and the master was glad to get off so cheaply.



dialogue between two of them (neither was fourteen years old) on education, the merits of the Jesuit system, that pursued by the innovators of modern date, &c. The arguments forced into the memory, and extorted from the mouth of the advocate for *oggi giorno* (present days) were wild and absurd: the pleader for the Jesuits, on the contrary, was very well furnished with dialectic and rhetoric; he showed as clear as the sun at noon-day, that nothing profitable had been done for education since the third Jesuit General, Acquaviva, and his six co-laborating monks, had formed the *ratio studiorum*; that it had been hurrying to ruin ever since the iniquity of man had persecuted the society of Jesus, and shut up their schools; and that religion and virtue, honour and morality, had been deteriorating with it; and this brought his speech to its natural conclusion of a diatribe against modern *philosophes*, which was done with sarcasm, peremptoriness, and sufficiency, really worthy of an *Encyclopédiste*. His opponent, as may be supposed, had no weapons put in his hand, and as his part comported, he owned himself vanquished, and confessed, that "così dev' essere" (so it must be). Another boy then came forward and recited a sonnet, which was addressed "in the name of all his companions and of himself to the blessed Virgin, the seat of all wisdom." After this a class came on the stage, and translated about a sentence each boy, from Cornelius Nepos, and, this was followed by a little parsing—another class handled some of Ovid's elegies, and talked a little about mythology—another class wrote a theme on holiness of life, in Latin and Italian—another underwent an examination in geography. But it would be useless and tiresome to follow the order, particularly as it was a long affair, the examination having been repeated for three successive days: it is enough to say, that Greek, Latin, and Italian, among languages; history, sacred and profane, ancient and modern geography, chronology, composition in prose and verse, mathematics, arithmetic, &c. &c. were made to strut and fret upon the stage, to show, what they did not, the astonishing capabilities of the instructors, and the rapid pro-

gress of the instructed. This sort of exhibition must ever be inconclusive and faulty—this particular one was unfair and paltry: two or three boys had evidently been picked out, and duly prepared by learning certain things by rote, which they pronounced, most probably without understanding, and the other lads were left to dangle their hands undisturbed. The extravagant pretensions of the fathers seemed ridiculous, when it was considered, that these boys had been but a few months under their tuition, that they affirmed they had received them in a state of *massima ignoranza*, and that now they brought them forward as Hellenists, Latinists, philosophers, and mathematicians.

Since that time they have had no scenes of eclat, but the number of novices has regularly increased, as also that of their penitents and devotees; so that there is at present a flourishing nursery of the future members and partizans of the order. They have renewed their *esercizi spirituali*, among which is the objectionable practice of having *ritirati*, which was one of their customs, that in other times, formed serious points of accusation against them—points of accusation as reasonable as serious; for the blinded individuals, who at their persuasion retire for a time from the vanities of the world, are sequestered in lonely cells, among the fearful objects, which bigotry, or rather cunning, has found calculated to dispose weak minds to fanaticism, or to unhinge their intellects: those temporary anchorets, for example, are exposed to the contemplation of skulls, perhaps the most frightful of the relics of mortality, and are placed between two banners, on one of which is depicted our Saviour, on the other the arch-enemy, and thus with aggravated susceptibilities they are left to dwell on the mass of superstitious horrid doctrine of their teachers—the effect of all this has frequently been that persons have come out of those *ritirati* with disordered and alienated intellects. The government asserts that it proposes to amend the morals of the people, and believes the Jesuits to co-operate in so very proper an undertaking; but certainly the means hitherto employed by them are not calculated to attain so

honourable an object, but rather to inspire the people with an ignorant and superfluous respect for the external forms and artifices of devotion, and this, when they are already too much attached to the forms and too little to the essentials, in a country where superstition goes hand in hand with crime, and where the brigands conceal upon their persons at the same time the instrument of their crimes and the object of their miserable idolatry: the dagger and the image of the Madonna lie in peaceful league upon the same bosom! And not only is the spirit of these Jesuits' proceedings unnecessary and prejudicial, but it is also in opposition to the spirit and the letter of their institutes, which order them expressly to avoid all pageants, and to take part very sparingly in processions, miracles, and other objects of excitation. Here are two sentences from their book of laws. "In your preaching make use of all the means that may move to piety and repentance, but never of such as inspire enthusiasm and fanaticism." "Adapt your manners and proceedings as far as justice and reason permit, to the time and country in which you live." Both these commandments are enforced with great earnestness; how admirably does the conduct of these men here, who have now been under our observation for more than two years, conform to them!

If we trace carefully the cause of the original suppression of the Jesuits, it will be seen that the severity exercised against their order was not occasioned by the general misdemeanour of its members, since even its greatest enemies can accuse but few Jesuits of notorious crimes, and no order of men can exist without being occasionally polluted by members who are a disgrace to it, and to the world at the same time: it was not therefore a general evil effected by the Jesuits which caused their expulsion, but a fixed and reasonable fear founded on the nature of their institution which aimed at the establishing of an intellectual and consequently a tremendous despotism over men; a despotism apt to become a

mighty instrument of evil in the hands of evil men or even of one evil man, since the Jesuit General exercised a more absolute rule over the order, than perhaps can by any contrivances or violence be exercised by a tyrant over a people.

The ordinary causes of power and security were, in the case of the Jesuits, the proximate causes of their downfall; they were hated, and hated most energetically, by all the other orders, of the Catholic church, for their riches, their talent, their ambition, their real or affected austerity, and their unsociability.

In the present position of affairs, to judge from those settled here, who are all foreigners and selected men, no fear is or need be entertained of the Jesuits; they are no longer powerful in the talents which shed a lustre over their rise, nor in the wealth which was a chain to the multitude, a bait to royal covetousness, and a reproach to monkish poverty; they may add some little to the foppery of religion; but the people upon whom they are likely to exert any influence, are not well able to become more superstitious or more loyal than they are already, and all those who can justly estimate the modern Jesuits' might, smile at their stale tricks, sable dresses, downcast eyes, and demure and unavailing hypocrisy. The friends of liberal opinions may be assured that the illumination of the human mind cannot now be darkened by these antique extinguishers—their imbecility is a guarantee for their harmlessness: but though their sudden apparition need cause no alarm, yet it certainly is not a subject of exultation, which it almost seems to have been considered by certain modern writers, for if they were now what they were in former times, no reasonable man could contemplate their progress with tranquillity, supposing his bosom to be warmed by an honest love of his species; and if their imbecility relieves us from fear on their account, it at the same time makes them obnoxious to our slight regard, not to say our contempt.



## GERMAN EPIGRAMS.

The Germans possess a great number and variety of short epigrammatic compositions, from which an interesting Anthology might be wreathed. We propose to give a few specimens from time to time.

Is it a wonder—with his pelf,  
That Tom his friends remembers not?  
For friends are easily forgot  
By him who can forget himself.—*Wechkerlin.*

## THE CHANGED LAIS.

O Venus! 'whelm'd in sorrow o'er,  
My broken glass I bring to thee;  
For *what I was* it shows no more,  
And *what I am* I dare not see.—*Wechkerlin.*

## EPITAPH.

Here lies, thank God, a woman who  
Quarrell'd and storm'd her whole life through;  
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,  
Or else you'll rouse another storm.—*Wechkerlin.*

Who noble *is* may hold in scorn  
The man who is but noble *born*.—*Zeiler.*

## TO A SCOUNDREL.

Witness against thee!—wheresoe'er thou goest  
Thou bearest thy accuser, as thou knowest.—*Zeiler.*

## PRUDENCE.

Seamen on the surge who rise  
Court the wind and court the tide,  
Force alone no victory brings;—  
They who aim at noblest things,  
Should aspire to wisdom's light;  
Wisdom's mightier far than might.—*Zinkgreff.*

## HONORABLE SERVICE.

If one have served thee, tell the deed to many;  
Hast thou served many, tell it not to any.—*Opitz.*

## EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Here lies old father Gripe, who never cried, "*Jam satis,*"  
'T would wake him did he know you read his tomb-stone gratis.  
*Opitz.*

I never dine at home, said Harry Skinner;  
True! when you dine not out, you get no dinner.—*Opitz.*

Better to sit in Freedom's hall,  
With a cold damp floor and a mouldering wall,  
Than to bend the neck, and to bow the knee,  
In the proudest palace of slavery.—*Olearius.*

When o'er thee all the crowded storms of woe,  
Roll darkling—mourn not! heaven hath order'd so,  
That life's swift stream through dreary shores should flow.  
*Olearius.*

One Arab's steed's worth more than all  
An over crowded donkey stall.—*Olearius.*

O lovely May! thou art a kiss  
From heaven to earth, of nuptial bliss;  
A kiss that hails a blushing bride,  
Who soon shall feel a mother's pride.—*Logau.*

In praise of truth and honesty,  
Men's busy tongues are never still,  
'Tis well—for both are fled from earth,  
*De mortuis nisi bonum nil.*—*Logau.*

Thou addest daily to thy store thy gains,  
Will a gold fleece give to a sheep more brains?—*Paullin.*

#### APPEARANCE.

Appearance may deceive thee—understand  
A pure white glove may hide a filthy hand.—*C. Gryphius.*

The world is but an opera show,  
We come, look round, and then we go.—*C. Gryphius.*

'Tis hard indeed to make a pother,  
That Eve poor Adam overthrew,  
For what he did to please the mother,  
We daily for the daughters do.—*Besser.*

#### ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side  
A woman in her magic beauty rose,  
Dazzled and charm'd he called that woman "bride,"  
And his first sleep became his last repose.—*Besser.*

#### COUNSEL.

Friend! do not crouch to those above,  
Friend! do not tread on those below:  
Love those—they're worthy of thy love,  
Love these—and thou wilt make them so.—*Wernicke.*

#### A BISHOP'S BLESSING.

With cover'd head, a country boor  
Stood, while the Bishop bless'd the poor—  
The mitred prelate lifted high  
His voice—"Take off your hat"—"Not I—  
Your blessing's little worth," he said,  
"If through the hat 'twont reach the head."—*Wernicke.*

Of all Job lost, his history tells us plain,  
God gave him doubled portions back again,  
God did not take his plaguy wife—'tis true,  
What could the patient man have done with two?—*Wernicke.*



Ere yet her child has drawn its earliest breath,  
A mother's love begins—it glows till death,  
Lives before life—with death not dies—but seems  
The very substance of immortal dreams.—*Wernicke.*

Bliss is like woman—both alike we see,  
Immutable in mutability.—*Wernicke.*

## EPITAPH.

What thou art reading o'er my bones,  
I've often read on other stones;  
And others soon shall read of thee,  
What thou art reading now of me.—*Flemming.*

## TO AN OLD COQUETTE.

'Tis not thy years that frighten me away,  
But that thy youngest brother's hair is gray!—*Gryphius.*

## TO THE SAME.

Be not disquieted, fond girl! in truth,  
They laugh not at thy age, but at thy youth.—*Gryphius*

## TO THE SAME.

I call her aged?—I? What lies fame tells—  
I only said she reads in spectacles!—*Gryphius.*

## TO THE SAME.

I did not laugh—in spite of Celia's rage,  
I dared not laugh—I've learnt to reverence age.—*Gryphius.*

B.

## FACETIÆ BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ;

OR,

The Old English Jesters.

No. VI.

DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR.

VERSATILE INGENIUM, THE WIT-  
TIE COMPANION, OR JESTS OF ALL  
SORTS. FROM CITIE AND COUNTRIE,  
COURT AND UNIVERSITIE. WITH AN  
ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF THE LAUGH-  
ING PHILOSOPHER DEMOCRITUS OF  
ABDERA. By Democritus junior.

—*De sapientibus aller*  
*Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum*  
*Protulcratque pedem.* Juv. Sat.

*Utere convivis non tristibus, utere amicis,*  
*Quos nugæ et risus, et joca salsa juvant.*  
Schol. Salern. de conserv. valetud.

AMSTERDAM, PRINTED BY STEPHEN  
SWART, AT THE CROWNED BIBLE,  
NEAR THE EXCHANGE. ANNO 1679.  
Octavo.\*

It is no very easy matter to ac-  
count for an English jest book being  
printed at Amsterdam; yet that our  
*Wittie Companion* issued from a  
Dutch press, the type, and in many  
places the foreign orthography, suf-  
ficiently testify. There are indeed  
several severe passages on the Ca-  
tholics and their religion, (which were  
both getting into fashion at the Eng-  
lish court about the time of its appear-  
ance,) and it might have been found  
difficult to procure an *imprimatur*  
in the country where the collection  
was principally intended to circulate,  
although nothing prevented its im-  
portation. With all our complaints

\* We are unable to state the exact number of pages in this volume, as the only copy we have ever seen or heard of ends at p. 232, but is evidently imperfect.

of the days in which we live, and our jealousies of the powers of his Majesty's attorney-general, we are, thank Heaven, exempt from the tyranny of an inspector of the press; and, although we do not seem so sensible of the blessing as we might be, the grumblers at the times present may rely upon it, that they enjoy a much larger share of literary licence than their forefathers dared to exercise, with the fears of an *imprimatur* before their eyes.

To return, however, to our Amsterdam Jester:—Whoever Democritus the younger might be, and there is no clue by which to discover his name, we are indebted to him for one of the most amusing volumes we ever remember to have fallen in with:—

Such books (says the bookseller to the intelligent reader) are to be esteem'd, not as altogether unprofitable, that doe awaken our reason, subtilize our wits, and marshal our conceptions of things: a wittie conceit being oftentimes a good convoy of truth, which otherwise could not so handsomly be ferried over: and amidst affairs transacted in the world, it is a matter more politic than one would think, smoothly to pass from jeast to earnest, and from earnest to jeast: yet let me advertise you by the by, that certain things there are which ought to be priviledged from jeasts; namely, Religion, Matters of State, Great Persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pittie; tho the present collection, being indeed as a *speculum microcosmi*, kind of prospect into the manners, humours, and dispositions of men in general, may be well excus'd, if in some few places it does not in every point so exactly quadrate to the intentions specified; it may suffice that we here see what heretofore have been the subjects of human wit, and that we now know for the future what ought not to be.

The life of Democritus, which precedes the collection of jests, is a slight compilation from Diogenes Laertius, Hippocrates, and others, and is signed D. C. It contains little more than the general heads of his character, and his well-known disposition to laugh at the follies of mankind: "he could never consider the many little concerns of the multitude, or once look into the labyrinth of the busie world, but he presently brake into laughter to see

How busily about the streets men run,  
Some to un-do, and some to be un-don."

We will no longer detain our readers from the perusal of some of the best of more than six hundred jokes, for of so many does our Anglo-Dutch Jester consist.

The King of France, being at Calais, sent over an Ambassador, a verie tall person, upon no other errand but a complement to the King of England. At his audience he appeared in such a light garb, that afterwards the King ask'd Lord-keeper Bacon, "what he thought of the French Ambassador?" He answer'd, "That he was a verie proper man." "I," his Majestie replied, "but what think you of his head-piece? is he a proper man for the office of an Ambassador?" "Sir," (return'd he) "it appears too often, *that tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commonlie the uppermost room is worst-furnished.*"

A souldier in Ireland, having got his passport to go for England, as he went through a wood with a knap-sack on his back, being weary, he sate down, and fell to some victuals, upon a suddain he was surprised with two or three wolves, who coming towards him, he threw them scraps of bread and cheess so long till all was don; then the wolves coming nearer to him, he knew not what shift to make, he took a pair of bag-pipes which he had with him, and so soon as he begun to play away ran the wolves, as if they had bin scared out of their wits; "A pox take you all," said he; "if I had known that you loved musick so well, you should have had it before dinner."

Secretary Walsingham and Secretary Cecil were two excellent statesmen; the one used to say at the council table; "My Lords, stay a little, and we shall make an end the sooner." The other would oft-times speak of himself; "It shall never be said of me that I will defer till to-morrow, what I can do to-day." These sayings, though seemingly contradictory, may be reconcill'd by that excellent speech of Charles the Emperor, upon affairs of the like nature, *ubi desinit Saturnus, ibi incipiat Mercurius*; when any business of great consequence is in consultation, we should observe the motions of Saturn, which is plumbeous, long and heavie; but when 'tis once absolutely resolved upon, then we should observe the motion of Mercury, the nimblest of all the planets.

A countrie man in Spain coming to an image enshrined, the extraction and first making whereof he could well remember; and not finding from the same that respectfull usuage which he expected, "You need not



be so proud," said he, "for I have known you from a plumb-tree."

King Henry the Eighth having a months mind to the abbot of Glastenburie's estate (who was one of the richest abbots in England) sent for him to his court, and told him, that without he could resolve him three questions, he should not escape with his life. The abbot willing to get out of his clutches, promised his best endeavours. The King's questions were these: first, *Of what compass the world was about?* Secondly, *How deep the sea was?* And, thirdly, *What the King thought?* The abbot desired some few days' respite, which being granted, he returned home, but with intent never to see the King again, for he thought the questions impossible to be resolved. This his grief coming at last to the ears of his cook, he undertook, upon forfeiture of his life, to resolve these riddles, and to free his master from danger. The abbot willingly condescended. So the cook got on the abbot's cloaths, and at the time appointed went to the court, and being like the abbot in physiognomy, was taken by all the courtiers to be the same man. When he came before the King, (omitting other circumstances) he thus resolved his three questions. First, *Of what compass the world was about?* He said, "It was but twenty four hours' journey, and if a man went as fast as the sun, he might easily go it in that space." The second, *How deep the sea was?* He answered, "Only a stone's cast; for throw a stone into the deepest place of it, and in time it will come to the bottom." To the third, "which I conceive," saith he, "your Majesty thinks the most difficult to resolve; but indeed it is the easiest, that is, *What your Highness thinks?*" I answer, *That you think me to be the abbot of Glastenburie, when as indeed I am but Jack his cook.*"

A barber going to the court, and being, at his return, asked what he saw? he answered, *The King was very neatlie trim'd.*

A certain nobleman sitting at the table opposite to Scotus (that writ on the sentences) a most learned Englishman, amongst other discourse, merrily asked him what was the difference betwixt *Sot* and *Scot*? He answered "Nothing but the table, Sir."

One asked, Why men sooner gave to poor people that begged, than to scholars? "Tis," said one, "because they think they may sooner come to be poor, than to be scholars."

A prudent gentleman in the beginning of the rebellious times, as he lay on his death-bed, was asked how he would be buried? He answered, "With my face downward; for within a while this England will be turned upside down, and then I shall lie right."

A valiant captain, when some of his timeorous companions, to hinder the joyning of the battle, told him their enemies were three times as many as they. "Are they so?" said he, no whit dismayed, "then I am very glad, for there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

Count Gundamore, being Embassador for the King of Spain in England, and being jesting with K. James, and speaking in Latine, did many times speak false Latine. "What!" says the King, "how comes it that you break Priscian's head so often, being Embassador to so great a King as you say your master is?" "Oh, Sir," (says he,) "your Maiestie must know that I speake Latine like a King; but your Maiestie speaks Latine like an Embassador."

One said he sung as well as most men in Europe, and thus he proved it: *the most men in Europe do not sing well, therefore I sing as well as most men in Europe.*

A wit at Cambridge in King James his time was ordered to preach at St. Marie's before the vice-chancellour and the heads of the universitie, who formerlie had observed the drowsiness of the vice-chancellour, and thereupon took this place of scripture for his text, *What? cannot ye watch one hour?* At everie division, he concluded with his text, which by reason of the vice-chancellour's sitting so near the pulpit, often awaked him. This was so noted by the wits, that it was the talk of the whole university, and withal it did so nettle the vice-chancellour, that he complained to the archbishop of Canterburie, who willing to redress him, sent for this scholar up to London to defend himself against the crime laid to his charge, where coming, he made so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the archbishop enjoyned him to preach before king James; after some excuses he at length condescended, and coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the First and the Sixth, waver not*—meaning the first king of England, and the sixth of Scotland—at first the king was somewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was so well pleased with his sermon, that he made him one of the chaplains in ordinary. After this advancement, the archbishop sent him down to Cambridge to make his recantation to the vice-chancellour, and to take leave of the university; which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verse of his former text, *Sleep on now, and take your rest.* Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the vice-chancellour, saying, "whereas I said before (which gave offence) *what? cannot you watch one hour?* I say now, *Sleep on, and take your rest,* and so left the university."

## DREAM UPON THE UNIVERSE.

BY JOHN PAUL RICHTER.

I HAD been reading an excellent dissertation of Krüger's upon the old vulgar error which regards the space from one earth and sun to another as empty. Our sun together with all its planets fills only the 31,419,460,000,000,000th part of the whole space between itself and the next solar body. Gracious Heavens! thought I,—in what an unfathomable abyss of emptiness were this universe swallowed up and lost, if all were void and utter vacuity except the few shining points of dust which we call a planetary system! To conceive of our earthly ocean as the abode of death and essentially incapable of life, and of its populous islands as being no greater than snail-shells, would be a far less error in proportion to the compass of our planet than that which attributes emptiness to the great mundane spaces: and the error would be far less if the marine animals were to ascribe life and fulness exclusively to the sea, and to regard the atmospheric ocean above them as empty and untenanted. According to Herschel, the most remote of the galaxies which the telescope discovers lie at such a distance from us—that their light, which reaches us at this day, must have set out on its journey two millions of years ago; and thus by optical laws it is possible that whole squadrons of the starry hosts may be now reaching us with their beams which have themselves perished ages ago. Upon this scale of computation for the dimensions of the world, what heights and depths and breadths must there be in this universe—in comparison of which the positive universe would be itself a nihility, were it crossed—pierced—and belted about by so illimitable a wilderness of nothing! But is it possible that any man can for a moment overlook those vast forces which must pervade these imaginary deserts with eternal surges of flux and reflux, to make the very paths to those distant

starry coasts voyageable to our eyes? Can you lock up in a sun or in its planets their reciprocal forces of attraction? Does not the light stream through the immeasurable spaces between our earth and the nebula which is furthest removed from us? And in this stream of light there is as ample an existence of the positive, and as much a home for the abode of a spiritual world, as there is a dwelling-place for thy own spirit in the substance of the brain. To these and similar reflexions succeeded the following dream:

Methought my body sank down in ruins, and my inner form stepped out appareled in light: and by my side there stood another form which resembled my own, except that it did not shine like mine, but lightened unceasingly. "Two thoughts," said the form, "are the wings with which I move; the thought of *Here*, and the thought of *There*. And behold! I am yonder;"—pointing to a distant world. "Come then, and wait on me with thy thoughts and with thy flight, that I may show to thee the universe under a veil."—And I flew along with the Form.—In a moment our earth fell back, behind our consuming flight, into an abyss of distance; a faint gleam only was reflected from the summits of the Cordilleras; and a few moments more reduced the sun to a little star; and soon there remained nothing visible of our system except a comet which was traveling from our sun with angelic speed in the direction of Sirius. Our flight now carried us so rapidly through the flocks of solar bodies,—flocks past counting unless to their heavenly Shepherd,—that scarcely could they expand themselves before us into the magnitude of moons, before they sank behind us into pale nebular gleams; and their planetary earths could not reveal themselves for a moment to the transcendent rapidity of our course. At length Sirius and all the brotherhood of our constella-



tions and the galaxy of our heavens stood far below our feet as a little nebula amongst other yet more distant nebulae. Thus we flew on through the starry wildernesses: one heaven after another unfurled its immeasurable banners before us, and then rolled up behind us: galaxy behind galaxy towered up into solemn altitudes before which the spirit shuddered; and they stood in long array through the fields of the infinite space like triumphal gates through which the Infinite Being might pass in progress.—Sometimes the Form that lightened would outfly my weary thoughts; and then it would be seen far off before me like a coruscation amongst the stars—till suddenly I thought again to myself the thought of *There*, and then I was at its side. But, as we were thus swallowed up by one abyss of stars after another, and the heavens above our eyes were not emptier—neither were the heavens below them fuller; and as suns without intermission fell into the solar ocean like water-spouts of a storm which fall into the ocean of waters;—then at length the human heart within me was overburthened and weary, and yearned after some narrow cell or quiet oratory in this metropolitan cathedral of the universe. And I said to the Form at my side—“Oh! Spirit! has then this universe no end?” And the Form answered and said—“Lo! it has no beginning.”

Suddenly however the heavens above us appeared to be emptied, and not a star was seen to twinkle in the mighty abyss—no gleam of light to break the unity of the infinite darkness. The starry hosts behind us had all contracted into an obscure nebula: and at length *that* also had vanished. And I thought to myself, —“At last the universe has ended:” and I trembled at the thought of the illimitable dungeon of pure—pure darkness which here began to imprison the creation: I shuddered at the dead sea of nothing, in whose unfathomable zone of blackness the jewel of the glittering universe seemed to be set and buried for ever: and through the night in which we moved I saw the Form which still lightened as before but left all around it unilluminated. Then the Form said to

me in my anguish—“Oh! creature of little faith! Look up! the most ancient light is coming!” I looked; and in a moment came a twilight,—in the twinkling of an eye a galaxy,—and then with a choral burst rushed in all the company of stars. For centuries gray with age, for millenia hoary with antiquity, had the starry light been on its road to us; and at length out of heights inaccessible to thought it had reached us. Now then, as through some renovated century, we flew through new cycles of heavens. At length again came a starless interval; and far longer it endured, before the beams of a starry host again had reached us.

As we thus advanced for ever through an interchange of nights and solar heavens, and as the interval grew still longer and longer before the last heaven we had quitted contracted to a point,—and as once we issued suddenly from the middle of thickest night into an Aurora Borealis—the herald of an expiring world, and we found throughout this cycle of solar systems that a day of judgment had indeed arrived; the suns had sickened, and the planets were heaving—rocking—yawning in convulsions, the subterraneous waters of the great deeps were breaking up, and lightnings that were ten diameters of a world in length ran along—from east to west—from Zenith to Nadir; and here and there, where a sun should have been, we saw instead through the misty vapour a gloomy—ashy—leaden corpse of a solar body, that sucked in flames from the perishing world—but gave out neither light nor heat; and as I saw, through a vista which had no end, mountain towering above mountain and piled up with what seemed glittering snow from the conflict of solar and planetary bodies;—then my spirit bent under the load of the universe, and I said to the Form—“Rest, rest: and lead me no farther: I am too solitary in the creation itself; and in its deserts yet more so: the full world is great, but the empty world is greater; and with the universe increase its Zaa-ra-ha.”

Then the Form touched me like the flowing of a breath, and spoke more gently than before: “In the presence of God there is no empti-

ness: above, below, between, and round about the stars, in the darkness and in the light, dwelleth the true and very Universe, the sum and fountain of all that is. But thy spirit can bear only earthly images of the unearthly: now then I cleanse thy sight with euphrasy; look forth, and behold the images." Immediately my eyes were opened; and I looked, and I saw as it were an interminable sea of light—sea immeasurable, sea unfathomable, sea without a shore. All spaces between all heavens were filled with happiest light: and there was a thundering of floods: and there were seas above the seas, and seas below the seas: and I saw all the trackless regions that we had voyaged over: and my eye comprehended the farthest and the nearest: and darkness had become light, and the light darkness: for the deserts and wastes of the creation were now filled with the sea of light, and in this sea the suns floated like ash-gray blossoms, and the planets like black grains of seed. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the worlds, and death only amongst the worlds. Upon all the suns there walked upright shadows in the form of men: but they were glorified when they quitted these perishable worlds, and when they sank into the sea of light: and the murky planets, I perceived, were but cradles for the infant spirits of the universe of light. In the Zaaarahs of the creation I saw—I heard—I felt—the glittering—the echoing—the breathing of life and creative power. The suns were but as spinning-wheels, the planets no more than weavers' shuttles, in relation to the infinite web which composes the veil of Isis; "which veil is hung over

the whole creation, and lengthens as any finite being attempts to raise it. And in sight of this immeasurability of life, no sadness could endure; but only joy that knew no limit, and happy prayers.

But in the midst of this great vision of the Universe the Form that lightened eternally had become invisible, or had vanished to its home in the unseen world of spirits: I was left alone in the centre of a universe of life, and I yearned after some sympathising being. Suddenly from the starry deeps there came floating through the ocean of light a planetary body; and upon it there stood a woman whose face was as the face of a Madonna; and by her side there stood a child, whose countenance varied not—neither was it magnified as he drew nearer. This child was a King, for I saw that he had a crown upon his head: but the crown was a crown of thorns. Then also I perceived that the planetary body was our unhappy earth: and, as the earth drew near, this child who had come forth from the starry deeps to comfort me threw upon me a look of gentlest pity and of unutterable love—so that in my heart I had a sudden rapture of joy such as passes all understanding; and I awoke in the tumult of my happiness.

I awoke: but my happiness survived my dream: and I exclaimed—Oh! how beautiful is death, seeing that we die into a world of life and of creation without end! and I blessed God for my life upon earth, but much more for the life in those unseen depths of the universe which are emptied of all but the Supreme Reality, and where no earthly life nor perishable hope can enter.

X. Y. Z.

\* On this antique mode of symbolizing the mysterious Nature which is at the heart of all things and connects all things into one whole, possibly the reader may feel not unwilling to concur with Kant's remark at p. 197, of his *Critik der Urtheilskraft*: "Perhaps in all human composition there is no passage of greater sublimity, nor amongst all sublime thoughts any which has been more sublimely expressed, than that which occurs in the inscription upon the temple of Isis (the Great Mother—Nature): *I am whatsoever is—whatsoever has been—whatsoever shall be: and the veil which is over my countenance, no mortal hand has ever raised.*"



## CAPTAIN W. H. SMYTH'S MEMOIR

## DESCRIPTIVE OF SICILY AND ITS ISLANDS.\*

TIME was, when a philosopher would have deliberated for one or two years, whether he should undertake to write a quarto volume, and his printer for at least half a dozen, before he would have ventured to publish it. The world has grown bolder, however, if not wiser; authors and printers have at length happily got rid of their foolish terrors, and the only question now is, whether the former shall write quartos, or the latter publish them, with the least consideration. Readers, too, have begun to regard these "terrible big books" in a light not altogether so appalling: like Fabricius and the elephant, the simplest of us all can now look a quarto-author straight in the face, without trembling or taking to his heels at the sight of so prodigious a creature. In fact, the prejudice is now beginning to set the other way; six or seven pounds' weight of solid paper, enclosed between two royal squares of paste-board, and printed in telegraph letter, are *prima facie* presumptions that it is either a book of poetry, a tour, or a "sketch," which encumbers our table: and, for our own part, upon being introduced to the author of a quarto which we have not read, we instinctively look under his cape for a glimpse of the long ears, and expect almost to hear him *bray*, when he first opens his mouth,—so great are our suspicions.

Sicily and its islands came before us under all these disadvantages of imposing shape, fine print, and elegant paper; nor was the unfavourable impression completely removed till we got to the appendix of the volume. This, as a nautical document, conveying important information, and being moreover intended to accompany the Atlas of Sicily, previously published, ought to appear on a scale worthy of the subject

and the British empire; we like to see a national work brought out, like this, in a style befitting the national grandeur. But with respect to the body of the work, the "Memoir" itself, an humble octavo with moderate type and margin, would be fully sufficient to the display of its merits. Nay, we have often collected from a slight duodecimo (fairly printed too) as much information as is here expanded over three hundred pages. The importance of the matter contained in this part of the book is by no means commensurate with the magnificence in which it is arrayed; we undertake to say, that the really useful portion of it, in a pretty sizeable type, might be impressed with the utmost ease on the margin alone. This much it was our duty to premise, in order that the public should not think, when they buy fifty shillings' worth of paper and printing, that they also buy fifty shillings' worth of genius and knowledge. We will now proceed to a brief analysis of the work.

The author is evidently a man of education; and the scientific part of his work appears to us clear, precise, and satisfactory. His first chapter discusses what may be generally denominated the superficial character of the island: *ex. gr.*

**GEOLOGY.**—From many peculiarities observable in the stratification and direction of its mountains, it has been inferred that Sicily was once joined to the continent, and that it was separated by some dreadful convulsion of nature, beyond the reach of history or tradition: and, as some suppose, before the craters of Stromboli, Ætna, Vesuvius, and Lipari, gave vent to the subterraneous fires. The whole of Sicily, its adjacent islands, and the south of Italy, being still subject to frequent and destructive earthquakes, and other volcanic phenomena, adds much to the probability of the supposed ancient connexion between the Apennine and Neptunian ranges.

\* Memoir descriptive of the Resources, Inhabitants, and Hydrography of Sicily and its Islands, interspersed with Antiquarian and other Notices. By Captain W. H. Smyth, R. N. R. S. F., &c. 4to. London, 1824. J. Murray, 2l. 12s. 6d.

MARCH, 1824.

Next to *Ætna*, the principal mountains of Sicily are the *Madonia* and *Pelorean* or *Neptunian* ranges, forming the north and north-eastern coasts, and from thence gradually shelving down to the south-west part of the island, with inferior chains diverging in various ramifications. These are of a primitive formation, more or less covered with a calcareous stratum, intermixed with pyrites, schistus, talc, and marine deposits, and abounding with mineral riches and organic remains. The soil affords great variety, being loamy, argillaceous, aluminous, siliceous, or calcareous; and of considerable depth. By the genial influence of the climate, vegetation is rendered quick and abundant, and the country is altogether one of the most productive spots on earth. This fecundity may be owing, in part, to a volcanic influence, for lava, scoriæ, and ashes, are not confined to the neighbourhood of *Ætna*, but extend from that mountain to *Cape Passaro*. Masses of *pozzolana* occur at *Leutini*, *Vizzini*, *Palazzolo*, and *Palica*; and various substances, that have evidently undergone the action of fire, are observable in several parts of the interior, where the superincumbent strata have been riven by torrents. The central divisions of the island contain large tracts of bitumen, and though sulphur is rather a cause than a product of volcanos, it may be noticed, that it is found in immense quantities at *Mussumeli*, *Catolica*, *Girgenti*, *Naro*, *Mazzarino*, and *Alicata*.

The general aspect of Sicily is mountainous and varied:

The appearance of the coast of the island is romantic, and formed by nature into strong positions of defence; while the interior presents a combination of mountains, ravines, and valleys, the latter of which, in many parts, branch out into extensive plains, presenting a pleasing assemblage of rural scenes, possessing a soil exuberantly fertile, and animated by numerous flocks and herds scattered around. The hilly regions presenting, alternately, undulating slopes, bold crags, and rugged elevations, with woody declivities abounding with elms, chesnuts, pines, oaks, ash, and other timber, complete the prospect.

Travelling, as may be supposed, over such a country is difficult as well as delightful; and the danger is considerably increased, in the winter season, by those heavy rains which are peculiar to sultry climates:

The violent rains that deluge the island at this season swell the rivers, damage the roads, and set the *Fiumare* running; these are torrents, occasioned by the waters descending from the mountains into deep

ravines, through which they rush with impetuosity to the sea, carrying every thing before them. Their strength, however, soon exhausts itself; and when dry, their channels become tolerable roads to the distance of three or four miles inland, exhibiting peculiar picturesque beauties. The boisterous force of the *Fiumare* while flowing, the badness of the roads, and the want of bridges, render travelling in the winter dangerous, and at times wholly impracticable.

Travelling in Sicily is by no means an easy undertaking at any season; the mode of proceeding being either on mules, or on horseback, but more generally in a *lettiga* (a corruption of *lectica*), a kind of narrow chaise, with room for two persons to sit opposite to each other, mounted on two long poles, and carried by mules at the average rate of three miles and a half an hour.

The *lettiga* thus appears to be little different from a double-sedan, except that it is borne by mules instead of men. If the reputed obstinacy of the former animal adhere to him in Sicily, a traveller might often find himself in curious predicaments, whilst he thus lies at the mercy of his forefooted chairmen, perhaps on the summit of a precipice, or in the middle of a *fiumare*.

There is a considerable display of method and scholastic learning throughout this volume. In a geographical treatise especially, the system of regular classification is not only useful, but almost indispensable; it may nevertheless be carried further than is necessary or agreeable. Besides, it is not infrequently productive of the confusion which it is introduced to dispel. Thus, for instance, the first portion of this work is subdivided with logical precision into the several departments of geology, mineralogy, climate, aspect, produce, and resources; yet we may be permitted to question what light the latter part of the division throws upon the subject. There may, we acknowledge, be some doubt whether "*tunnies*" (which are classed under resources) can be properly said to grow upon the shores of the island whence they derive their sustenance, but there can be none, we apprehend, whatever, that wheat, grapes, olives, and other vegetable products enumerated, form a principal resource of the kingdom. We cite this venial error, merely because we



think the practice of making "distinctions without differences" is too prevalent amongst our modern travellers, who would fain give an appearance of magnitude and importance to that which is really insignificant.

The beauty of continuity is likewise sacrificed, by the system of dividing and decomposing a voyage or a tour, a memoir or an itinerary, into separate, independent articles. The mind does not flow over the page, but has, every now and then, to stop and prepare itself for a new course of reflection. In the popular part of the work before us, where the rigour of philosophical arrangement might, without any disadvantage, be exchanged for the ease and grace of a looser narrative, our author still proceeds with inflexible gravity, to dispatch—NOBLES, MECHANICS, LAWYERS, PEASANTS, NUNS, AND RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS, under these specific heads and designations. The eye stumbles upon a heap of large Roman capitals at the beginning of every third or fourth paragraph, and the second Chapter, instead of exhibiting the Sicilian community as it exists, and as the spectator must have beheld it, presents us with an elaborate draught of each independent particular, leaving it to us to combine, as we may, the heterogeneous mass into an harmonious picture. Separate essays upon diet, dwellings, burials, births, marriages, &c. &c. &c. each subject being carefully set apart and labelled for distinct perusal, gives the volume, in our opinion, less the appearance of a "Memoir," than of a Treatise on Physic, or a Book of Cookery. It must however be recollected, that Captain Smyth is a Fellow of the Astronomical Society, and was sent out by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for the express purpose of drawing up a complete Survey of Sicily; the habits of the severer sciences may have unfitted his mind for the discursive familiarity of narration, and he may have thought that their Lordships would be better pleased with an accurate than an elegant display of his acquired information. We must therefore balance the loss of ease and freedom with the profit of exactness and perspicuity.

**COMMUNITY.**—The Sicilians are of a middle stature, and well made, with dark eyes, and coarse black hair; they have better features than complexions, and attain maturity, and begin to decline, earlier than the inhabitants of more northern regions. In conversation they are cheerful, inquisitive and fanciful, with a redundancy of unmeaning compliments, showing themselves not so deficient in natural talents, as in the due cultivation of them. Their delivery is vehement, rapid, full of action, and their gesticulation violent; the latter is so significant as almost to possess the powers of speech, and animates them with a peculiar vivacity, bordering, however, rather on conceits than wit, on farce than humour. But the principal characteristic is an effeminate laziness among those of easy circumstances, which they attempt to excuse, by alleging the intense heat of the climate, without taking example from the warmer regions of Egypt and India, or the energy of the British colonists in the torrid zone; in fact, they have a practical illustration close to them, in the hardy labor and patient industry of the peasants, calessiers, and porters, of Malta.

Are they so ignorant of their own annals, as not to know that their Island was once the granary of Italy, and that it was the labour of the Sicilian husbandman which formerly supplied the physical energies of the Roman legions?

Notwithstanding our author's propensity to classification, division, and mathematical exactness, there is a good deal of what Lady Macbeth would call, admirable disorder, in his method of arranging his subjects. One would naturally suppose that the disposition of the people should be next spoken of, after their outward form and manners had been described; yet more than a dozen different lots of dissertation occur between **COMMUNITY** and **DISPOSITION**, the latter being found above twenty pages onwards, where we least expected it, most preposterously interposed between **AMUSEMENTS** and **FESTIVALS**—two kindred discussions. Such a very unceremonious diversification of matter would be, perhaps, excusable in an easy journal or memoir, but the *lucidus ordo* should not be attempted in a work of this kind, unless it could be in some measure attained. We are sorry to perceive that the scale in which we had deposited our author's "exactness and perspicuity," as some com-

pensation for his want of freedom and ease, very often kicks the beam. We enjoy all the defects of the methodical manner of memoir-writing, without reaping much of its advantages. However:—

**DISPOSITION.**—Good fellowship prevails at most of their pastimes; but, notwithstanding a generally cheerful disposition, the Sicilians are so violent and irritable, that they will not scruple, on an angry word, a trifling jealousy, or a drunken quarrel, to plunge into crime, and take the most summary and sanguinary revenge; a vice promoted, perhaps, by the mal-administration of justice. Unhappily a murder may be committed in open day, and yet the assassin escape; because, from a superstitious fear, rather than an impulse of humanity, (for that ought to be directed to the sufferer,) no spectator will assist to apprehend him, under the plea that it is the duty of the police. As atrocities of this nature are not inserted in the gazettes, the public are not aware of their occurrence, and it is therefore difficult to ascertain the number of such tragical events; but from many circumstances, I do not believe premeditated murders are very common in Sicily, although several atrocious and harrowing instances of this kind have come under my personal knowledge.

This is rather a lean body of contents to follow up the swelling title with which it was announced to our anxious curiosity: much about as satisfactory an account of the Sicilian disposition, as it would be of the English character, to say that, in foggy weather, the “most thinking people” in the world judge it wiser to encounter eternal punishment in the next world, than temporary evil in this; and therefore, with as little rhyme or reason as instigates the Sicilian, hang, drown, or shoot *themselves*, in preference to their neighbours. The different members of the above paragraph are, also, not a little at variance with each other, but we leave it as an exercise for the ingenuity of our readers to reconcile them, and proceed (backwards) to

**THE HOST.**—When a patient is despaired of by the physicians, it is deemed necessary to administer the sacrament of ex-

treme unction; and accordingly the host is carried in state through the streets to the house of the dying person, preceded by banners, incense burning, and a bell; as it advances, every one kneels until the procession is past, while those in the houses, on hearing the bell, instantly run to the windows (showing a light if at night,) and fall on their knees in prayer. I was one evening at the Carolina *Converzazione* rooms at Palermo, when most of the principal peers of Sicily were playing at *rouge et noir*, and the deal having run several times, the stakes had increased to a considerable amount, and every one was anxious for the next turn-up; yet, when at this critical moment, the tinkling of a bell was heard, away went the cards, the banker swept his money into a handkerchief, and down went princes, and duchesses, and dukes, and princesses, on their knees, in promiscuous confusion, until it had passed by.

It was a bold paradox, even for a heathen to utter, that “atheism is less pernicious than superstition;” but one is almost tempted to think that it were better for a people to be totally indifferent to religion, than to disgrace its pure and holy practice, by such prostrate, mechanical idolatry. The mind, at least, is free in the one case; mind, morals, manners, and bodily powers, are debased and corrupted in the other.

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty (to whom this work is dedicated) will be but slenderly provided with intelligence upon the subject of Sicilian resources, military and naval, if they are induced to rely for their knowledge on the two short paragraphs, into which our author has modestly contracted his information as to these matters; they would, probably, like to have had a calculation of the strength of the army, as well as of the “height of the mountains,” of Sicily; and being himself an officer of the navy, it might have been expected that Captain Smyth would have furnished his employers with the number of sailors, as well as a “list of the fishes,” which appertain to those shores. A quarto volume,\* one might suppose, would afford room, not only for the

\* We beg leave to transcribe a passage from Hume, which will show what that great man thought of the relative decency to be preserved between the matter and magnitude of a book: “There is one Dr. Leland, who has lately wrote the Life of Philip of Macedon, which is one of the best periods. \* \* \* I have not read the book; but by the size, I should judge it to be too particular. It is a pretty large quarto. I think a book



numbers of men in the Sicilian service, but even for their pictures, if the author had been disposed to draw them, and have them severally engraved, in their proper regimentals and accoutrements, as an embellishment for the naked borders of his pages. But if such trivial concerns are superficially noticed, their lordships are made full amends, by being instructed in the popular amusement of the "*cuccagna*, a pyramid formed of boards, or a lofty pole made smooth and greasy, hung round the summit with provisions and apparel, which were the reward of those who possessed agility enough to climb up and reach them,—an enterprise attended with many awkward falls." Their lordships are edified, moreover, with the valuable piece of information, that "forfeits of various kinds, blind-man's buff, and cross-purposes," form the domestic sports of the people.

**LITERATURE.**—As military honours are scarcely within their reach, the pursuits of the Sicilians differ from those of more enterprising people; and as an apathy exists on political affairs, a greater proportion of literary characters is fostered, than would be expected from a population amounting to little more than a million and a half of souls. The learning of many of these literati, however, is rather the varnish of a base metal, than the polish of a true gem, and many of the inane attempts of insipid egotists, at satire, wit, and science, find vent in cowardly pasquinades, and tasteless pedantic essays.

Although there is a manifest decay in the genius of their literature, some expressive sonnets and pastoral poems of merit, with a few works on jurisprudence, ethics, mineralogy, mathematics, natural philosophy, and archæology, however disguised in diffuse and inflated language, prove that talent has not fled from amongst them; but statistics are neglected, and reviews, travels, romances, tales, plays, and other lively productions are almost strangers to their press. Perhaps the custom of submitting manuscripts to the inspection of supervisors and censors, has contributed to clog the flights of fancy, and occasioned the suppression of many an elegant treatise; for even their "*Opusculi, Effemeridi, No-*

*tizie Letterarie,*" and various other journals, have severally existed but for a short period. From the causes before enumerated, female readers are few, and writers of that sex unknown. Of private libraries there is a great dearth. Public libraries are numerous, though but little attended, and foreign authors, except a favoured few (those principally German, that have been translated), are interdicted; for the least reference to freedom of opinion, in religion or politics, is sufficient to prohibit their introduction into the country. Scarcely any English works, except *Young's Night Thoughts*, and *Hervey's Meditations*, are in circulation. The names of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, and other British bards, have barely pierced the gloomy atmosphere of Sicilian prejudice; and even Shakspeare was only latterly introduced to public notice, by a ballet founded on *Macbeth*. Scott, Crabbe, Byron, and other ornaments of the present day, have found a few admirers; some of our new works on chemistry and medicine have become known and esteemed, during the occupation of the island by the British troops, when many students were received as assistants into our military hospitals. Many literary associations have been established under the ostensible name of "*Gli Ebbri*," or drunken; "*Riaccesi*," or reignited; "*Addolorati*," or grieved; "*Geniali*," or sympathetic; "*Animosi*," or intrepid; "*Periclitanti*," or in danger; "*Buongusto*," or good taste; and others. These societies, however, have all dwindled down to a few writers of macaronies and improvisatori, or extemporaneous poets; who, indeed, amidst extravagant rhapsodies, and verbose dulness, sometimes emit sparks of a poetic imagination.

Improvisatori neither require the exercise of thought in themselves, nor in their hearers, their whole mystery being a facility and volubility in uttering a profusion of sonorous alliterations and rhymes. But it is obvious, notwithstanding their popularity, and the high encomiums of Menzini, on these "*gems of Parnassus*," that the composition of madrigals and sonnets is a style of writing which, when resorted to by men of high talents, has been aptly compared to Raphael or Michael Angelo painting miniatures. They contribute but little to the developement of sublime genius; and neither poetical licence, luxury of words, nor harmony of numbers, can conceal the dearth of sentiment and invention, so visible in the works of all the Sicilian poets of the

of that size sufficient for the whole History of Greece till the death of Philip."—*Letter to Robertson.*

The whole HISTORY of Greece till the death of Philip, comprehended within the limits of a MEMOIR of Sicily and its Islands during the years 1814, 1815, 1816! *Tempora mutantur.*

present day, except the melodious Meli, who, in his *Seasons*, descriptive of Sicilian scenery and manners, and other similar poems, shows what an inexhaustible source of variety may be recurred to by studying nature.

Though greatly addicted to colloquial argument, the public orators in parliament, at the bar, or in the pulpit, display little to be admired in their harangues, having generally a monotonous delivery, extravagant gestures, and absurd grimaces. Their allusions are rather pedantic than classic, and the neglect of general reading, together with their seldom or never travelling, deprives them of the advantage of an acquaintance with the most imposing and brilliant exertions of genius.

This is the land of Theocritus, Archimede, and Empedocles !

Our author having chosen to digest the various subjects of his Memoir into a kind of inventory or catalogue of things seen, felt, heard, and understood, this account of the Literature of Sicily should have been *preceded*—but, with a refinement on perversity, it is immediately *followed* by a character of the Sicilian language.

LANGUAGE.—As Latin never exclusively prevailed in Sicily, the dialect differs both in extent and phrase from the Italian. A number of Greek and Arabic expressions have been retained, and many Norman and Spanish words have crept in, while the profusion of vowels and open sounds renders it as harmonious, sportive, and pastoral, as the Syracusan Doric of Theocritus. Though in some instances there may be a similarity, it completely differs from the vulgar and cacophonous jargon of Naples. It abounds with diminutives, superlatives, and metaphors, to a degree that facilitates the composition of poetry. On the whole, it is so much better adapted for light and amatory effusions, than for scientific and noble objects, that, with very few exceptions, Sicilian authors write in pure Italian. So many contractions are used in the Sicilian dialect, that it requires some practice before it can be read with ease.

A double-dozen of stanzas, done into English, are here quoted from the Idylls of Meli; we re-quote a corresponding couple, which (as the French say) will leave nothing to be desired on this subject :

Stu frischettu insinuanti  
Chiudi un gruppu di piaciri,  
Accarizza l'alma amanti;  
E ci arrobbia li suspiri.

This insinuating cool zephyr  
Encloses a group of pleasures;  
It fondles a loving soul,  
And steals away our sighs.

The opera flourishes, and the drama decays in the rank ripe soil of the Sicilian mind; perhaps the observation, as well as the metaphor, might perform the tour of Europe, and be equally at home through the whole course of transmigration.—Where does the drama flourish? And where does the opera *not*?—sprouts, suckers, scions, branches, clusters, and all? From Kamschatka to Cape Finisterre, where is the public mind ripe without rottenness? Russia was a “medlar” long ago.

Our author enters pretty freely and spontaneously into the RELIGION, and religious errors of the country, though he professes himself no theologian, and (like a good protestant) lays no claim to infallibility on the subject. We agree with him, that the dispensation of the Sicilian (i. e. the Romish) church, is favourable to the “lessening the susceptibility of conscience;” but we do not agree with him, that it “engenders scepticism and infidelity.” It engenders superstition, an error of exactly a contrary nature. The Kirk of Scotland, perhaps, in its general outline, the purest of all churches, and the most directly opposite to the church of Rome, is more fruitful in sceptics and infidels, from the very freedom which it allows to disceptation and private opinion.

There is little original or imposing in this part of the work, but the reader may refresh his memory, and renew his impressions of Italian manners, by a perusal of Captain Smyth's descriptive Memoirs. Under the head of ANALOGIES, which closes the second chapter, several resemblances between the mysteries, rites, &c. of ancient Rome and modern Sicily are instituted; and it is very probable, that, on account of its remote and divided situation, this island does preserve more relics of Latin character, than any other province (if we may extend the name) of Italy. The constant influx of barbarian population, by which the peninsula in the declining ages of the Empire was overwhelmed, may have swept forwards those relics, till it



deposited them on the other side of the straits of Messina. Even there, however, the Vandal, the Saracen, the Norman, and many other intermediate and succeeding waves of conquest, obliterated or disfigured, for the most part, all traces of the Roman footstep; and the Lieutenants of St. Peter emulated with success the generals of Thor, Woden, and Mahomet, in the work of destruction.

Friday is still the "dies infaustus," and except the ominous thirteen at table, a preference remains for odd numbers, on the principle that those which are even being reducible to equal portions, are symbols of division. The number three, formerly regarded as classing the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal gods; the judges of hell; the

heads of Cerberus; the Heliades, the Harpies, the Syrens, the Gorgons, the Hesperides, and the Cyclops; the Furies, the Fates, and the Graces;—is now viewed as the mystical type of the Trinity, as well as of matter, which has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The Sicilians still adhere to the inaccurate Roman mode of computing time; the civil day commences at sunset, and their time-pieces count twenty-four hours in succession, by which absurd method, half-past four in summer, coincides on the clock with one in winter, both being the twentieth hour from their respective sun-sets.

We will endeavour to steal our readers along with us, over the remainder of Sicily, next month.

## AMADIS JAMYN.

### EARLY FRENCH POETS.

It is entertaining enough, after reading the poems of Ronsard, to look into those of Amadis Jamyn, his page, who has quite as much of the airs of his master as one in that station ought to have. In imitation of his master, he has three mistresses, after whom he names three of his books, (there are five books in all,)—*Oriana*, christened after the mistress of Amadis of Gaul; *Artemis*, and *Callirhoe*. Like Ronsard, he pays his compliments in verse to the French monarchs, Charles IX. and Henry III.; the former of whom, I believe, appointed him his secretary. Through great part of the first book, he is lavish in his encomiums on these princes, particularly on Charles, whom he praises equally for his wisdom, poetry, beauty, and courage. The *Poeme sur la Chasse*

au Roy Charles IX., being an animated description of the chase, may be read with more pleasure than the rest of these pieces of flattery. Like Ronsard, he dresses himself out in patches that he has purloined from the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets. His best things indeed are translations; such are those from Horace, at fol. 68, *O navire dans la mer*.—Fol. 69, *Où où mechans vous ruez-vous ainsi?*—Fol. 95, *L'aspre Hyver se deslie au gracieux retour*.—Fol. iii, *Une horrible tempeste a ridé tous les cieux*.—From Petrarch, at fol. 138, *En quelle idee estoit l'exemple beau*.—And fol. 148, *Fleurs, campagnes et prez que vous estes heureux*.† There is a pretty description of a valley, into which he has transplanted the flowers and the nymphs from Theocritus.

La s'habilloit de bleu l'Eclair arondeliere,  
L'Adiante non moite et le Gramen noüeux  
Et le Trefle croissant par les pastis herbeux.

• • • • •  
Là dansoit Calliree et Eunice et Malis,  
Qui blanches effaçoient les marbres bien polis.

(Les Oeuvres Poétiques d'Amadis Jamyn. au Roy de France et de Pologne. a Paris de l'Imprimerie de Robert Estienne, Par Mamert Patisson M.D.LXXV. 4to. fol. 126 and 127.)

\* In qual parte del ciel, in quale idea.

† Lieti fiori, e felici e ben nate erbe.

Περὶ δὲ θρύα πολλά πεφύκη,  
 Κυάνειόν τε χελιδόνιον, χλοερόν τ' ἄδιαντον,  
 Καὶ θάλλοντα σέλινα, καὶ εἰλιτενῆς ἀγρωστίας·  
 ὕδατι δὲν μέσσω Νύμφαι χορὸν ἀρτίζοντο,  
 Νύμφαι ἀκοίμητοι, δειναὶ θεαὶ ἀγροίωταις,  
 Εὐνείκα, καὶ Μαλὶς, ἔαρ θ' ὀρώωσα Νυχεία.

*Idyll. 13. v. 45.*

There sprang each herb of scent or colour fine,  
 Green maidenhair and bluish celandine,  
 The tufted parsley and lush meadowsweet.  
 And many a nymph a choral round did beat  
 Amid the waters, footing it amain;  
 The sleepless nymphs, dreaded by shepherd swain;  
 Eunice, Malis, and Nycheia fair  
 As springtime.

He has at times even a livelier flow of numbers than Ronsard; but he has not near the same depth, learning, or variety. I have seen only a few lines extracted from his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey. They have his usual freedom and facility of verse. More might have been said for him, if he had left many such productions as the following sonnet:—

POUR UN JEU DE BALLE FORCEE.

Voyant les combatans de la Balle forcee  
 Merquez de jaune et blanc l'un l'autre terracee,  
 Pesle-mesle courir, se battre, se pousser,  
 Pour gagner la victoire en la foule pressee.  
 Je pense que la Terre à l'égal balancee  
 Dedans l'air toute ronde, ainsi fait amasser  
 Les hommes aux combats, à fin de renverser  
 Ses nourissons brulans d'une gloire insensee.  
 La Balle ha sa rondeur toute pleine de vent:  
 Pour du vent les Mortels font la guerre souvent,  
 Ne remportant du jeu que la Mort qui les domte.  
 Car tout ce monde bas n'est qu'un flus et reflux,  
 Et n'apprennent jamais à toute fin de conte,  
 Sinon que cette vie est un songe et rien plus.

(Fol. 77.)

When I behold a foot-ball to and fro  
 Urged by a throng of players equally,  
 Who run pell-mell and thrust and push and throw,  
 Each party bent alike on victory;  
 Methinks I see, resembled in that show,  
 This round earth poised in the vacant sky,  
 Where all are fain to lay each other low,  
 Striving by might and main for mastery.  
 The ball is fill'd with wind: and even so  
 It is for wind most times that mortals war;  
 Death the sole prize they all are struggling for:  
 And all the world is but an ebb and flow;  
 And all we learn, whenas the game is o'er,  
 That life is but a dream, and nothing more.

Amadis Jamyn died in 1578.



## ON GHOSTS.

I look for ghosts—but none will force  
 Their way to me ; 'tis falsely said  
 That there was ever intercourse  
 Between the living and the dead.—*Wordsworth.*

WHAT a different earth do we inhabit from that on which our forefathers dwelt! The antediluvian world, strode over by mammoths, preyed upon by the megatherion, and peopled by the offspring of the Sons of God, is a better type of the earth of Homer, Herodotus, and Plato, than the hedged-in cornfields and measured hills of the present day. The globe was then encircled by a wall which paled in the bodies of men, whilst their feathered thoughts soared over the boundary; it had a brink, and in the deep profound which it overhung, men's imaginations, eagle-winged, dived and flew, and brought home strange tales to their believing auditors. Deep caverns harboured giants; cloudlike birds cast their shadows upon the plains; while far out at sea lay islands of bliss, the fair paradise of Atlantis or El Dorado sparkling with untold jewels. Where are they now? The Fortunate Isles have lost the glory that spread a halo round them; for who deems himself nearer to the golden age, because he touches at the Canaries on his voyage to India? Our only riddle is the rise of the Niger; the interior of New Holland, our only terra incognita; and our sole mare incognitum, the north-west passage. But these are tame wonders, lions in leash; we do not invest Mungo Park, or the Captain of the Hecla, with divine attributes; no one fancies that the waters of the unknown river bubble up from hell's fountains, no strange and weird power is supposed to guide the ice-berg, nor do we fable that a stray pick-pocket from Botany Bay has found the gardens of the Hesperides within the circuit of the Blue Mountains. What have we left to dream about? The clouds are no longer the charioted servants of the sun, nor does he any more bathe his glowing brow in the bath of Thetis; the rainbow has ceased to be the messenger of the Gods, and thunder is no longer their awful voice, warning man of that which is to come. We

have the sun which has been weighed and measured, but not understood; we have the assemblage of the planets, the congregation of the stars, and the yet unshackled ministration of the winds:—such is the list of our ignorance.

Nor is the empire of the imagination less bounded in its own proper creations, than in those which were bestowed on it by the poor blind eyes of our ancestors. What has become of enchantresses with their palaces of crystal and dungeons of palpable darkness? What of fairies and their wands? What of witches and their familiars? and, last, what of ghosts, with beckoning hands and fleeting shapes, which quelled the soldier's brave heart, and made the murderer disclose to the astonished noon the veiled work of midnight? These which were realities to our forefathers, in our wiser age—

———— Characterless are grated  
 To dusty nothing.

Yet is it true that we do not believe in ghosts? There used to be several traditionary tales repeated, with their authorities, enough to stagger us when we consigned them to that place where that is which “is as though it had never been.” But these are gone out of fashion. Brutus's dream has become a deception of his over-heated brain, Lord Lyttleton's vision is called a cheat; and one by one these inhabitants of deserted houses, moonlight glades, misty mountain tops, and midnight church-yards, have been ejected from their immemorial seats, and small thrill is felt when the dead majesty of Denmark blanches the cheek and unsettles the reason of his philosophic son.

But do none of us believe in ghosts? If this question be read at noon-day, when—

Every little corner, nook, and hole,  
 Is penetrated with the insolent light—

at such a time derision is seated on the features of my reader. But let it

be twelve at night in a lone house ; take up, I beseech you, the story of the Bleeding Nun ; or of the Statue, to which the bridegroom gave the wedding ring, and she came in the dead of night to claim him, tall, white, and cold ; or of the Grandsire, who with shadowy form and breathless lips stood over the couch and kissed the foreheads of his sleeping grandchildren, and thus doomed them to their fated death ; and let all these details be assisted by solitude, flapping curtains, rushing wind, a long and dusky passage, an half open door—O, then truly, another answer may be given, and many will request leave to sleep upon it, before they decide whether there be such a thing as a ghost in the world, or out of the world, if that phraseology be more spiritual. What is the meaning of this feeling ?

For my own part, I never saw a ghost except once in a dream. I feared it in my sleep ; I awoke trembling, and lights and the speech of others could hardly dissipate my fear. Some years ago I lost a friend, and a few months afterwards visited the house where I had last seen him. It was deserted, and though in the midst of a city, its vast halls and spacious apartments occasioned the same sense of loneliness as if it had been situated on an uninhabited heath. I walked through the vacant chambers by twilight, and none save I awakened the echoes of their pavement. The far mountains (visible from the upper windows) had lost their tinge of sunset ; the tranquil atmosphere grew leaden coloured as the golden stars appeared in the firmament ; no wind ruffled the shrunk-up river which crawled lazily through the deepest channel of its wide and empty bed ; the chimes of the Ave Maria had ceased, and the bell hung moveless in the open belfry : beauty invested a reposing world, and awe was inspired by beauty only. I walked through the rooms filled with sensations of the most poignant grief. He had been there ; his living frame had been caged by those walls, his breath had mingled with that atmosphere, his step had been on those stones, I thought :—the earth is a tomb, the gaudy sky a vault, we but walking corpses. The wind rising in the east rushed through the open

casements, making them shake ;—methought, I heard, I felt—I know not what—but I trembled. To have seen him but for a moment, I would have knelt until the stones had been worn by the impress, so I told myself, and so I knew a moment after, but then I trembled, awe-struck and fearful. Wherefore ? There is something beyond us of which we are ignorant. The sun drawing up the vaporous air makes a void, and the wind rushes in to fill it,—thus beyond our soul's ken there is an empty space ; and our hopes and fears, in gentle gales or terrific whirlwinds, occupy the vacuum ; and if it does no more, it bestows on the feeling heart a belief that influences do exist to watch and guard us, though they be impalpable to the coarser faculties.

I have heard that when Coleridge was asked if he believed in ghosts,—he replied that he had seen too many to put any trust in their reality ; and the person of the most lively imagination that I ever knew echoed this reply. But these were not real ghosts (pardon, unbelievers, my mode of speech) that they saw ; they were shadows, phantoms unreal ; that while they appalled the senses, yet carried no other feeling to the mind of others than delusion, and were viewed as we might view an optical deception which we see to be true with our eyes, and know to be false with our understandings. I speak of other shapes. The returning bride, who claims the fidelity of her betrothed ; the murdered man who shakes to remorse the murderer's heart ; ghosts that lift the curtains at the foot of your bed as the clock chimes one ; who rise all pale and ghastly from the church-yard and haunt their ancient abodes ; who, spoken to, reply ; and whose cold unearthly touch makes the hair stand stark upon the head ; the true old-fashioned, foretelling, flitting, gliding ghost,—who has seen such a one ?

I have known two persons who at broad daylight have owned that they believed in ghosts, for that they had seen one. One of these was an Englishman, and the other an Italian. The former had lost a friend he dearly loved, who for awhile appeared to him nightly, gently stroking his cheek and spreading a serene calm over his



mind. He did not fear the appearance, although he was somewhat awe-stricken as each night it glided into his chamber, and,

*Ponsi del letto in su la sponda manca.*

This visitation continued for several weeks, when by some accident he altered his residence, and then he saw it no more. Such a tale may easily be explained away;—but several years had passed, and he, a man of strong and virile intellect, said that “he had seen a ghost.”

The Italian was a noble, a soldier, and by no means addicted to superstition: he had served in Napoleon’s armies from early youth, and had been to Russia, had fought and bled, and been rewarded, and he unhesitatingly, and with deep belief, recounted his story.

This Chevalier, a young, and (somewhat a miraculous incident) a gallant Italian, was engaged in a duel with a brother officer, and wounded him in the arm. The subject of the duel was frivolous; and distressed therefore at its consequences he attended on his youthful adversary during his consequent illness, so that when the latter recovered they became firm and dear friends. They were quartered together at Milan, where the youth fell desperately in love with the wife of a musician, who disdained his passion, so that it preyed on his spirits and his health; he absented himself from all amusements, avoided all his brother officers, and his only consolation was to pour his love-sick complaints into the ear of the Chevalier, who strove in vain to inspire him either with indifference towards the fair disdainer, or to inculcate lessons of fortitude and heroism. As a last resource he urged him to ask leave of absence; and to seek, either in change of scene, or the amusement of hunting, some diversion to his passion. One evening the youth came to the Chevalier, and said, “Well, I have asked leave of absence, and am to have it early to-morrow morning, so lend me your fowling-piece and cartridges, for I shall go to hunt for a fortnight.” The Chevalier gave him what he asked; among the shot there were a few bullets. “I will take these also,” said the youth, “to secure myself against the attack of

any wolf, for I mean to bury myself in the woods.”

Although he had obtained that for which he came, the youth still lingered. He talked of the cruelty of his lady, lamented that she would not even permit him a hopeless attendance, but that she inexorably banished him from her sight, “so that,” said he, “I have no hope but in oblivion.” At length he rose to depart. He took the Chevalier’s hand and said, “You will see her to-morrow, you will speak to her, and hear her speak; tell her, I entreat you, that our conversation to-night has been concerning her, and that her name was the last that I spoke.” “Yes, yes,” cried the Chevalier, “I will say any thing you please; but you must not talk of her any more, you must forget her.” The youth embraced his friend with warmth, but the latter saw nothing more in it than the effects of his affection, combined with his melancholy at absenting himself from his mistress, whose name, joined to a tender farewell, was the last sound that he uttered.

When the Chevalier was on guard that night, he heard the report of a gun. He was at first troubled and agitated by it, but afterwards thought no more of it, and when relieved from guard went to bed, although he passed a restless, sleepless night. Early in the morning some one knocked at his door. It was a soldier, who said that he had got the young officer’s leave of absence, and had taken it to his house; a servant had admitted him, and he had gone up stairs, but the room door of the officer was locked, and no one answered to his knocking, but something oozed through from under the door that looked like blood. The Chevalier, agitated and frightened at this account, hurried to his friend’s house, burst open the door, and found him stretched on the ground—he had blown out his brains, and the body lay a headless trunk, cold, and stiff.

The shock and grief which the Chevalier experienced in consequence of this catastrophe produced a fever which lasted for some days. When he got well, he obtained leave of absence, and went into the country to try to divert his mind. One evening at moonlight, he was returning home from a walk, and passed through a

lane with a hedge on both sides, so high that he could not see over them. The night was balmy; the bushes gleamed with fireflies, brighter than the stars which the moon had veiled with her silver light. Suddenly he heard a rustling near him, and the figure of his friend issued from the hedge and stood before him, mutilated as he had seen him after his death. This figure he saw several times, always in the same place. It was impalpable to the touch, motionless, except in its advance, and made no sign when it was addressed. Once the Chevalier took a friend with him to the spot. The same rustling was heard, the same shadow stepped forth, his companion fled in horror, but the Chevalier staid, vainly endeavouring to discover what called his friend from his quiet tomb, and if any act of his might give repose to the restless shade.

Such are my two stories, and I record them the more willingly, since they occurred to men, and to individuals distinguished the one for courage and the other for sagacity. I will conclude my "modern instances," with a story told by M. G. Lewis, not probably so authentic as these, but perhaps more amusing. I relate it as nearly as possible in his own words.

"A gentleman journeying towards

the house of a friend, who lived on the skirts of an extensive forest, in the east of Germany, lost his way. He wandered for some time among the trees, when he saw a light at a distance. On approaching it he was surprised to observe that it proceeded from the interior of a ruined monastery. Before he knocked at the gate he thought it proper to look through the window. He saw a number of cats assembled round a small grave, four of whom were at that moment letting down a coffin with a crown upon it. The gentleman startled at this unusual sight, and, imagining that he had arrived at the retreats of fiends or witches, mounted his horse and rode away with the utmost precipitation. He arrived at his friend's house at a late hour, who sat up waiting for him. On his arrival his friend questioned him as to the cause of the traces of agitation visible in his face. He began to recount his adventures after much hesitation, knowing that it was scarcely possible that his friend should give faith to his relation. No sooner had he mentioned the coffin with the crown upon it, than his friend's cat, who seemed to have been lying asleep before the fire, leaped up, crying out, 'Then I am king of the cats;' and then scrambled up the chimney, and was never seen more."

Σς.

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## HISTORICO-CRITICAL INQUIRY

### INTO THE ORIGIN

#### OF THE

## ROSICRUCIANS AND THE FREE-MASONS.

(Continued from our last Number.)

### CHAPTER V.

#### *Of the Origin of Free-masonry in England.*

Thus I have traced the history of Rosicrucianism from its birth in Germany; and have ended with showing that, from the energetic opposition and ridicule which it latterly incurred, no college or lodge of Rosicrucian brethren, professing occult knowledge and communicating it under solemn forms and vows of secrecy, can be shown from historical records to have been ever established in Germany. I shall now undertake to

prove that Rosicrucianism was transplanted to England, where it flourished under a new name, under which name it has been since re-exported to us in common with the other countries of Christendom. For I affirm, as the main thesis of my concluding labours, THAT FREE-MASONRY IS NEITHER MORE NOR LESS THAN ROSICRUCIANISM AS MODIFIED BY THOSE WHO TRANSPLANTED IT INTO ENGLAND.



At the beginning of the 17th century many learned heads in England were occupied with Theosophy, Cabalism, and Alchemy: amongst the proofs of this (for many of which see the *Athenæ Oxonienses*) may be cited the works of John Pordage, of Norbert, of Thomas and Samuel Norton, but above all (in reference to our present inquiry) of Robert Fludd. Fludd it was, or whosoever was the author of the *Summum Bonum* 1629, that must be considered as the immediate father of Free-masonry, as Andreä was its remote father. What was the particular occasion of his own first acquaintance with Rosicrucianism, is not recorded: all the books of Alchemy or other occult knowledge, published in Germany, were at that time immediately carried over to England—provided they were written in Latin; and, if written in German, were soon translated for the benefit of English students. He may therefore have gained his knowledge immediately from the three Rosicrucian books. But it is more probable that he acquired his knowledge on this head from his friend Maier (mentioned in the preceding chapter) who was intimate with Fludd during his stay in England, and corresponded with him after he left it. At all events he must have been initiated into Rosicrucianism at an early period, having published his *apology* \* for it in the year 1617. This indeed is denied to be his work, though ascribed to him in the title page: but, be that as it may, it was at any rate the work of the same author who wrote the † *Summum bonum*, being expressly claimed by him at p. 39. If not Fludd's, it was the work of a friend of Fludd's: and, as the name is of no importance, I shall continue to refer to it as Fludd's—having once apprised my reader that I mean by Fludd the author, be he who he may, of those two works. Now the first question which arises is this: for what reason did Fludd drop the name of Rosicrucians? The reason

was briefly this: his apology for the Rosicrucians was attacked by the celebrated Father Mersenne. To this Fludd replied, under the name of Joachim Fritz, in two witty but coarse books entitled *Summum Bonum*, and *Sophiæ cum Moriâ certamen*; in the first of which to the question—"where the Rosicrucians resided?" he replied thus—"In the houses of God, where Christ is the corner stone;" and he explained the symbols of the Rose and Cross in a new sense as meaning "the Cross sprinkled with the rosy blood of Christ." Mersenne being obviously no match for Fludd either in learning or in polemic wit, Gassendi stepped forward into his place and published (in 1630) an excellent rejoinder to Fludd in his *Exercitatio Epistolica* which analyzed and ridiculed the principles of Fludd in general, and in particular reproached him with his belief in the romantic legend of the Rosicrucians. Upon this Fludd, finding himself hard pressed under his conscious inability to assign their place of abode, evades the question in his answer to Gassendi (published in 1633) by formally withdrawing the name *Rosicrucians*: for, having occasion to speak of them, he calls them "*Fratres R. C. olim sic dicti, quos nos hodie Sapientes (Sophos) vocamus; omisso illo nomine (tanquam odioso miseris mortalibus velo ignorantie obductis) et in oblivione hominum jam fere sepulto.*" Here then we have the negative question answered—why and when they ceased to be called Rosicrucians. But now comes a second, or affirmative question—why and when they began to be called Free-masons. In 1633 we have seen that the old name was abolished: but as yet no new name was substituted; in default of such a name, they were styled *ad interim* by the general term *wise men*. This however being too vague an appellation for men who wished to form themselves into a separate and exclusive society, a new one was to be

\* Tractatus apologeticus—integritatem Societatis de Roseâ Cruce defendens. Authore Roberto De Fluctibus, Anglo, M. D. L. Lugd. Bat. 1617.

† This work was disavowed by Fludd. But as the principles, the style, the animosity towards Mersenne, the publisher, and the year, were severally the same in this as in the *Sophiæ cum Moriâ certamen* which Fludd acknowledged, there cannot be much reason to doubt that it was his. Consult the "Catalogue of some rare books" by G. Serpilius, No. II. p. 238.

devised bearing a more special allusion to their characteristic objects. Now the immediate hint for the name Masons was derived from the legend, contained in the *Fama Fraternitatis*, of the 'House of the Holy Ghost.' Where and what was that house? This had been a subject of much speculation in Germany; and many had been simple enough to understand the expression of a literal house, and had inquired after it up and down the empire. But Andrea had himself made it impossible to understand it in any other than an allegoric sense by describing it as a building that would remain "invisible to the godless world for ever." Theophilus Schweighart also had spoken of it thus: "It is a building," says he, "a great building, *carens fenestris et foribus*, a princely nay an imperial palace, every where visible and yet not seen by the eyes of man." This building in fact represented the purpose or object of the Rosicrucians. And what was that? It was the secret wisdom, or in their language *magic* (viz. 1. Philosophy of nature or occult knowledge of the works of God; 2. Theology, or the occult knowledge of God himself; 3. Religion, or God's occult intercourse with the spirit of man), which they imagined to have been transmitted from Adam through the cabbalists to themselves. But they distinguished between a carnal and a spiritual knowledge of this magic. The spiritual knowledge is the business of Christianity, and is symbolized by Christ himself as a rock, and as a building of which he is the head and the foundation. What rock, and what building? says Fludd. A spiritual rock, and a building of human nature, in which men are the stones and Christ the \* corner stone. But how shall stones move and arrange themselves into a building? They must become living stones: "Transmutemini, transmutemini," says Fludd, "de lapidibus mortuis in lapides vivos philosophicos." But

what is a living stone? A living stone is a mason who builds himself up into the wall as a part of the temple of human nature: "Viam huiusmodi transmutationis nos docet Apostolus, dum ait—Eadem mens sit in vobis quæ est in Jesu." In these passages we see the rise of the allegoric name *masons* upon the extinction of the former name. But Fludd expresses this allegory still more plainly elsewhere: "Denique," says he, "qualiter debent operari Fratres ad gemmæ istiusmodi (meaning *magic*) inquisitionem, nos docet pagina sacra:" how, then? "Nos docet Apostolus ad mysterii perfectionem vel sub Agricola, vel Architecti, typo pertingere;"—either under the image of a husbandman who cultivates a field, or of an architect who builds a house: and, had the former type been adopted, we should have had *Free-husbandmen*, instead of *Free-masons*. Again in another place he says, "Atque sub istiusmodi Architecti typo nos monet propheta ut ædificemus domum Sapientiæ." The society was therefore to be a *masonic* society, in order to represent typically that temple of the Holy Spirit which it was their business to erect in the spirit of man. This temple was the abstract of the doctrine of Christ, who was the Grand-master: hence the light from the *East*, of which so much is said in Rosicrucian and Masonic books. St. John was the beloved disciple of Christ: hence the solemn celebration of his festival.† Having moreover once adopted the attributes of masonry as the figurative expression of their objects, they were led to attend more minutely to the legends and history of that art; and in these again they found an occult analogy with their own relations to the Christian wisdom. The first great event in the art of Masonry was the building of the Tower of Babel: this expressed figuratively the attempt of some unknown Mason to build up the temple of the Holy Ghost in anticipation of

\* Summum Bonum, p. 37. Concludimus igitur quod Jesus sit templi humani lapis angularis; atque ita, ex mortuis, lapides vivi facti sunt homines pii; idque transmutatione reali ab Adami lapsi statu in statum suæ innocentiae et perfectionis—i. e. à vili et leprosa plumbi conditione in auri purissimi perfectionem." Masonic readers will remember a ceremony used on the introduction of a new member which turns upon this distinction between lead and gold as the symbol of transition from the lost state of Adam to the original condition of innocence and perfection.

† They celebrate the Festival of the Nativity of John Baptist.  
See p. 9.



Christianity, which attempt however had been confounded by the vanity of the builders. The building of Solomon's Temple, the second great incident in the art, had an obvious meaning as a prefiguration of Christianity. Hiram,\* simply the architect of this temple to the real professors of the art of building, was to the English Rosicrucians a type of Christ: and the legend of Masons, which represented this Hiram as having been murdered by his fellow-workmen, made the type still more striking. The two pillars also, Jachin and Boaz † (strength and power), which are amongst the memorable singularities in Solomon's temple, have an occult meaning to the Free-masons, which however I shall not undertake publicly to explain. This symbolic interest to the English Rosicrucians in the attributes, incidents, and legends of the art exercised by the literal Masons of real life naturally brought the two orders into some connexion with each other. They were thus enabled to realize to their eyes the symbols of their own allegories; and the same building which accommodated the guild of builders in their professional meetings offered a desirable means of secret assemblies to the early Free-masons. An apparatus of implements and utensils, such as were presented in the fabulous sepulchre of Father Rosycross, were here actually brought together. And accordingly it is upon record that the first formal and solemn lodge of Free-masons, on occasion of which the very name of Free-masons was first publicly made known, was held in Mason's Hall, Mason's Alley, Basinghall Street, London, in the year 1646. Into this

lodge it was that Ashmole the Antiquary was admitted. Private meetings there may doubtless have been before; and one at Warrington (half way between Liverpool and Manchester) is expressly mentioned in the life of Ashmole; but the name of a Free-mason's Lodge, with all the insignia, attributes, and circumstances of a lodge, first came forward in the page of history on the occasion I have mentioned. It is perhaps in requital of the services at that time rendered in the loan of their hall, &c.—that the guild of Masons as a body, and where they are not individually objectionable, enjoy a precedency of all orders of men in the right to admission, and pay only half-fees. Ashmole, by the way, whom I have just mentioned as one of the earliest Free-masons, appears from his writings to have been a zealous Rosicrucian. ‡ Other members of the lodge were Thomas Wharton, a physician, George Wharton, Oughtred the mathematician, Dr. Hewitt, Dr. Pearson the divine, and William Lilly the principal astrologer of the day. All the members, it must be observed, had annually assembled to hold a festival of astrologers *before* they were connected into a lodge bearing the title of Free-masons. This previous connexion had no doubt paved the way for the latter.

I shall now sum up the results of my inquiry into the origin and nature of Free-masonry, and shall then conclude with a brief notice of one or two collateral questions growing out of popular errors on the main one.

I. The original Free-masons were a society that arose out of the Rosicrucian mania, certainly within the

\* The name of Hiram was understood by the elder Free-masons as an anagram: H. I. R. A. M. meant Homo Jesus Redemptor Animarum. Others explained the name Homo Jesus Rex Altissimus Mundi. Others added a C to the Hiram, in order to make it CHRISTUS Jesus, &c.

† See the account of these pillars in the 1st Book of Kings, vii. 14, where it is said—“And there stood upon the pillars as it were *Roses*.” Compare 2d Book of Chron. iii. 17.

‡ When Ashmole speaks of the antiquity of Free-masonry, he is to be understood either as confounding the order of philosophic masons with that of the handicraft masons (as many have done), or simply as speaking the language of Rosicrucians, who (as we have shown) carry up their traditional pretensions to Adam as the first professor of the secret wisdom. In Florence about the year 1512, there were two societies, (the *Compagnia della Cazzuola* and the *Compagnia del Pajuolo*) who assumed the mason's hammer as their sign: but these were merely convivial clubs. See the life of J. F. Rustici in Vasari—*Vite dei Pittori*, &c. Roma: 1760, p. 76.

thirteen years from 1633 to 1646, and probably between 1633 and 1640. Their object was *magic* in the cabalistic sense—i. e. the *occult wisdom* transmitted from the beginning of the world, and matured by Christ; to communicate this when they had it, to search for it when they had it not; and both under an oath of secrecy.

II. This object of Free-masonry was represented under the form of Solomon's Temple—as a type of the true church, whose corner stone is Christ. This Temple is to be built of men, or living stones: and the true method and art of building with men it is the province of *magic* to teach. Hence it is that all the masonic symbols either refer to Solomon's Temple, or are figurative modes of expressing the ideas and doctrines of *magic* in the sense of the Rosicrucians and their mystical predecessors in general.

III. The Free-masons having once adopted symbols, &c. from the art of masonry, to which they were led by the language of Scripture, went on to connect themselves in a certain degree with the order itself of handicraft masons, and adopted their distribution of members into apprentices, journeymen, and masters.—Christ is the Grand-Master; and was put to death whilst laying the foundation of the temple of human nature.

IV. The Jews were particularly excluded from the original lodges of Free-masons as being the great enemies of the Grand-Master. For

the same reason in a less degree were excluded Mahometans and Pagans.—The reasons for excluding Roman Catholics were these: first, the original Free-masons were Protestants in an age when Protestants were in the liveliest hostility to Papists, and in a country which had suffered deeply from Popish cruelty. They could not therefore be expected to view popery with the languid eyes of modern indifference. Secondly, the Papists were excluded prudentially on account of their intolerance: for it was a distinguishing feature of the Rosicrucians and Free-masons that they first\* conceived the idea of a society which should act on the principle of religious toleration, wishing that nothing should interfere with the most extensive co-operation in their plans except such differences about the essentials of religion as must make all sincere co-operation impossible. This fact is so little known, and is so eminently honourable to the spirit of Free-masonry, that I shall trouble the reader with a longer quotation in proof of it than I should otherwise have allowed myself: Fludd, in his *Summum Bonum* (Epilog. p. 53,) says:

Quod, si quæretur cujus sint religionis—qui mysticâ istâ Scripturarum interpretatione pollent, viz. an Romanæ, Lutheranae, Calvinianæ, &c. vel habeantne ipsi religionem aliquam sibi ipsis peculiarem et ab aliis divisam? Facillimum erit ipsis respondere: Nam, cum omnes Christiani, cujuscunque religionis, tendant ad unam

\* It is well known that until the latter end of the seventeenth century, all churches and the best men discountenanced the doctrine of religious toleration: in fact they rejected it with horror as a deliberate act of compromise with error: they were intolerant on principle, and persecuted on conscientious grounds. It is among the glories of Jeremy Taylor and Milton—that, in so intolerant an age, they fearlessly advocated the necessity of mutual toleration as a Christian duty. Jeremy Taylor in particular is generally supposed to have been the very earliest champion of toleration in his "*Liberty of Prophecyng*," first published in 1647: and the present Bishop of Calcutta has lately asserted in his life of that great man (prefixed to the collected edition of his works: 1822) that "*The Liberty of Prophecyng*" is "the first attempt on record to conciliate the minds of Christians to the reception of a doctrine which was then by every sect alike regarded as a perilous and portentous novelty" (p. xxvii): and again (at p. cxi) his lordship calls it "the first work perhaps, since the earliest days of Christianity, to teach the art of differing harmlessly." Now, in the place where this assertion is made,—i. e. in the life of Jeremy Taylor,—perhaps it is virtually a just assertion: for it cannot affect the claims of Jeremy Taylor that he was anticipated by authors whom in all probability he never read: no doubt he owed the doctrine to his own comprehensive intellect and the Christian magnanimity of his nature. Yet, in a history of the doctrine itself, it should not be overlooked that the *Summum Bonum* preceded the *Liberty of Prophecyng* by eighteen years.



eandem metam (viz. ipsum Christum, qui est sola veritas), in hoc quidem unanimi consensu illæ omnes religiones conveniunt. —At verò, quatenus religiones istæ in ceremoniis Ecclesiæ externis, humanis nempe inventionibus (cujusmodi sunt habitus varii Monachorum et Pontificum, crucis adoratio, imaginum approbatio vel abnegatio, luminum de nocte accensio, et infinita alia) discrepare videntur,—hæ quidem disceptationes sunt *præter* essentielles veræ sapientiæ mysticæ leges.

V. Free-masonry, as it honoured all forms of Christianity, deeming

them approximations more or less remote to the ideal truth, so it abstracted from all forms of civil polity as alien from its own objects—which, according to their briefest expressions, are 1. The glory of God; 2. The service of men.

VI. There is nothing in the imagery, mythi, ritual, or purposes of the elder Free-masonry—which may not be traced to the romances of Father Rosycross as given in the *Fama Fraternitatis*.

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### THE PIRATE'S TREASURE.

AFTER many months of anxious and painful expectancy, I at length succeeded in obtaining my appointment to the situation I had so ardently wished for. Despairing at my apparent want of success, I had given up all hopes, and had engaged to go surgeon in the *Clydesdale* to the East Indies, when the favourable result of my friend's exertions changed the aspect of my affairs. My instructions set forth the necessity of my being at Surinam by a certain day, otherwise I should be too late to join the corps to which I was appointed, which, on the ceding up of the place to the Dutch, was to proceed to Canada. As it wanted only two months of that period, it became necessary to inquire for some vessel without loss of time. Giving up my engagement with the *Clydesdale*, I proceeded to the harbour, and after a toilsome search, succeeded in discovering a ship chartered by a Glasgow company lying ready at the west quay, and to sail with that evening's tide. While I stood examining the vessel from the pier, two sailors, who seemed to be roaming idly about, stopped, and began to converse by my side.

"Has the old Dart got all her hands, Tom!" said the one, "that she has her ensign up for sailing? They say she is sold to the lubberly Dutchmen now—what cheer to lend her a hand out, and get our sailing-penny for a glass of grog?" "No, no; bad cheer!" replied the other; "mayhap I didn't tell you that I made a trip in her four years ago; MARCH, 1824.

and a cleaner or livelier thing is not on the water! But there is a limb of the big devil in her that is enough to cause her to sink to the bottom. It was in our voyage out that he did for Bill Burnet with the pump sounding-rod, because the little fellow snivelled a bit, and was not handy to jump when he was ordered aloft to set the fore-royal. It was his first voyage, and the boy was mortal afraid to venture; but the Captain swore he would make him, and in his passion took him a rap with the iron-rod, and killed him. When he saw what he had done, he lifted, and hove him over the side; and many a long day the men wondered what had become of little Bill, for they were all below at dinner, and none but myself saw the transaction. It was needless for me to complain, and get him overhauled, as there were no witnesses; but I left the ship, and births would be scarce before I would sail with him again."

Knowing what tyrants shipmasters are in general, and how much their passengers' comfort depends on them, I was somewhat startled by this piece of information respecting the temper of the man I purposed to sail with. But necessity has no law! The circumstance probably was much misrepresented, and, from a simple act of discipline, exaggerated to an act of wanton cruelty. But be that as it might—my affairs were urgent. There was no other vessel for the same port—I must either take my passage, or run the risk of being superseeded. The thing was not to be

thought of; so I went and secured my birth. As my preparations were few and trifling, I had every thing arranged, and on board, just as the vessel was unmooring from the quay. During the night we got down to the Clock light-house, and stood off and on, waiting for the Captain, who had remained behind to get the ship cleared out at the Custom House. Soon afterwards he joined us, and the pilot leaving us in the return-boat, we stood down the Forth under all our canvass.

For four weeks we had a quick and pleasant passage. The *Dart* did not belie her name; for, being American-built, and originally a privateer, she sailed uncommonly fast, generally running at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

As I had expected, Captain Mahone proved to be, in point of acquirements, not at all above the common run of shipmasters. He was haughty and overbearing, and domineered over the crew with a high hand; in return for which, he was evidently feared and detested by them all. He had been many years in the West Indies; part of which time he had ranged as commander of a privateer, and had, between the fervid suns of such high latitudes and the copious use of grog, become of a rich mahogany colour, or something between vermilion and the tint of a sheet of new copper. He was a middle-sized man; square built, with a powerful and muscular frame. His aspect, naturally harsh and forbidding, was rendered more so by the sinister expression of his left eye, which had been nearly forced out by some accident—and the lineaments of his countenance expressed plainly that he was passionate and furious in the extreme. In consequence of this, I kept rather distant and aloof; and, except at meals, we seldom exchanged more than ordinary civilities.

By our reckoning, our ship had now got into the latitude of the Bermudas, when one evening, at sun-set, the wind, which had hitherto been favourable, fell at once into a dead calm. The day had been clear and bright; but now, huge masses of dark and conical-shaped clouds began to tower over each other in the western horizon, which, being tinged

with the rays of the sun, displayed that lurid and deep brassy tint so well known to mariners as the token of an approaching storm. All the sailors were of opinion that we should have a coarse night; and every precaution that good seamanship could suggest was taken to make the vessel snug before the gale came on. The oldest boys were sent up to hand and send down the royal and top-gallant sails, and strike the masts, while the top-sails and stays were close-reefed. These preparations were hardly accomplished, when the wind shifted, and took us a-back with such violence as nearly to capsize the vessel. The ship was put round as soon as possible, and brought-to till the gale should fall: while all hands remained on deck in case of any emergency. About ten, in the interval of a squall, we heard a gun fired as a signal of distress. The night was as black as pitch; but the flash showed us that the stranger was not far to leeward: so, to avoid drifting on the wreck during the darkness, the main-top-sail was braced round, and filled, and the ship hauled to windward. In this manner we kept alternately beating and heaving-to as the gale rose or fell till the morning broke, when, through the haze, we perceived a small vessel with her masts carried away. As the wind had taken off, the Captain had gone to bed: so it was the mate's watch on deck. The steersman, an old grey-headed seaman, named James Gemmel, proposed to bear down and save the people, saying he had been twice wrecked himself, and knew what it was to be in such a situation. As the Captain was below, the mate was irresolute what to do; being aware that the success of the speculation depended on their getting to Surinam before it was given up: however, he was at length persuaded—the helm was put up, and the ship bore away.

As we neared the wreck, and were standing by the mizen shrouds with our glasses, the Captain came up from the cabin. He looked up with astonishment to the sails, and the direction of the vessel's head, and, in a voice of suppressed passion, said, as he turned to the mate, "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Wyllie? Who has dared to alter the ship's



course without my leave—when you know very well that we shall hardly be in time for the market, use what expedition we may?" The young man was confused by this unexpected challenge, and stammered out something about Gemmel having persuaded him. "It was me, Sir!" respectfully interfered the old sailor, wishing to avert the storm from the mate; "I thought you wouldn't have the heart to leave the wreck and these people to perish, without lending a hand to save them! We should be neither Christians nor true seamen to desert her, and ——" "Damn you and the wreck, you old canting rascal! do you pretend to stand there and preach to me?" thundered the Captain, his fury breaking out, "I'll teach you to disobey my orders!—I'll give you something to think of!" and seizing a capstan-bar which lay near him, he hurled it at the steersman with all his might. The blow was effectual—one end of it struck him across the head with such force as to sweep him in an instant from his station at the wheel, and to dash him with violence against the lee-bulwarks, where he lay bleeding, and motionless. "Take that, and be damned!" exclaimed the wretch, as he took the helm, and sang out to the men,—“Stand by sheets, and braces—hard a-lee—let go!” In a twinkling the yards were braced round, and the Dart, laid within six points of the wind, was flying through the water.

Meanwhile Gemmel was lying without any one daring to assist him; for the crew were so confounded that they seemed quite undetermined how to act. I stepped to him, therefore, and the mate following my example, we lifted him up. As there was no appearance of respiration, I placed my hand on his heart—but pulsation had entirely ceased—the old man was dead. The bar had struck him directly on the temporal bone, and had completely fractured that part of his skull.

"He is a murdered man, Captain Mahone!" said I, laying down the body, "murdered without cause or provocation."—"None of your remarks, Sir!" he retorted; "what the devil have *you* to do with it? Do you mean to stir up my men to mutiny? Or do you call disobeying

my orders no provocation? I'll answer it to those who have a right to ask; but till then, let me see the man who dare open his mouth to me in this ship." "I promise you," returned I, "that though you rule and tyrannise here at present, your power shall have a termination, and you shall be called to account for your conduct in this day's work—rest assured that *this* blood shall be required at your hands, though you have hitherto escaped punishment for what has stained them already." This allusion to the murder of little Bill Burnet seemed to stagger him considerably—he stopped short before me, and, while his face grew black with suppressed wrath and fury, whispered, "I warn you again, young man! to busy yourself with your own matters—meddle not with what does not concern you; and belay your slack jaw, or, by —! Rink Mahone will find a way to make it fast for you!" He then turned round, and walked forward to the fore-castle.

During this affray no attention had been paid to the wreck, though the crew had set up a yell of despair on seeing us leave them. Signals and shouts were still repeated, and a voice, louder in agony than the rest, implored our help for the love of the blessed Virgin; and offered riches and absolution to the whole ship's company if they would but come back. The Captain was pacing fore and aft without appearing to mind them, when, as if struck with some sudden thought, he lifted his glass to his eye—seemed to hesitate—walked on—and then, all at once changing his mind, he ordered the vessel again before the wind.

On speaking the wreck, she proved to be a Spanish felucca from the island of Cuba, bound for Curaçoa, on the coast of the Caraccas. As they had lost their boats in the storm, and could not leave their vessel, our Captain lowered and manned our jolly-boat, and went off to them.

After an absence of some hours he returned with the passengers, consisting of an elderly person in the garb of a catholic priest, a sick gentleman, a young lady, apparently daughter of the latter, and a female black slave. With the utmost difficulty, and writhing under some excruciating pain, the invalid was got on board,

and carried down to the cabin, where he was laid on a bed on the floor. To the tender of my professional services the invalid returned his thanks, and would have declined them, expressing his conviction of being past human aid, but the young lady, eagerly catching at even a remote hope of success, implored him with tears to accept my offer. On examination I found his fears were but too well grounded. In his endeavours to assist the crew during the gale he had been standing near the mast, part of which, or the rigging, having fallen on him, had dislocated several of his ribs, and injured his spine beyond remedy. All that could now be done was to afford a little temporary relief from pain, which I did; and, leaving him to the care of the young lady and the priest, I left the cabin.

On deck I found all bustle and confusion. The ship was still lying-to, and the boats employed in bringing the goods out of the felucca, both of which were the property of the wounded gentleman. The body of the old man, Gemmel, had been removed somewhere out of sight; no trace of blood was visible, and Captain Mahone seemed desirous to banish all recollections both of our quarrel and its origin.

As the invalid was lying in the cabin, and my state-room occupied by the lady and her female attendant, I got a temporary birth in the steerage made up for myself for the night. I had not long thrown myself down on my cot, which was only divided from the main-cabin by a bulk-head, when I was awakened by the deep groans of the Spaniard. The violence of his pain had again returned, and between the spasms I heard the weeping and gentle voice of the lady soothing his agony, and trying to impart hopes, prospects to him, which her own hysterical sobs told plainly she did not herself feel. The priest also frequently joined, and urged him to confess. To this advice he remained silent for awhile; but at length he addressed the lady: "The Padre says true, Isabella! Time wears apace, and I feel that I shall soon be beyond its limits, and above its concerns! But ere I go, I would say that which it would impart peace to my mind to disclose—I would seek to leave you at least

one human being to befriend and protect you in your utter helplessness. Alas! that Diego di Montaldo's daughter should ever be thus destitute! Go, my love! I would be alone a little while with the father." An agony of tears and sobs was the only return made by the poor girl, while the priest with gentle violence led her into the state-room.

"Now," continued the dying man, "listen to me while I have strength. You have only known me as a merchant in Cuba; but such I have not been always. Mine is an ancient and noble family in Catalonia; though I unhappily disgraced it, and have been estranged from it long. I had the misfortune to have weak and indulgent parents, who idolized me as the heir of their house, and did not possess resolution enough to thwart me in any of my wishes or desires, however unreasonable. My boyhood being thus spoiled, it is no matter of wonder that my youth should have proved wild and dissolute. My companions were as dissipated as myself, and much of our time was spent in gambling and other extravagances. One evening at play I quarreled with a young nobleman of high rank and influence; we were both of us hot and passionate, so we drew on the spot and fought, and I had the misfortune to run him through the heart and leave him dead. Not daring to remain longer at home, I fled in disguise to Barcelona, where I procured a passage in a vessel for the Spanish Main. On our voyage we were taken by buccaneers; and, the roving and venturesome mode of life of these bold and daring men suiting both my inclinations and finances, I agreed to make one of their number. For many months we were successful in our enterprises: we ranged the whole of these seas, and made a number of prizes, some of which were rich ships of our own colonies. In course of time we amassed such a quantity of specie as to make us unwilling to venture it in one bottom; so we agreed to hide it ashore, and divide it on our return from our next expedition. But our good fortune forsook us this time. During a calm the boats of the *Guarda-costa* came on us, overpowered the ship, and made all the



crew, except myself and two others, prisoners. We escaped with our boat, and succeeded in gaining the island of Cuba, where both of my comrades died of their wounds. Subsequent events induced me to settle at St. Juan de Buenavista, where I married, and as a merchant prospered and became a rich man. But my happiness lasted not! My wife caught the yellow fever and died, leaving me only this one child. I now loathed the scene of my departed happiness, and felt all the longings of an exile to revisit my native country. For this purpose I converted all my effects into money; and am thus far on my way to the hidden treasure, with which I intended to return to Spain. But the green hills of Catalonia will never more gladden mine eyes! My hopes and wishes were only for my poor girl. Holy father! you know not a parent's feelings—its anxieties and its fears! The thoughts of leaving my child to the mercy of strangers; or, it may be, to their barbarities, in this lawless country, is far more dreadful than the anguish of my personal sufferings. With you rests my only hope.—Promise me your protection towards her, and the half of all my wealth is yours."

"Earthly treasures," replied the priest, "avail not with one whose desires are fixed beyond the little handful of dust which perisheth—my life is devoted to the service of my Creator; and the conversion of ignorant men, men who have never heard of his salvation. On an errand of mercy came I to this land; and if the heathen receive it, how much more a daughter of our most holy church? I, therefore, in behalf of our community, accept of your offer, and swear on this blessed emblem to fulfil all your wishes to the best of my poor abilities."

"Enough, enough!" said Montaldo, "I am satisfied! Among that archipelago of desert islands, known by the name of the Rocas, situated on the coast of the province of Venezuela, in New Granada, there is one called the Wolf-rock: it is the longest and most northern of the group, and lies the most to seaward. At the eastern point, which runs a little way into the sea, there stands an old vanilla, blasted and withered, and re-

taining but a single solitary branch. On the eve of the festival of St. Jago the moon will be at her full in the west. At twenty minutes past midnight she will attain to her highest altitude in the heavens, and then the shadow of the tree will be thrown due east. Watch till the branch and stem unite and form only one line of shade—mark its extremity—for there, ten feet below the surface, the cask containing the gold is buried. That gold, father, was sinfully got; but fasts and penances have been done, masses without number have been said, and I trust that the blessed Virgin has interceded for the forgiveness of that great wickedness! I have now confessed all, and confide in your promise; and as you perform your oath, so will the blessing or curse of a dying man abide with you. I feel faint, dying.—Oh! let me clasp my child once more to my heart before I——"

Here the rest of the sentence became indistinct from the death-rattle in his throat. I leaped off my cot, and sprang up the hatchway, and had my foot on the top of the companion-ladder, when a piercing shriek from below making me quicken my steps, I missed my hold, and fell on some person stationed on the outside of the cabin door. The person, without uttering a single word, rose and ascended the steps; but as he emerged into the faint light which still lingered in the horizon, I fancied that I could distinguish him to be the Captain. On my entering, I found the Spaniard dead, and his daughter lying in a state of insensibility by his side; while the female slave was howling and tearing her hair like one in a phrenzy. The priest was entirely absorbed in his devotions; so, without disturbing him, I lifted the lady and bore her into the state-room. The greater part of the night was passed in trying to restore her to sensation. Fit after fit followed each other in such quick succession that I began to apprehend the result; but at length the hysterical paroxysm subsided, and tears coming to her relief, she became somewhat composed, when I left her in charge of her attendant.

The next day was spent in taking out the remainder of the felucca's cargo. There seemed now no anxie-

ty on the Captain's part to proceed on his voyage—he appeared to have forgot the necessity, expressed on a former occasion, of being in port within a limited time. He was often in a state of inebriety; for the wine and spirits of the Spaniards were lavishly served out to the whole ship's company, with whom he also mixed more; and banished that haughtiness of bearing which had marked his conduct hitherto.

In the evening the body of Don Diego was brought upon deck, where his crew, under the superintendence of the priest, prepared it for its commitment to the deep. The corpse was, as is usual in such cases, wrapped up in the blankets and sheets in which it had lain, and a white napkin was tied over the face and head. In its right hand, which was crossed over the breast, was placed a gold doubloon. Its left held a small bag containing a book, a hammer, and a candle, while on the bosom was laid the little crucifix worn by the deceased. It was next enveloped in a hammock, with a couple of eight-pound shots, and a bag of ballast at the feet to sink it—the hammock was then carefully and closely sewed up, and the whole operation finished by leaving the sail-needle thrust transversely through the nose. At midnight the vessel was hove-to, and all the ship's company assembled at the lee-gangway. The Spaniards and negroes bore each a burning torch in his hand; the blaze of which, as they held them elevated above their heads, cast a strange and fearful light through the deep darkness, and illuminated the ocean far and wide with a supernatural refulgency. When all was ready, the priest, accompanied by Isabella, came up from the cabin, and the Spaniards lifting up the body, carried it forward to the waist, where one of the ship's gratings had been put projecting over the side, and on this the corpse was laid, with its feet to the water. Around this the torch-bearers formed a circle, and the priest, standing at the head, began the funeral service for the dead at sea. The wind had now subsided into a gentle breeze; and nothing disturbed the profound silence of the crew during mass, save the slight splashing of the waves against the windward side of the ship, and the

deep-drawn, convulsive sobs of the young lady as she stood, enveloped in her mantillo, in the obscurity of the main-rigging. Mass being concluded, the priest solemnly chaunted the funeral anthem:—"May the angels conduct thee into Paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming; and mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was formerly poor!" He then sprinkled the body with holy water, and continued:—"As it hath pleased God to take the soul of our dear brother here departed unto himself, we, therefore, commit his body to the deep, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection on that day when the sea shall give up its dead. Let him rest in peace!" The Spaniards responded "Amen!" and the priest repeating, "May his soul, and the soul of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace—Amen!" made the sign of the cross; and the bow-chaser, which had been loaded and made ready for the occasion, firing, the end of the grating was gently elevated, and the corpse heavily plunged into the water. The waves parted, heaving and foaming round the body as it disappeared,—when to our horror and astonishment we beheld it, the next minute, slowly return to the surface, deprived of the canvass covering in which it had been sewed. The dead man came up as he had gone down, in an upright position, and floated a little time with his back to the vessel; but the motion of the water turned him round by degrees till we distinctly saw his face. The head was thrown back, and the eyes wide open; and under the strong stream of light poured on them from the torches, they seemed to glare ghastly and fearfully upwards. His gray hairs, long and dishevelled, floated about his face, at times partially obscuring it; and one arm, stretched forth, and agitated by the action of the waves, appeared as if in the act of threatening us. When the first burst of horror had subsided, I caught hold of Isabella to prevent her seeing the body, and was leading her off, when some of the men, lowering their torches from the main-chains, whispered that it was the murdered man, old James Gemmel. The Captain had been hitherto looking on with the rest with-



out having apparently recognized him; but when the name struck his ear, he shrunk back and involuntarily exclaimed, "It's a lie—it's an infamous lie! Who dares to say he was murdered? He went overboard two days ago? But don't let him on board: for God's sake keep him down, or he'll take us all with him to the bottom. Will nobody keep him down? Will nobody shove him off? Helm a-lee!" he bawled out, waving to the steersman; but the man had deserted his post, eager to see what was going on; he, therefore, ran to the wheel himself, and again issued his commands, "Let go the main top-sail weather-braces, and bring round the yard! Let them go, I say!" His orders were speedily executed. The vessel gathered way, and we quickly shot past the body of the old man.

For several days after this, we pursued our course with a favourable wind, which drove us swiftly forward on our voyage. The Captain now kept himself constantly intoxicated, seldom made his appearance in the cabin, but left us altogether to the care of the steward. All subordination was now at an end—his whole time was spent among the seamen, with whom he mixed familiarly, and was addressed by them without the slightest portion of that respect or deference commonly paid to the Captain of the vessel. The appearance of the men, also, was much altered. From the careless mirth and gaiety, and the characteristic good-humour of sailors, there was now a sullenness and gloom only visible. A constant whispering—a constant caballing was going on—a perpetual discussion, as if some design of moment was in agitation, or some step of deep importance was about to be taken. All sociality and confidence towards each other were banished. In place of conversing together in a body, as formerly, they now walked about in detached parties, and among them the boatswain and carpenter seemed to take an active lead. Yet, in the midst of all this disorder, a few of our own crew kept themselves separate, taking no share in the general consultation; but from the anxiety expressed in their countenances, as well as in that of the mate, I foresaw some storm was brooding, and about to burst on our heads.

Since Montaldo's death, Isabella had been in the habit of leaving her cabin after sun-set, to enjoy the coolness of the evening-breeze; and in this she was sometimes joined by the priest, but more frequently was only attended by her slave. One evening she came up as usual, and after walking back and forward on deck till the dews began to fall, she turned to go below: but just as we approached the companion-way, one of the negroes, who now, in the absence of all discipline, lounged about the quarter-deck without rebuke, shut down the head, and throwing himself on it, declared that none should make him rise without the reward of a kiss. This piece of insolence was received with an encouraging laugh by his fellows, and several slang expressions of wit were uttered, which were loudly applauded by those around. Without a word of remonstrance, Isabella timidly stooped, and would have attempted getting down the ladder without disturbing the slave; when, burning with indignation, I seized the rascal by the collar, and pitched him head foremost along the deck. In an instant he got on his legs, and pulling a long clasp-knife out of his pocket, with a loud imprecation he made towards me. All the other negroes likewise made a motion to assist him, and I expected to be assailed on all hands, when the mate interfered, and laying hold of the marlin-spike, which I had caught up to defend myself, pushed me back, as he whispered, "Are you mad, that you interfere? For heaven's sake, keep quiet, for I have no authority over the crew now!" And he spoke the truth; for the negro, brandishing his knife, and supported by his comrades, was again advancing, when the hoarse voice of the boatswain, as he ran to the scene of action, arrested his progress.

"Hallo! you there, what's the squall for? Avast, avast, Mingo! off hands is fair play—ship that blade of yours, or I'll send my fist through your ribs, and make day-light shine through them in a minute." I related the behaviour of the negro, and was requesting him to order the slaves forward, when I was cut short with—"There are no slaves here young man! we are all alike free in a British ship. But damn his eyes

for an insolent son of a — ; he pretend to kiss the pretty girl! I'll let him know she belongs to his betters! The black wench is good enough for him any day. Come, my dear!" he continued, turning to Isabella, "give me the same hire, and I'll undertake to clear the way for you myself." He made as if he meant to approach her, when, careless of what the consequences might be to myself, I hastily stepped forward, and lifting up the head of the companion, Isabella in an instant darted below. "This lady is no fit subject for either wit or insolence," said I, shutting the doors, "and he is less than man who would insult an unprotected female." For a little while he stood eyeing me as if hesitating whether he should resent my interference, or remain passive; at length he turned slowly and doggedly away as he uttered—"You ruffie big, and crow with a brisk note, my lad! But I've seen me do as wonderful a thing as twist your wind-pipe and send you over the side to cool yourself a bit; and so I would serve you in the turning of a wave, if it wasn't that we may have use for you yet! I see in what quarter the wind sets; but mind your eye! for sink me if I don't keep a sharp look out a-head over you."

I now saw that things had come to a crisis—that the crew meant to turn pirates; and I was to be detained among them for the sake of my professional services. I could not, without a shudder, reflect on what must be the fate of Isabella among such a gang of reckless villains: but I firmly resolved that, come what might, my protection and care over her should cease but with my life.

To be prepared for the worst, I immediately went below, loaded my pistols, and concealed them in my breast, securing at the same time all my money and papers about my person. While thus employed, one of the cabin-boys came down for a spy-glass, saying that a sail had hove in sight to windward. Upon this I followed him up, and found the crew collected together in clamorous consultation as to the course they should follow. Some were for laying-to till she came down, and taking her, if a merchantman; and if not, they could easily sheer off—but this motion was overruled by the majority, who judged

it best to keep clear for fear of accidents: accordingly all the spare canvass was set, and we were soon gaining large before the wind. But the Dart, though reckoned the first sailer out of Clyde when close hauled on a wind, was by no means so fleet when squared away and going free: she had now met with her match, for the stranger was evidently gaining rapidly on us, and in two hours we saw it was impossible for us to escape. The priest and I were ordered down with a threat of instant death if we offered to come on deck, or make any attempt to attract observation.

I now communicated to Isabella my apprehensions with respect to the crew, along with my resolution to leave the vessel if the other proved a man of war, and earnestly advised both her and the priest to take advantage of it also. She thanked me with a look and smile that told me how sensible she was of the interest I felt in her welfare, and expressed her willingness to be guided by me in whatever way I thought best.

Shortly after this we heard a gun fired to bring us to, and the Dart hailed and questioned as to her port and destination. The answers, it appeared, were thought evasive and unsatisfactory, for we were ordered to come close under the lee-quarter of his Majesty's sloop of war Tartar, while they sent to examine our papers. This was now our only chance, and I resolved, that if the officer should not come below, I would force the companion-door, and claim his protection. But I was not put to this alternative. As soon as he arrived, I heard him desire the hatches to be taken off, and order his men to examine the hold. The inspection did not satisfy him; for he hailed the sloop, and reported that there were Spanish goods on board which did not appear in the manifest:—"Then remain on board, and keep your stern lights burning all night, and take charge of the ship!" was the reply. In a state of irksome suspense we remained nearly two hours, expecting every minute to hear the officer descending. At length, to our relief, the companion-doors were unlocked, and a young man, attended by our Captain, entered the cabin. He looked surprised on seeing us, and bowing to Isabella, apologized for intruding



at such an unseasonable hour. "But I was not given to understand," he added, "that there were passengers in the ship—prisoners I should rather pronounce it, Mr. Mahone, for you seem to have had them under lock and key, which is rather an unusual mode of treating ladies at least. No wine, Sir!" he continued, motioning away the bottles which the Captain was hastily placing on the table—"no wine, but be pleased to show me your register and bill of lading."

He had not been long seated to inspect them when a shuffling and hurried sound of feet was heard overhead, and a voice calling on Mr. Duff for assistance showed that some scuffle had taken place above. Instantaneously we all started to our feet, and the lieutenant was in the act of drawing his sword, when, accidentally looking round, I observed Mahone presenting a pistol behind. With a cry of warning, I threw myself forward, and had just time to strike the weapon slightly aside, when it went off. The ball narrowly missed the head of Duff, for whom it had been aimed, but struck the priest immediately over the right eye, who, making one desperate and convulsive leap as high as the ceiling, sunk down dead, and before the Captain could pull out another, I discharged the contents of mine into his breast. We then rushed upon deck; but it was only to find the boat's crew had been mastered, and to behold the last of the men tumbled overboard. The pirates then dispersed, and exerted themselves to get the ship speedily under-way; while the boatswain sang out to extinguish the lanterns, that the Tartar might not be guided by the lights.

"It's all over with us!" exclaimed my companion; "but follow me—we have one chance for our lives yet. Our boat is still towing astern; do you throw yourself over, and swim till I slide down the painter, and cut her adrift. Come, bear a hand, and jump! don't you see them hastening aft?" and in an instant he pitched himself off the taffrel, slid down the rope which held the boat, and cast her loose. But this advice, however judicious, it was impossible for me to follow—for, at that moment, repeated shrieks from Isabella

put to flight all thoughts for my own individual safety; I, therefore, hurried back to the cabin, determined, that if I could not rescue her along with myself, to remain, and protect her with my life. And in a happy time I arrived! The candles were still burning on the table; and through the smoke of the pistols, which still filled the cabin, I beheld her struggling in the arms of a negro—the identical slave who had displayed such insolence in the early part of the evening. With one stroke of the butt end of my pistol I fractured the cursed villain's scull—caught up Isabella in my arms—ran up the ladder, and had nearly gained the side, when the boatswain, attracted by her white garments, left the helm to intercept me—and I saw the gleam of his uplifted cutlass on the point of descending, when he was suddenly struck down by some person from behind. I did not stop to discover who had done me this good office, but hailing Duff, and clasping Isabella firmly to my heart, I plunged into the water, followed by my unknown ally. With the aid of my companion, whom I now found to be John Wyllie, the mate, we easily managed to support our charge till the boat reached us; when we found that the greater part of the men had been rescued in a similar manner.

When the morning dawned, we perceived the Dart, like a speck in the horizon, and the sloop of war in close chase. Our attention was next turned to our own situation, which was by no means enviable: we had escaped, it is true, with our lives, for the present; but without a morsel of food, or a single drop of fresh water, with us in the boat; we could, at best, only expect to protract existence for a few days longer, and then yield them up ultimately in horror and misery. By an observation taken the day before, on board of the Tartar, Mr. Duff informed us we were to the north-east of the Bahamas; and distant about one hundred and seventy miles from Walling's Island, which was the nearest land. This was a long distance; but, as despair never enters the breast of a British sailor, even in situations of the utmost extremity, we cheered up each

other ; and, as no other resource was left us, we manned our oars, and pulled away with life, trusting to the chance of meeting with some vessel, of which there was a strong probability, as this was the common course of the leeward traders. And our hopes were not disappointed ! for next day we fortunately fell in with a brig from the Azores, bound for Porto Rico, on board of which we were received with much kindness ; and, in five days, we found ourselves safely moored in Porto-real harbour.

My first step on landing was to inquire for a boarding-house for Isabella, and I had the good luck to be directed to one kept by a respectable Scotch family, in Orange Terrace, and to this I conducted her. My next transaction was to charter a small cutter ; and to communicate to Duff the secret of the hidden treasure ; at the same time, asking him to adventure himself and his men on its recovery. I also gave him to understand the probability of a rencontre with the pirates, in the event of their having escaped the sloop, for I was aware that Mahone had overheard the whole confession, from my finding him listening at the cabin door. Without hesitation, the lieutenant at once agreed to accompany me, and engaging some hands out of a vessel newly arrived, we soon mustered a party of fourteen men. As it wanted only six days of the festival of St. Jago, and the distance across the Caribbean sea was great enough to require all our exertions to be there in time, we embarked and sailed that very night.

Our cutter proved a prime sailer—and though the winds were light and variable, by the help of our sweeps we made the Rocas on the evening of the sixth day. As the Spaniard had foretold, the moon was climbing the western sky, and pouring the fulness of her splendour with a mild and beautiful effulgence on the untroubled deep, as we slowly drifted with the current between the Wolf-rock and the adjacent isle. All was silent and calm over the whole desert archipelago and the vast surrounding waters, save now and then the sudden flight of a sea-fowl awakening from its slumbers as we passed ; or the occasional roar of the

jaguar faintly wafted from the main land. We ran the cutter into a deep and narrow creek ; moored her safe, and proceeded, well armed, to the eastern extremity. There we found the projecting point of land, and the old vanilla tree exactly in the situation described—its huge, twisted trunk was still entire ; and from the end of its solitary branch, which was graced by a few scattered leaves, the body of a man in the garb of a sailor hung suspended in irons. The clothes had preserved the body from the birds of prey, but the head was picked clean and bare, leaving the eyeless and bleached skull to glitter white in the moonlight. In perfect silence, and with something of awe on our spirits impressed by the solitude, and dreariness of the scene, we seated ourselves on the rocks, and, with my time-piece in my hand, I began to mark the progress of the shadow. For nearly three hours we watched in this manner, listening attentively for the slightest sound from seaward ; but every thing continued hushed and still, except the creaking of the chain as the dead man swang to and fro in the breeze. Midnight was now drawing near—the moon, radiant and full, was careering high through the deep blue of heaven, and the shadows of the branch and stem were approaching each other, and towards the desired point. At length the hand of my time-piece pointed to within one minute of the time. It passed over. The branch and stem now merged into one, and threw their shadow due east : and the first spadeful of earth had been thrown out, when the man who had been stationed to keep a look out came running to inform us that a boat was rapidly approaching from the east. We immediately concluded that they must be part of the Dart's crew ; and their long and vigorous strokes, as they stretched out to the full extent of their oars, showed that they knew the importance of every minute that elapsed. Our implements for digging were hastily laid aside, and we concealed ourselves among the rocks till they should come within reach. In a short time the boat was seen ashore, and eight armed men came forward, partly Spaniards and partly the ship's



crew; among whom I recognized the boatswain, and, to my surprise, Mahone, whom I had shot and left for dead in the cabin. Without giving them time to prepare for the assault, we quitted our shelter, and sprung among them at once, laying about with our cutlasses. For a little space the skirmish was toughly and hotly contested; for the pirates were resolute and reckless, and fought with the desperation of men who knew that the only chance for their lives lay in their own exertions. In the confusion of the fray I had lost sight of Duff, and was closely engaged with one of the Spaniards, when the voice of the boatswain shouting forth a horrible imprecation sounded immediately behind me. I turned round, and sprung aside from the sweep of his cutlass, and, as my pistols were both empty, retreated, acting on the defensive; when he pulled out his, fired, and hurled the weapon at my head. The shot passed without injuring me—but the pistol, aimed with better effect, struck me full on the forehead. A thousand sparks of light flashed from my eyes—I felt myself reeling, and on the point of falling, when a cut across the shoulder stretched me at once on the ground. When I recovered from my stupor, and opened my eyes, the morning was far advanced—the sun was shining bright overhead; and I found myself at sea, lying on the deck of the cutter; and Duff busily engaged in examining my wounds. From him I learned that the pirates

had been mastered after a severe conflict—in which four had been slain, and left on the island; two had escaped unobserved during the fight, and made off with their boat; and two had been wounded, and were prisoners on board, one of whom was Mahone. On our arrival at Porto Rico, we delivered them over to the civil power; and, soon afterwards, Mahone was tried for the murder of the priest, when he was convicted on our evidence, condemned, and executed.

Under good nursing, and care, I gradually recovered; and, by the fall of the season, without any farther adventures, I once more landed safe in Scotland.

Isabella is not now that destitute and unprotected orphan whom I first saw on the middle of the western ocean—but the happy mistress of a happy home, diffusing life and gladness on all around her. My friend Duff has lately been placed on the list of post captains, and is anxiously waiting for more bustling times, when there will be more knocking about, and more hard blows got, than what our present peace establishment admits of. John Wyllie, too, has had advancement in his line, being now master of one of the finest ships from Clyde: and I had the additional satisfaction of knowing that none of the crew had reason to regret their having jeopardized their lives in fighting for the "Pirate's Treasure." H.

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#### SONNET TO M. F. M.

ERE day is dead, on many a various spray  
 The bird inconstant rests a while, and sings,  
 And scarce on one is finish'd its brief lay,  
 Ere to another turn its fitful wings.  
 But when the sweeter evening hour is come,  
 The hour for peace, and constancy, and rest,  
 The little warbler hastens to its home,  
 And sings itself to slumber in its nest.  
 So, though sometimes in others I may see  
 Some rosy charms, and tune an idle song  
 For them, my fancy aye returns to thee,  
 Nor is she truant to thy graces long.  
 Thy beauties, still my memory's treasured theme,  
 Make sweet my thoughts by day, by night my dream.

ON THE AUTHOR OF THE "*CONNUBIA FLORUM*."To the Editor of the *London Magazine*.

SIR,

Chesterfield, December 2, 1823.

Your Correspondent at p. 93 of Vol. VII. will find the poem *De Connubiis Florum*, at p. iii. of the *Prolegomena* to the *Botanicon Parisiense* of Vaillant, published in 1727, by his friend Boerhaave, signed "Mac-enroe Hibernus medicinae doctor," written immediately after the death of Vaillant, and at p. viii. laudatory verses, evidently written previous to the death of Vaillant, signed Demetrius de la Croix.

Omnibus in terris quaesitum ad Florea regna,  
Et nemo in terris inveniebat iter ;  
At nunc si patuit, si flos hic masculus, ille  
Foemineus, vel mas foemineusque simul ;  
Arma viri melius si stamina credimus esse,  
Pistillum melius conjugis esse tubam,  
Audiat elysiis haec Turnefortus in arvis,  
Inventum decus est hoc Valiante tuum.

That he was a follower of the Stuarts appears from the following lines:

Hic longos habuit magni Fagonis amores,  
Regum qui medicos tantum supereminet omnes,  
Laurigero quantum Lodoicus vertice reges.

It is probable that he was naturalized, if he did not graduate under, I presume, the translated name of De la Croix, or perhaps only a poetical licence of a young poet. If the professor is desirous of making out his history, he will consult the collections of theses of Leyden and Montpelier, and the medical records of Paris, prior to 1722, and if he would give to the public through the channel of your magazine, his Letters to Jenkins, he would confer an obligation on the admirers of the founder of the sexual system.

I wish you could obtain permission to reprint the remarks which your Correspondent X. Y. Z. at p. 556, Vol. VII. speaks of having published in a provincial paper on the Danish Origin of the Dialects of Cumberland and Westmorland.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

JONATHAN STOKES.

## A LETTER

FROM ONE OF THE "*DRAMATISTS OF THE DAY*,"

To John Lacy, Esquire.

SIR,—You are somewhat hard upon us, the unhappy "*Dramatists of the Day*." You knock us all down with a breath, and then buffet us singly. What man or men do you suppose can stand this? By Apollo, we will not bear your gibes. Here are at least twenty of us, all immortal (though you know it not) puffing out our spleen against you. Mr. Lacy, you have given us much pithy language, some abuse, and a little advice. Your letter smacks of the critic, rather than of the author. You have now only one thing more

to do, to crown your good work:—  
*Set us an Example!*

Do I say this in envy?—in anger?—No. On the contrary—if you be the man I guess at—you are, I think, as likely to produce a good comedy of the *old school* as any one who has lived since the days of Elizabeth. Yet,—take heed of *one* of the faults that you charge upon us; and God be wi' you! With this *valedic*. I turn from you to your letters.

You divide our dramatists into three schools;—the dramatic, the rhetoric, and the poetical; and you



place us, your cotemporaries, on the lowest bench. The faults which you ascribe to us may be reduced to two—1. Want of incident or action; and 2. Want of passion; and you support these accusations by quoting bad passages from our works. This, I believe, is the state of your case.

In the first place, and in answer to your charge of our being the worst of the three schools,—*I deny it.*

There are two props by which tragedy (I do not mean what is insinuatingly called "*domestic*" tragedy, such as "*George Barnwell*" and the "*Gamester*," but tragedy *proper*) is supported: the one is action, and the other poetry. The writers of the age of Elizabeth, I will allow for a moment, had *both*, the writers of the next age action\* without poetry, and *we* poetry without action. In reply to this, you may assert that action is the more material of the two, and that we may have a tragedy without poetry, but not without action. I answer—yes; you may have a "*domestic*" tragedy, a thing with creeping thoughts and bouncing exits, with pistols, and ropes, and the gallows; but tragedy, crowned and built up, as it should be, to the stars, demands *poetry* of the very highest order. In fact, its breath is poetry, and if it exhales only prose it dies. Shakspeare arrived at the height of his reputation by means of his poetry (his passion of poetry) at least as much as by his dramatic skill. I grant you that he is super-eminent in the last, but he is unapproached in the former. The fire of his imagination was so strong that it *fused* the dull words of common life into passion, and animated with a fresh and impetuous principle the creeping sentences of prose. His superiority did not exist more in the dramatic turn of his dialogue, in his distinction of character, or the rapid changes of events, than in his *poetry*, which gave *life* and strength to all.

Am I maintaining then, that as we possess poetry of a certain kind, we have sufficient for the purposes of the drama?—By no means. I do not write to controvert all you say,

but a part only. I think with you in most things. We *do* want incident. Our tragedies (except "*Virginius*,"—which, as far as incident is concerned, but *not* otherwise, is the best tragedy, i. e. the best *constructed* tragedy of the day) are miserably deficient in events. We want passion also, but in a less degree; and as a matter of course, action; for passion is almost necessarily the language of action. We want, in short, animal spirit and a change of scene. We inundate our pages with description (the bane of tragedy) when we should stick to the business of the story, and thrill the hearts of our hearers. This must always happen until we draw upon our invention, and sketch out a good and *full* plot before we begin upon our dialogue. You will have observed that half of our scenes want a *purpose*. They are often unfolded and swept away, and nothing is done for the story. Two or three persons come forward, and talk for ten minutes, and then vanish. This is not the way to proceed, as you know. Every scene should show a *progress* made in the story; and nothing should be *told* which can be *acted*. A play should be the march of passion from its cradle to its grave. It should have both a change of events, and a growth of passion; and this it is (involving, as it does, a power over character) in which we fail. Occasionally we transport our hero from Rome to Naples—from Thebes to Athens; and thus far some little progress is made; but, after all, such things are the mere spectral appearances—the phantasmagoria of the drama. The body and soul—the action and change of passion—the "*deeper and deeper still*" are wanting; and without these, the florid power of the poet, his pathos, even his "*noise*" (I quote Mr. Lacy) will avail but little.

One of the great sins of our dramatists is owing to their egotism, i. e. they will thrust *themselves* and *their* opinions into every mask, from king to beggar. They will not let each character do its best; but *they* (the authors) come forward and play the prompter, from a fear lest the beggar

\* You will perceive that I here admit *too much*: for many of them had as little action as ourselves (see the Hills, Rowes, Johnsons, Addisons, Murphys, &c.) and *no* poetry whatever.

should prove beggarly, and the miser be meagre of his words. This is bad and impertinent. Again, the success of some of our actors, seduces writers into a *trickery* of speech. They stifle a furious sentence in its birth. They throw in a "Ha!" or a "Sdeath!" They begin with "By heavens!" &c. and, when you think that they are about to pull Jove from his stool, or dash their words in the teeth of Mars, they fall down suddenly, from alto to basso, quick as a sounding plummet, and end in a "Well, well!" or a moral caution, which draws down the thunder—of the galleries. This is also impertinent and bad. Besides these, we have other faults, which you have enlarged upon; and if *I*, who am what is called a "successful" dramatist, admit your charges, it is surely some argument in their favour. I *do* admit them, almost in their extent. We *do* want incident and passion. Our tragedies are sleepy in their progress, and *thin* in their construction. Our dramatists seem as though they wrote under the influence of soda-water and the hyp. Their little bursts are like mere water bubbles, while their dose of languor is potent indeed. Their dialogue is *indolent*, and their passion feverish and unnatural. The pitch is not enough above ordinary talk, and does not consequently stimulate the attention. I am not sorry, I confess—that you have applied a cataplasm to the body *dramatique*, although *I* am a sufferer under it. But I never piqued myself upon *my* drama ("The — of —, or, The fatal —"\*)—I despised it from the moment I heard it upon the stage, and should have done so before, had my *furor* had time to cool.

Having admitted thus much, I must now be permitted to say that I disagree with you, in your comparative estimate of the three schools of the drama. You have put forth your opinion, Mr. Lacy; permit me to state mine:—it is this. I think that tragedy was highest and best in the time of Elizabeth and her successors, previous to the commonwealth. I think that it became

diseased after the Restoration, bloated, mad, and unnatural; and finally, if I may say so, sank into a trance. After the revival of poetry, which I should date from Cowper and Bishop Percy's ballads, &c. and the impulse given to men's minds by certain great political events, I consider the drama as having awaked, languid and inert indeed, but *sane*, and stripped of its bombastic diseases and hideous deformities, and presenting altogether a sounder aspect and more hopeful character than at any period since the death of Shirley. You will have observed the declension of the drama—from Shakspeare, to Fletcher, to Ford, to Shirley,—then its throes and agonies in Dryden and Lee, Congreve and Otway (I shall speak hereafter of "Venice Preserved,") Addison, Rowe (who committed grand larceny upon Massinger), Aaron Hill, Murphy, Thomson, and a world of others, till at last was born the "*Douglas*" of Mr. Home, free indeed from many of the vices of its predecessors, but the feeblest and frailest infant of the stage, nourished in a period of barrenness, by artificial means, and now kept alive (or perhaps only embalmed) in the sunset reputation of Mrs. Siddons.

I have admitted that we are below the dramatists of Elizabeth; but I mean this chiefly with reference to our comparative powers in poetry, and in the delineation of character. In other respects we are surely but little inferior. One test of a play being (or being *not*) dramatic, is its fortune at the theatre. Now, I will undertake to say, that few of the old plays, and scarcely one of the second era, would keep up the attention of an audience in the way that is effected by several of our modern dramas. With the exception of "A New Way to pay Old Debts,"—"Every Man in his Humour," and "Rule a Wife and have a Wife,"—(all of which may be considered *comedies*) there is not one of the old dramas which can keep its footing upon the stage. Did you see "The Jew of Malta," or "The humorous Lieutenant,"

\* I could, perhaps, call up the late Mr. Astley, a great encourager of rising genius, to say a word or two as to the merits of my drama: but I shall reserve his testimony, in case it shall be necessary to add the weight of my reputation (which is not trifling, in St. George's-fields) to the force of my argument or assertions.



(strongly cast too) or even "The Duke of Milan," represented? If so, you can judge for yourself. As to the dramas of the second era, there are absolutely *none*, except "Venice Preserved," which can contest the palm. You yourself have convicted "Oroonoko," (one of the best) by being unable to extract more than *three* lines (and those not good and far from original) out of a whole scene. "Venice Preserved," is upheld by the character of Pierre, which is undoubtedly a strong and dashing sketch. Were it not for him, Belvidera and Jaffier would overwhelm us with their tediousness. The "Revenge," a heavy dull play, is in like manner supported by Zanga alone, and he is a copy: the rest is "leather and prunella." How "Isabella" keeps her widowed eminence at the theatre, I am unable to say. It is a puzzle, altogether; for, certainly, if there ever was a weak play, barren of incident, and tame in diction, it is "Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage." In fact, *all* the dramas of the second era are mightily deficient in incident (I omit Venice Preserved) and are utterly void of poetry. Dryden is mad and prosaic: Lee is mad and — but no, I must except parts of Lee, for he is often poetical: Congreve is tumid and tame: Rowe's "golden lines" turn out to be partly forged and entirely copper: Addison's ten feet are frost-stricken: Thomson's are swollen: Doctor Johnson's are—all that is weak and bad. His muse indeed (if he had a muse) lies absolutely prostrate, and Demetrius and his fellows trample upon her and drawl out their heavy sentences over her, till she dies of "excess of prose."

With all our faults (and we have plenty) we at least have something of the characteristic and familiar mixed with something of the poetic; and I maintain that these qualities properly amalgamated form the essence of dramatic dialogue. Give us time, Mr. Lacy, instead of treading upon us; give

us encouragement, as well as abuse. The present state is the *collapse* of the drama. She is weak after sickness, inert after a long repose, but she has much of what is sane and healthful about her, and wants but time to recruit her strength, and your good word (and the good word of others) to tempt her to higher and better flights.

You are not a common-place man. Do not fall into the common-place, of under-rating your cotemporaries, while comparing them with people whose renown is more secure, though not more deserved than theirs.

You will observe that I avoid Shakspeare altogether.\* He is above all "schools" and all "times:" and you treat us, I think, not quite fairly, Mr. Lacy, when you try us by *his* standard, instead of by that of his cotemporaries, or by the general cast of the subsequent dramatists. We do not affect to approach him. We never shall—if I may venture on a prophecy—produce any thing like him. He is an enormous and splendid star thrown out of the regular system; or he is, if you prefer it, a sun, around which we, like twinkling planets, move and do homage. Try us by the ordinary run of dramatists, and then give us our place. You should not select Shakspeare, singly; nor even Otway (though I hope we shall, after a little time, face *him* without fear), but give us our chance with the crowd.—Do I ask any thing but what is fair?

And now to descend from generals, to particulars. You are, I believe, right upon the whole there, also: yet you are (shall I say) unjust upon one point, viz. Lord Byron.

First, however, as to MIRANDOLA. I am assured by a friend that your opinion of this tragedy cannot equal the *contempt of the author himself*. He says that it was scribbled in a hurry, in the languor subsequent upon illness, and he desires not to be judged by it. The structure of the verse he allows to be often bad, the scenes

\* Yet even in Shakspeare (and in his *best* plays), I could point out to you many instances of what you complain of in us. What do you think of the 3d scene in the 4th act of Macbeth? It is heavy and to no purpose. Neither do I see much use in the Doctor coming forward to speak of the king curing the evil. And with regard to the structure of dramatic verse (observe, I agree with you on this point) you will find as many errors in Shakspeare—look at the Midsummer Night's Dream, &c.—as in almost any other author. I admit that he is not often prosaic, except where it is for the best; and occasionally (though seldom) it is for the best.

often weak, and the incidents too few: After this you should not, perhaps, censure him without putting his exculpatory statement upon record. I have every reason to believe that the account which I now give up of this author's play is true; but I cannot be understood, of course, to *vouch* for the fact. Nevertheless, even with regard to this tragedy, the dialogue is, I should say, generally dramatic; and the structure of the plot (though too meagre) is in some respects new; for the interest is single, and is cast for two acts upon one character, and then shifted, and devolves upon another. This you will observe escapes the tedium of too long a sympathy with one person; without frittering away the interest, as is often done, by dividing it between the principal and secondary groups. I do not know that this has been done elsewhere.

In regard to LORD BYRON: you have, I think, treated him somewhat harshly. You speak of the *injury* which he has done to our poetry. But, *what poetry was there in existence* (of this age) at the time Lord Byron arose?—absolutely none, except the poems of Mr. Wordsworth, and a few, a very few others. Lord Byron has been the cause of bad rhyme undoubtedly; but this is because he has given a sudden impulse to the public mind, and thrown it headlong (if I may so speak) into poetry. I certainly do not think him the most *poetical* writer of the day. Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Shelley, and Mr. Keats, were perhaps more so. But he has an impetuous strength that well becomes the garb of verse, and strikes often harder at our sympathies than the more regular and truer efforts of the muse. Lord Byron is not very dramatic, and he allows this; but he has done good to the generation by so much as he has probed men's hearts to their depths, and awakened the spirit of poetry within them. With all *his* faults also—and I allow the structure of his blank verse to be far from good—he has done the poetical state some service; and you should, I think, grant this. You will observe that Lord Byron has said that his tragedies were *not* written for the stage. Why then do you try him by its rules?

I agree with you, that there are beautiful passages in Mr. Haynes's play, great merit in Miss Baillie (though her verse is generally much too artificial), and above all *very* great power and beauty in the drama of Mr. Beddoes. If this last author does not do something extraordinary I shall be deceived. With respect to Mr. Milman, I cannot think that he has much *dramatic* power, whatever *poetical* claims he may possess. Lord Byron is decidedly in my opinion more dramatic than he, to say nothing of his comparative strength.

One or two more observations, and I have done—for the present. You say the rhetorical school at least kept us awake by *their noise*! To my thinking, their noise, though great, is too monotonous: it lures *me* into slumber. Noise is an "accident" of the drama; but it depends, for its effect, upon its intervals of calm.

Then,—you say that poetry is the *accident* and not the *essence* of dramatic language! Yet, it is the grand distinction between Shakspeare and Lillo. It is, in my opinion, as much the essence of *tragic* dialogue as action: for it is the great principle of *elevation*, without which, as you justly hint, Tragedy would "*walk the stage on her belly*,"—that is to say, it would *not* walk, but would creep; and the end would be that it would die. It is, therefore, I submit to you, *essential*.

Upon the whole, Mr. Laey, I must allow that you have spoken well and justly to us. A little more kindness, perhaps—but let that pass. I write to acknowledge the good service which you have done; generally agreeing with you, but sometimes differing, as you will see. I had intended to have retorted more in your own pithy vein, and to have argued the matter more completely and at length; but sickness and some annoyances (which I will not obtrude upon you) have discomposed me, and rendered me less efficient for my task than when I originally designed it. — For the present, therefore, farewell! and believe me to be (although a dramatist) your admirer and humble servant,

TERENTIUS SECUNDUS.



## RECENT POETICAL PLAGIARISMS AND IMITATIONS.

(Continued.)

TAKING up this subject where we left it in our December Number, we are about to proceed with the imitations in Scott's remaining poems, and with such as have occurred to us in Southey, Montgomery, Moore, &c. and lastly in Byron.

## LADY OF THE LAKE.

"Oh! stranger, in such hour of fear,  
What evil hap has brought thee here?"  
"An evil hap how can it be  
That bids me look again on thee?"

*The Gathering.*

Fremenne posso, ove tu a me lo annunzi?  
*Alfieri, Filippo.*

A lock from Blanch's tresses fair  
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;  
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,  
And placed it on his bonnet side.  
"By him whose word is truth! I swear,  
No other favour will I wear,  
Till this sad token I imbue  
In the best blood of Roderic Dhu!"

iv. 28.

With which he cut a lock of all their hair,  
Which meddling with their blood and earth  
he threw;

..... and gan devoutly swear  
Such and such evil God on Guyon rear  
..... if I due vengeance do forbear,  
Till guilty blood her guerdon do obtain.

*Fairy Queen.*

The chase is up, but they shall know  
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe. C. 4.  
The hunt is up! and in the midnight wood  
With lights to dazzle and with nets they  
seek

A timid prey: and lo! the tiger's eye  
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch!  
*Coleridge, Remorse, A. iii. ad fin.*

Or if a path be dangerous known,  
The danger's self is lure alone. C. 5.  
Non tam præmiis periculorum, quam ipsis  
periculis lætus. *Tac. Hist. ii. 86.*

From shingles grey their lances start,  
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,  
The rushes and the willow wand  
Are *bristling* into axe and brand. C. 5.

..... τῶν δὲ σιγῆς εἰς αὐτὸ πυκναὶ  
ἀσπίδες καὶ κορυβαῖσι, καὶ ἔχουσιν πεφρικυῖα.  
12.

"And Saxon—I am Roderic Dhu!"

These words (forming the coup de  
Theatre) will remind our readers of  
MARCH, 1824.

a long passage, in which Fitz James has been vilifying and threatening Roderic, not aware that it was to him he was talking. The scene proceeds.

Fitz James was brave:—though to his heart  
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,  
He manned himself with dauntless air,  
Returned the chief his haughty stare,  
His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before, &c.

C. 5.

Quel Paladin, di che ti vai vantando  
Son io! . . . . .  
Ferran non perdè per ciò il coraggio  
Trasse la spada, e in atto si raccolse, &c.  
*Il Fur. xii. 25.*

The rest of the passage (the merit of which is wholly in the *πυκνωσὶς ἐκλελεγμένων*, for which Longinus praises Sappho,) is gathered from Lucan and Claudian.

His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before.  
"Come one, come all; this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."—  
Sir Roderic marked, and in his eyes  
Respect was mingled with surprize,  
And the *stern joy* which warriors feel  
In foeman worthy of their steel. C. 5.

Stetit aggere fultus  
Cespitis intrepidus vultu, meruitque timeri  
Non metuens, atque hæc, ira dictante, pro-  
fatur. *Pharsal. v. 316.*

Radiat quam torva voluptas . . . frontis.  
*Bell. Getic.*

Moored in the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest's shock,  
The firmer he roots him the ruder it blow,  
&c. C. 2.

Rather like the mountain oak,  
Tempest shaken, rooted fast,  
Grasping strength from every stroke,  
While it wrestles with the blast.  
*Montgomery.*

Cowper observed the fact, and hint-  
ed the application. (Task, b. 1.)

## ROKEBY.

Conscience, anticipating time,  
Already rues the unacted crime;  
And calls her furies forth, to shake  
The sounding scourge and hissing snake.  
C. i. 2.

Quæ tamen etsi absunt, et mens sibi con-  
scia facti  
Præmetuens adhibet stimulos, torretque  
flagellis. *Lucret. 1. 3, 1031.*

T

Not then by Wycliffe might be shown  
How his pride startled at the tone  
In which his' complice, fierce and free,  
Asserted guilt's equality. C. i. 20.

*Facinus quos inquinat aequat.*

*Lucan. v. 290.*

'Twas then—like tiger close beset  
At every pass with toil and net,  
Countered where'er he turns his glare  
By clashing arms and torches' flare,  
Who meditates with furious bound,  
To burst on hunter, horse, and hound,—  
'Twas then that Bertram's soul arose,  
Prompting to rush upon his foes:  
But as that crouching tiger cowed  
By brandish'd steel and shouting crowd  
Retreats beneath his jungle's shroud,  
Bertram suspends his purpose stern,  
And couches in the break and fern.  
Hiding his face, lest foemen spy  
The sparkle of his swarthy eye. C. iii. 4.

*Qual per le selve Nomadi o Massilè  
Cacciata va la generosa belva  
Che ancor fuggendo mostra il cor gentile  
E minacciosa e lenta si rinselva  
Tal Rodomonte, in nessun atto vile  
Da strano circondato e fiera selva  
D'aste, e di spade, e di volanti dardi,  
Si tira al fiume a passi lunghi e tardi.  
E si trè volta e più l'ira il sospinse  
Ch'essendone già fuor vi tornò in mezzo,  
Ma la ragione al fin la rabbia vinse  
E dal ripa per miglior consiglio  
Si getto al acque, e uscì di gran periglio.*

*Il Fur. c. 18.*

*Ceu sævum turba leonem, &c.*

We need not transcribe the passage  
in the *Æneid*.

Moonless the sky, the hour was late,  
When a loud summons shook the gate, &c.

The passage so beginning (C. iv. 7, 8, and 9,) is a very daring robbery, as the papers express it, attended with murder, of a description in Gertrude of Wyoming, part iii. 10, beginning,

Night came,—and in their lighted bower,  
full late,  
The joy of converse had endured—when  
hark!  
Abrupt and loud, a sunumons shook their  
gate, &c.

But both passages being long we  
can only refer to them.

As was his wont ere battle glowed,  
Along the marshalled ranks he rode;  
I saw his melancholy snile  
When full opposed in front he knew  
Where Rokeby's kindred banner flew.

C. i. 16.

I saw him ere the bloody fight began  
Riding from rank to rank, his beaver up;  
His eye was wrathful to an enemy,  
But for his countrymen it had a smile  
Would win all hearts. *Joan of Arc, b. 2.*

SOUTHEY.

It has been Mr. Southey's general  
practice to indicate his classical  
imitations in his notes—the few  
which follow are either fancies of  
ours or omissions of his.

—Within that house of death  
The clash of arms was heard, as though  
below  
The shrouded warrior shook his mailed  
limbs. *Joan of Arc.*

*Compositis plenæ gemuerunt ossibus urnæ;  
Tunc fragor armorum. Lucan. i. 563.*

Sudden through every fibre a deep fear  
Crept shivering, and to their expecting  
minds

*Silence itself was dreadful.*

*Joan of Arc, ix. 138.*

Which (though attributed by Mr.  
Southey to Chapelain,

*Une haleine, un sospir, et mesme le silence  
Aux chefs, comme aux soldats, font perdre  
l'assurance)*

belongs to Virgil.

*Horror ubique animos simul ipsa silentia  
terrent. Æn. ii. 755.*

KEHAMA.

The 15th and 16th sections describe the descent of Ladurlad to the ancient sepulchres at the bottom of the ocean, where "intacti latè subit hospita ponti" (*Theb. v. 336*) by virtue of that portion of his curse which forbids the water to touch him,

—δε χθονα καὶ κατὰ ποντοῦ  
Ἀβροχὸς αἰσσεῖς. (*Μοσχ. Εἰδυλλ. β.*)

he goes:

—ενθα δὲ οἱ κλυτὰ θώματα βεδεῖσι λίμνης.  
Χρυσέα μαρμαίροντα τέτυχται ἀφθίτα αἰεὶ.  
11.

Those streets which never, since the days  
of yore,

By human footstep had been visited;

Those streets which never more

A human foot shall tread,

Ladurlad trod. In sun-light and sea-  
green

The thousand palaces were seen

Of that proud city, whose superb abodes  
Seemed reared by giants for the immortal  
Gods.

How silent and how beautiful they stand,  
Like things of Nature! the eternal rocks  
Themselves not firmer.



We will give the account of the gardens which had been ages ago overwhelmed by the ocean, as the strangest specimen of fanciful description we ever read ;—though we have nothing to compare with it except in one particular.

It was a garden still beyond all price,  
Even yet it was a place of paradise ;  
For where the mighty ocean could not spare  
There had he, with his own creation,  
Sought to repair his work of devastation.

And here were coral bowers,  
And grotts of madrepores,  
And banks of sponge as soft and fair to  
eye

As e'er was mossy bed  
Whereon the wood-nymphs lie  
Their languid limbs in summer's sultry  
hours.

Here, too, were living flowers  
Which, like a bud compacted,  
Their purple cups contracted,  
And now in open blossom spread,  
Stretched like green anthers many a seeking  
head.

And arborets of jointed stone were there,  
And plants of fibres fine, as silkworm's  
thread ;

Yea, beautiful as mermaid's golden hair  
Upon the waves disspread :  
Others that, like the broad banana grow-  
ing,  
Raised their long wrinkled leaves of purple  
hue,

Like streamers wide outflowing, &c.

The golden fountains had not ceased to  
flow,

And, where they mingled with the briny  
sea,

There was a sight of wonder and delight,  
To see the fish, like birds in air,

Above Ladurlad flying. 16.

Guizzano i pesci agli olmi in su la cima  
Ove solean volar gli a ugelli in prima.

*Il Fur.* 40.

Baly's annual visit to earth is like  
the "sæpe pater Divum," &c. of  
Catullus, Nupt. Pel. et Thet.

The name of Glendoveers, Mr.

Southey says, is altered from the Grin-  
doveers of Sonnerat, and he knows  
not whether they are the Ghandhar-  
vas of the English orientlists. The  
wings (he adds) are borrowed from a  
neglected work of great genius, by  
Wilkins. May not Wilkins have had  
them from Aulus Gellius? "Illi  
scriptores gentem esse aiunt apud  
extrema Indiæ, corporibus hirtis, et  
Avium ritu plumantibus, nullo cibatu  
vescentem, sed spiritu florum naribus  
hausto victitantem."—*Noct. Att.* ix. 4.

Her face was as a damsel's face,  
And yet her hair was gray.

*Thalaba*, viii. 127.

Argentum capitis præter anile nihil.

*Vinc. Bourne. Denneri Annus.*

#### RODERIC.

Here sate one

Who told of fair possessions lost, and babes  
To goodly fortunes born of all bereft.  
Another for a virgin daughter mourned,  
The lewd barbarian's spoil ; a fourth had  
seen

His only child forsake him in his age,  
And for a Moor renounce her hope in  
Christ. v. 63.

perdi hijos y muger  
las cosas que mas amaba ;  
perdi una hija doncella,  
que era la flor de Granada ;  
el que la tiene cautiva....  
cien doblas le doi por ella  
no me las estima in nada :  
la respuesta que me han dado  
es que mi hija es Christiana.

*Romance del sitio y toma de Alhama.\**

Odoar and Urban eyed him while he spake,  
As if they wondered whose the tongue  
might be,

Familiar thus with chiefs and thoughts of  
state. 4.

Sic fatur: quanquam plebeio tectus amictu  
Indocilis privata loqui. *Lucan.* v. 538.

\* This is the "very mournful ballad on the siege and conquest of Alhama," which Lord Byron translated with much spirit certainly, but from a very imperfect copy of the original, and with an obviously imperfect knowledge of the language, in proof of which I refer the Spanish reader to his translation of verses 13 and 17. The circumstance related in the last lines quoted above, so characteristic of the times and the country, and so affecting to the individual, is omitted in Lord Byron's copy ; and so much more is omitted, that the whole drift of the poem must be misapprehended. The true history of it is this. The Moorish king receives the news of the loss of Alhama, and, convoking his people, imparts it to them. An old Moor speaks up, and upbraids him for his ill deeds, whereby he has deserved this misfortune ; (Lord Byron's copy makes this the person afterwards beheaded, but in fact) the ballad here breaks off, as usual with such compositions, and passes to the arrest by the king's officer of the *Alcalde* of Alhama, who had been absent from his post when it was lost ; and his energetic de-

My good horse,  
Off with this recreant burden!..and with  
that  
He raised his hand, and reared, and backed  
the steed,  
To that remembered voice and arm of  
power  
Obedient. Down the helpless traitor fell  
Violently thrown, and Roderic over him  
Thrice led, with just and unrelenting hand  
The trampling hoofs. 45.

Agnovit sonipes, arrectisque auribus acrem

Hinnitum effundens, sternit tellure Bage-  
sum,  
Quem tunc captivo portabit in agmina  
dorso. *Sil. Italic. x. 458.*

With accordant song  
And dip and dash of oar in harmony.  
*Madoc, p. 62.*

This had been a practice of the an-  
cients :

Oriturque frementum  
Remorum sonus, et lætæ concordia vocis.  
*Valerius Flaccus. Argon. 3.*

fence is partly omitted by Lord Byron, and partly made unintelligible by being put into the mouth of the contumacious Moor. The officer, in arresting him, announces his doom, and the reason of it, which we translate in Lord Byron's metre (freely, of course, having to make a verse out of two lines).

In all the land no fairer town,  
Or richer, saw the sun go down ;  
Than this the king gave thee to keep ;  
Than this whose loss the king doth weep.  
Woe is me, Alhama !

pues perdiste la tenencia  
de una ciudad tan preciada.

And then the speech which follows his arrest is intelligible and affecting, though Lord Byron is determined to make the worst of it, and omits the two first verses, which form the Alcayde's defence of himself : they run thus :

At my sister's spousals I  
Was absent, I will not deny ;  
(On her spousals, and on all  
Who bade me to them, Hell-fire fall !)  
Woe is me, Alhama !

Yo me estaba en Antequera  
en bodas de una hermana,  
(mal fuego quemen las bodas  
y quien a ellos mi llamara.)  
ay de mi Alhama !

But I had license ere I went  
For longer time than there I spent ;  
Whereof me more the monarch gave  
By six days than I cared to crave.  
Woe is me, Alhama !

El rey mi dio la licencia  
que yo no me la tomara :  
pedila por quince dias,  
diamela por tres semanas.  
ay de mi Alhama !

Lord Byron includes the captivity of the Moor's daughter :

I lost a damsel in that hour,  
Of all the land the loveliest flower ;  
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,  
And think her ransom cheap that day.  
Woe is me, Alhama !

But he omits the peculiar circumstance we mentioned before—the maiden's apostacy from her father's faith.

A hundred doblas down I told,  
And they spurn'd the proffered gold,  
I them besought for Fatima,  
And they made answer—thus said they.—  
Woe is me, Alhama !

cien doblas le doi por ella,  
no me las estima en nada  
la respuesta que mi han dado  
es que mi hija es Christiana.  
ay de mi Alhama !

The damsel whom thou com'st to claim,  
Doña Maria is her name ;  
Purged from Islam's foul offence  
By holy water—get thee hence.  
Woe is me, Alhama !

y por nombre la avian puesto  
Doña Maria de Alhama ;  
el nombre que ella tenia  
Mora Fatima se llama.  
ay de mi Alhama !

So much for Lord Byron's version from the Spanish ;

" Translating tongues he knows not e'en by letter,\*  
And sweating plays so middling bad were better."

" O nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ ! " Thus it is that our day goes down,  
the chickens come home to roost, (καταραι, ως και τα αλεκτροσυνομιotta, οικον αυ, οφειν  
παυξεν αναβιςσμεναι.) and we become the objects of our own satires !

\* See his mistake of ñ for n.



With impudence cloathed as a garment.

*Vision of Judgment, 5.*

αυαΐδεσθαι ἐπιεικόμενα.

IA.

MONTGOMERY.

For while thine absence they deplore,  
'Tis for themselves they weep,  
Though they behold thy face no more,  
In peace thine ashes sleep.

*Minor Poems.*

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps well.

*Childe Har. c. 4.*

Probably a hundred might be quoted to the same purpose; the earliest, simplest, and therefore most beautiful expression of the sentiment which we know, is in a funeral song by one of the Jewish Rabbis, and quoted in Mr. Lyndsay's notes to his very solemn and beautiful compositions, the Dramas of the Ancient World. It stands thus:

"Mourn for the mourners, and not for the dead; for he is at rest, and we in tears."

Nor e'er his rushing squadrons led to fight,  
With swifter onset than he led that flight.

*World before the Flood.*

Fugientibus se ducem præbuit.

*Justin. Epit. Trog. Pomp.*

Blest with freedom, unconfined,  
Dungeons cannot hold the soul:  
Who can chain the immortal mind?

None but he who spans the pole. P. 280.

The one half of man, his mind,  
Is "sui juris" unconfined,  
And cannot be laid by the heels  
Whate'er the other moiety feels. *Butler.*

There are, gloomy Ocean, a brotherless clan,  
Who traverse thy banishing waves,  
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,  
Whom Avarice coins into slaves!  
From the homes of their kindred, their  
forefathers' graves,  
Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,  
They are dragg'd on the hoary abyss;  
The shark hears their shrieks, and ascend-  
ing to day,  
Demands of the spoiler his share of the  
prey. *Ocean.*

— The direful shark....  
.... From the partners of that cruel trade  
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,  
Demands his share of prey.

*Thomson. Summer.*

For Britannia is wielding her trident to-  
day,

Consuming her foes in her ire,  
And hurling her thunder with absolute  
sway,

From her wave-ruling chariots of fire.

*Ocean.*

— ceu sceptra tenere,  
Ceu te flammiferas Phœbi transcendere  
currus. *Lucan. i. 47.*

Oh Britain! dear Britain! the land of my  
birth,

Oh isle most enchantingly fair,  
Thou pearl of the ocean, thou gem of the  
earth,

Oh my mother, my mother, beware:  
For wealth is a phantom, and empire a  
snare;

Oh let not thy birthright be sold  
For reprobate glory and gold!

Thy distant dominions like wild graftings  
shoot,

They weigh down thy trunk,—they will tear  
up thy root.

*Ocean.*

By all means, it is to be procured that the trunk of Nebuchadnezzar's tree of monarchy be great enough to bear the branches and the boughs; that is, that the natural subjects of the crown or state bear a sufficient proportion to the stranger subjects that they govern.... The Spartans were a nice people in point of naturalization; whereby, while they kept their compass, they stood firm; but when they did spread, and their boughs were become too great for their stem, they became a windfall upon the sudden.

*Bacon. True Greatness of Kingdoms.*

Observe the peculiar Baconian force of that last metaphor which the poet has not compassed.

It shines through my heart like a hope-  
beaming star,

Alone in the desert of night.

*Bolehill Trees.*

Weit in nebelgrauer Ferne,  
Liegt mir das vergang'ne Glück,

Nur an einem schönen Sterne,  
Weilt mit Liebe noch der Blick,

Aber wie des Sternes Pracht  
Ist es nur ein Schein der Nacht.\*

*Schiller An Emma.*

\* Deep in the gloom of Fate afar  
I see my former bliss remove,  
But still on memory beams one star,  
Attracting still my looks of love:  
But ah! too like the starry light,  
It shines a lustre now in night!—*Schiller. Verses to Emma.*

CRABBE, GRAHAME, MILLMAN.

Is it not strange that man should health  
destroy  
For joys which come when he is dead to  
joy? *Crabbe.*

'Tis strange the miser should his cares em-  
ploy  
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.  
*Pope.*

How still the morning of the hallowed day!  
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed  
The plough-boy's whistle and the milk-  
maid's song. *Grahame. Sabbath.*

Luce sacra requiescit humus, requiescit  
arator,  
Et grave suspenso vomere cessit opus;  
Solvite vincla jugis. *Tibullus, l. ii. 1.*

How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,  
And thy shrouded eye resembleth  
Violets when the dews of eve  
A moist and tremulous glitter leave  
On the bashful sealed lid!  
*Fall of Jerusalem.*

I saw thee weep,—the big bright tear  
Came o'er that eye of blue,  
And then methought it did appear  
A violet dropping dew.

*Hebrew Melodies.*

When I beheld thy blue eyes shine  
Through the bright drop that pity drew,  
I saw beneath those tears of thine,  
A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.  
*Ebn Alrumi tr. by Carlyle.*

MOORE.

—your dear little lips to their destiny  
true  
Seemed to know they were born for the  
use of another;  
And, to put me in mind of what I ought to  
do,  
Were eternally biting and kissing each  
other. *Fanny of Timmol.*  
Her lips most happy each in other's kisses.  
*Britain's Ida.*

But let them have their will, no Hell were  
worse. *Lallah Rookh.*  
Nullo martirio fuor che la tua rabbia  
Sarebbe al tuo furor dolor compito.  
*Inferno, c. 14.*

But Thou can'st heal the broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.  
*Sacred Melodies.*

Se lieto esser vuoi, soffrir conviene....  
Non stilla in altra guisa  
Il balsamo odorato  
Che da una pianta incisa  
Dal Arabo pastor. *Metast. Adriano, iii. 2.*

This was sure to be borrowed; for  
no poet of equal name was so inca-

pable of originality as Metastasio.  
"In bona cur quisquam tertius ista  
venit?" Let us observe Bacon work-  
ing out the metaphor.

Certainly virtue is like precious odours,  
most fragrant when they are incensed (he  
uses the word in an obsolete sense—igne  
coactum) or crushed.—*Essays.*

The compassionate mind is like that no-  
ble tree that is itself wounded when it gives  
the balm.—*Ditto.*

Mr. Bettenham said that virtuous men  
were like some herbs and spices that give  
not out their sweet smell till they be broken  
and crushed.—*Apothegms.*

That easy trust, that prompt belief  
In what the warm heart wishes true,  
That faith in words, when kindly said,  
By which the whole fond sex is led.  
*Loves of the Angels.*

Facili feminarum credulitate ad gaudia.  
*Tacitus.*

The tremble of my wings all o'er,  
For through each plume I felt the thrill, &c.  
*Loves of the Angels.*  
And shiver every feather with desire.  
*Thomson.*

Before whose feet the expiring waves  
Flung their last tribute with a sigh—  
As, in the East, exhausted slaves  
Lay down the far-brought gift and die.  
*Loves of the Angels.*

La mer de Crissa et la mer Saronique  
viennent expirer à ses pieds comme pour re-  
connoître sa puissance.  
*Barthelemi, c. 37.*

Still worse the illusions that betray  
His footsteps to their shining brink;  
That tempt him on his desert way  
Through the bleak world, to bend and  
drink,  
Where nothing meets his lips, alas,  
But he again must sighing pass  
On to that far-off home of peace,  
In which alone his thirst will cease.  
*Loves of the Angels.*

But as to the unbelievers, their works  
are like the vapour in a plain, which the  
thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until  
when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be  
nothing. *Al Koran, c. 24, by Sale.*

Where right and wrong so close resemble,  
That what we take for virtue's thrill,  
Is often the first downward tremble  
Of the heart's balance into ill.  
*Loves of the Angels.*

And the slight bias of untoward chance  
Makes his best virtues from the even line,  
With fatal declination swerve aside.  
*Roderic, b. 10*



## LORD BYRON.

A prior publication, which we shall avoid repeating, saves us the trouble of transcribing some of the most commonly known of Lord Byron's plagiarisms.

Out upon Time! it will leave no more  
Of the things to come than the things be-  
fore!

Out upon Time! who for ever will leave  
But enough of the past for the future to  
grieve

O'er that which hath been, and o'er that  
which must be:

What we have seen our sons shall see;  
Remnants of things which have past away,  
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of  
clay! *Siege of Corinth*, p. 28.

The thing that hath been it is that that  
shall be. . . . there is no remembrance of  
former things; neither shall there be any  
remembrance of things that are to come,  
with those that shall come after.

*Eccles. c. 1.*

Hark to the trump and the drum,  
And the mournful sound of the barbarous  
horn,

And the flap of the banners that flit as  
they're borne, &c.

*Siege of Corinth*, p. 26.

And the air resounded with the harsh  
and mournful music of the barbarian  
trumpet.

*Gibbon.*

Who adds the rest of Byron's origi-  
nal in a note from Ammianus.—

"Vexillis de more sublati, auditisque  
triste sonantibus classicis."—These are the  
"rauca cornua" of Claudian, (in Ruffin.  
ii. 57.) the large horns of the uri, or wild  
bull.

The bright sun was extinguished, and the  
stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless and pathless.

*Darkness.*

Orbo senza luce

Che non sa ove si vada, e pur si parte.

*Petrarch, son. 16.*

A thing of eyes, that all survey.

*Heb. Mel.*

He speaks of the soul, as likewise  
Henry More,

Whate'er in her horizon doth appear,  
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy  
ear.

*Song of the Soul.*

And Milton,

All head, all eye, all ear,  
All intellect, all sense.

And lastly Pliny,

Totus est visus, totus auditus.

*De Deco.*

On his brow

The thunder-scars are graven. *Manfred.*

His face

Deep scars of thunder had intrenched.

*Milton.*

The Devil . . . . . very often waits,  
And leaves old sinners to be young one's  
baits.

*Beppo.*

An old dram-drinker's the devil's decoy.

*Bacon.*

But Hassan's frown and furious word  
Are dreaded more than hostile sword.

*Giaour*, p. 33.

Efficitque ne hostis maxime timendus  
militi esset.

*Liv. v. 19.*

He makes a solitude, and calls it peace.

*Bride of Abydos.*

Faciunt solitudinem, atque pacem ap-  
pellant.

*Tacitus.*

Love's image upon earth without his wings.

*Childe Har. c. 1.*

Sans ailes comme la Constance,—  
Tel fut l'amour dans les siècles d'or;  
On ne le trouve plus, quoiqu'on le cherche  
encore.

*From an inscription on the  
pedestal of a Cupid in the  
garden of Chantilly.*

—To such resign the strife for fading bays;  
Ill may such contest now the spirit move,  
Which heeds nor keen reproof, nor partial  
praise;  
Since cold each kinder heart that might  
approve,

And none are left to please, when none are  
left to love.

*Childe Har. c. 2.*

I have protracted my work till most of  
those whom I wished to please have sunk  
into the grave, and success and miscarriage  
are empty sounds: I therefore dismiss it  
with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear  
or hope from censure or from praise.

*Pref. to Johnson's Dict.*

Life's fitful fever. { *Byron.*  
                                  { *Shakspeare.*

—Her dark eyes flashing thro' their tears,  
Like skies that rain and lighten.

*Don Juan, c. 1.*

—Le feu de ses yeux dans ses pleurs al-  
lumé

Parut comme l'éclair à la pluie enflamé.

*P. Le Moync.—S. Louis, l. 2.*

Man's love is of man's life a thing a part;  
 'Tis woman's whole existence; man  
     may range  
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and  
     the mart,  
     Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in ex-  
     change  
 Pride, fame, ambition to fill up his heart,  
 And few there are whom these cannot  
     estrangle;  
 Men have all these resources, we but one,  
 To love again, and be again undone.

*Don Juan, c. 1.*

Ed se per quegli alcuna malinconia  
 mossa da focoso disio sopravviene nelle lor  
 menti, in quelle conviene che con grave  
 noia si dimori. . . . Ilche de gl'innamorati  
 huomini non aviene, si come noi possiamo  
 apertamente vedere. Essi, se alcuna ma-  
 linconia o gravezza di pensieri gli affligge,  
 hanno molti modi da alleggiare, o da pas-  
 sar quelle, perciò che allor, volendo essi,  
 non manca l'andar atorno, udire ed vedere  
 molte cose, uccellare, cacciare, pescare,  
 cavalcare, giuocare, o mercatare. De quali  
 modi ciascuno ha forza di trarre, o in tutta  
 o in parte, l'animo a se, e dal noioso pen-  
 siero rimuoverlo almeno per alcuno spatio  
 di tempo, appresso il quale, con un modo  
 o con altro, o consolation sopravviene, o di-  
 venta la noia minore.

*Boccacio, prohem. al. Dec.*

Sorrow is knowledge. *Manfred.*

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth  
 sorrow. *Eccles. c. 1.*

To fly from, need not be to hate mankind, &c.  
*Childe Har. c. 3.*

The original of this is unpublished;  
 but *Lord Byron knows where he got it.*

They hate thee not who love in wilds to  
     dwell,  
     And often commune with their inward  
     mind;  
 Ever their pensive breasts with pity swell;  
     They hate the crimes of man, but love  
     mankind:  
 Love them, and if they from the world  
     remove,  
     'Tis to forget their faults, and still to  
     love.

The happy contrast of the two  
 brothers of the prisoner of Chillon,  
 is taken from that of Cloridan and  
 Medoro.—*Il Fur. c. 18.*

But now a bride and mother,—and now  
     there! *Childe Har. c. 4.*  
 My lord! my liege! but now a king—now  
     thus! *Shakspeare.*

————— To be  
 My own soul's sepulchre. *Manfred.*

Look who comes here! a grave unto a soul.  
*K. John.*

—————  
 But France got drunk with blood.  
*Childe Har.*

————— Mad thro' mirth,  
 And drunk with blood of men.  
*Fairy Queen, iii. 7.*

—————  
 The mind, the music breathing from her  
     face.

This description Lord Byron tells  
 us was drawn, not from imagination,  
 but memory, &c.; which we shall  
 see is perfectly true; imagination  
 having merely transferred it from a  
 painted to a real face.

Celui de tous les peintres qui s'éloigne  
 le plus dans ses tableaux du genre de la  
 sculpture, et dont le clair obscur rappelle  
 les vagues et délicieuses impressions de la  
 melodie. *Corinne, 32.*

—————  
 But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,  
 To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time  
     hath spared. *Childe Har. c. 2.*

It is cruel to think that Alaric and  
 Mahomet the 2d. respected the Parthenon;  
 and that it was demolished by Morosini  
 and Lord Elgin. *Chateaubriand, i. p. 38.*

—————  
 Know ye the land where the cypress and  
     myrtle, &c.

The spirit of this striking opening  
 of the *Bride of Abydos* was contri-  
 buted by Goethe;—not that we ac-  
 cuse Lord Byron of reading the Ger-  
 man, for he had Madame de Stäel's  
 translation of the first line, which,  
 to his quick apprehension of the  
 beautiful, would be quite sufficient  
 to suggest the spirit of the whole.  
 She is giving an account of the cha-  
 racter of Mignon in *Wilhelm Meister*:

Elle exprime ses regrets pour l'Italie  
 dans des vers ravissants que tout le monde  
 sait par cœur en Allemagne:

"Connois-tu cette terre où les citronniers  
     fleurissent," &c.

*L'Allemagne, c. 28.*

We take the opportunity of trans-  
 lating this song for the sake of its  
 beauty, though it has little further  
 relation to the business of our ar-  
 ticle, which we here close. We  
 may say that our translation is not a  
 free one.



Know'st thou the land where the citron-trees grow,  
And like gold in the dark leaves the oranges glow,  
Where softer winds faint from the blue heavens breathe,  
And the laurel and myrtle stand stirless beneath—  
Know'st thou that land—so transcendantly fair?—  
Oh would, my beloved, that we could go there!

Know'st thou the mansion, with column propped roof?  
Its saloons are resplendent, and towering aloof  
The marble-form'd images look in my face—  
Where art thou, poor child of an ill-fated race?  
Know'st thou that mansion?—Oh might I but be  
Back, back in its shelter, and live there with thee!

Know'st thou the mountain,—its cloud-path sky-kissed,  
Where the mule seeks his road through the deep-rolling mist,  
Where the dragon's brood dwell in the caverns that bore them,  
And the vast rocks dash down, and the torrents dash o'er them,—  
Know'st thou the mountain—and dost thou not know  
That *our* way lies there?—my beloved, let us go!

Kennst du das Land? wo die Citronen blühen,  
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-orangen glühen.  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,  
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht;  
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin, Dahin,  
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter ziehn!

Kennst du das Haus? auf Säulen ruht sein  
Dach,  
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,  
Und Marmorbilder stehn, und sehn mich an:  
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind gethan?

Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin, Dahin,  
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer,  
ziehn!

Kennst du den Berg, und seinen Wolken-  
steg?

Das Maulthier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg,  
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut,  
Es stürzt der Fels, und über ihn die Fluth.  
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin, Dahin,  
Geht unser Weg! o Vater, last uns ziehn!

#### ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

IN the year 1785, appeared a singular pamphlet entitled "*A Guide to Health, Beauty, Riches, and Honour.*" London, Printed for S. Hooper, &c. 8vo. This was a collection of popular advertisements selected from the Newspapers of the day by Francis Grose, Esq. a gentleman well known to the literary world as the author of several works on English antiquities, many of which (although now in some measure superseded by publications of greater accuracy as well as more elegant embellishment) retain a certain degree of celebrity at the present moment.

Captain Grose has prefixed to his collection of advertisements a preface written with much humour, in which he endeavours to prove the superiority of our national taste and acquirements over those of our neighbours, and triumphs in the compari-

son: at the same time, he extols the laudable benevolence of those amiable individuals, who, regardless of time or trouble, expence or inconvenience, devote the fruits of their labour to the benefit of their fellow creatures, and promise them long life, robust constitutions, and continual enjoyment; nay every thing the world holds dear, as health, beauty, riches, and honour, in some instances (if you may believe the advertisers themselves) for the mere pleasure of doing good, or, at least, for a consideration very inadequate to the proposed advantage.

It is to be hoped, indeed, that some few of the advertisements alluded to are the productions of Captain Grose's own fertile imagination; for, licentious as we are always told the public press is and has been, we can hardly fancy that two or three, of those given as authentic extracts from the

daily journals, ever could have obtained insertion in a public newspaper. These, however, are few in comparison with the general contents of the pamphlet in question, from which we now proceed to extract some half dozen, as most calculated to afford amusement to our readers. We may add, that such is the rarity of Grose's Guide, although a tract of modern date, that we have never met with more than half a dozen copies of it, in a long and pretty extensive acquaintance with the book rarities of this description.

One of the most extraordinary advertisers in the year 1776, was Patence the dentist, who assured the public, through the Morning Chronicle, that he constantly took his medicines to preserve his own health, and that they bring those afflicted, or not afflicted, to perfect health, colour, and complexion.

Was mankind (he cries) to be made perfectly acquainted with its compositions, and process of making, which is so easy that the most stupid may prepare them, men, many of them, would not have such spindle-shank legs to walk upon, scarce able to carry their bodies; children would not be half destroyed before they are born, neither would you be plagued with dogmatical Latin, as *Pul. Rad. Rhoi.* or *Pome; solve in aqua font.* or *Hord. m. f.* a little fountain or sugar-apple-water, mixed with rhubarb; or destroyed with medical poison, or corrosive sublimate mercury: therefore as my scheme and motive is to relieve all mankind, and never add cruelty to affliction, so neither do I care who is angry or displeased.

Of Mr. Patence's proficiency in, and command of, the English language, the following is no mean specimen; and to this superiority we are perhaps to ascribe his contempt of the more ancient tongues.

Mr. Patence, Surgeon and Dentist to many thousand persons of all ranks and ages, having had twelve years practice on the teeth and gums, and practised anatomy and physic from his youth; whose superlative artificial and natural teeth, single ones, and whole sets are universally acknowledged throughout all Europe, to be not equalled for their formation, geniculation, longinquity of colour, never turning black, use in manducation, commonly called chewing and eating, perfectly perfecting pronunciation, impressing honour on themselves, felicitating exultation on

the wearers; for even his upper sets alone, he secures to the gums without springs, and when neither tooth nor root left, he being mechanically and anatomigraphically acquainted with the whole structure (*probatum est*). Likewise his convail anocretal annexation in astringing the gums, or to cause them to grow firm, and unite to the teeth, by which he preserves them for life; instantaneously by an obstrusive method cleanses them, and eradicates from the mouth and parts appertaining all inflammatory and morbulent matter, without the use of an iron or steel instrument, curing pains, fractures of the jaws and bones, and every exuperable acrimoniated affliction incident to the whole machine, of which the public have had multitudes of instances: therefore for the good of mankind only he publishes this advertisement: by your humble servant to command, Patence, No. 403, Strand, near Southampton-street. His universal medicine, 3s.

Our old friend Martin Van Butchell, whom many of our readers must remember mounted on a variegated poney, and taking the air on most Sundays in Hyde Park, was a formidable rival of Mr. Patence. Mr. Van Butchell lived in 1776 in the identical house, in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, in which, somewhere about 1815, he departed this life; and at the period of which we now speak, he not only advertised his own incomparable merits as a cautious curer of all diseases, but pronounced to the world that he had restored the ancient and useful process of embalming. As a proof of this, he embalmed his own wife, an equal testimony of his skill and affection, and as an additional instance of liberality, exhibited the remains of his deceased consort to the admiring world. Such was the curiosity excited by this singular exhibition that Mr. Van Butchell found it necessary to limit the admissions, and in the St. James's Chronicle of Oct. 19, 1776, the following advertisement appeared:

Van Butchell (not willing to be unpleasantly circumstanced, and wishing to convince some good minds they have been misinformed) acquaints the curious, no stranger can see his embalmed wife, unless (by a friend personally) introduced to himself, any day between nine and one, Sundays excepted.

Whether Mr. Van Butchell the younger, who, we perceive, practises for the good of his fellow creatures to



the present moment, still retains the invaluable remains of his beloved mother, we know not; but if such a treasure is yet in his possession, we trust he will lose no time in forwarding the old lady to the British Museum, in order that upon a careful comparison between the merits of the oriental and English mode of human pickling, that patriotic body the Society of Arts may have an opportunity of honouring the memory of his illustrious father by adjudging the gold medal to his no less celebrated successor.

Among the numerous advertisements for facilitating a happy union between the two sexes, no plan could be devised more likely to attract the notice of gentlemen on 'Change, than that offered by the proprietors of a house in Dover-street, who very gravely propose to such gentlemen as have their time and their thoughts solely engrossed by the magnitude of their concerns, "to carry on all courtships *by proxy*," at the moderate charge of five guineas entrance, and such a compensation, on the final termination of the affair, as may be reasonably expected, "where persons of condition and liberal sentiments are concerned." This plan is peculiarly adapted for such gentlemen as have neither time nor temper for the tedious forms of courtship, and to ladies whose personal charms appear to greater advantage in description than reality. Surely the members of the Outinian Society would do well to deliberate whether some such office might not once again be established, under the superintendence of their own president and committee; seeing that they could afford to do the business without the fee, and that the plan is quite as likely to bring about *the great end of all their endeavours*, as the learned and elaborate lecture they are so kind to deliver (*gratis*) to their admiring and fashionable audience.

In the Public Advertiser, April 16, 1776, appeared a matrimonial advertisement which exceeds, we suppose, any thing ever before or since made public:

A gentleman who hath filled two succeeding seats in Parliament, is near sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue,

hath no objection to marry any widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and five, six, seven, or eight months gone in her pregnancy. Letters addressed to — Brecknock, Esq. at Will's Coffee-house, facing the Admiralty, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every possible mark of respect.

The supposed author of this singular advertisement was Edward Wortley Montague, Esq. son of the well-known Lady Mary; and although the intelligent editor of the last Biographical Dictionary considers the story improbable, we confess we are not at all inclined to doubt its authenticity. Mr. Wortley's father by his will not only empowered his son to make a settlement on any woman he might marry, of 800*l.* a-year, but devised a very large estate in Yorkshire to any son of such marriage. In 1747, he sat in Parliament for the county of Huntingdon, and in 1754 for Bossiney, so that thus far the facts and the advertisement tally; nor will any conduct, however strange, appear improbable in a person who first abjured the Protestant, for the Roman Catholic, religion, and lastly, the latter for Mahometanism. Surely the odd stories told of Lady Mary and the seraglio could not be entirely fabrications, when her offspring savoured so strongly of the Mussulman?

We cannot quit this interesting subject, without inserting an invitation to the fair sex from some very honest fellow, who has contrived to indite the only matrimonial advertisement we ever yet saw that was not absolutely ridiculous:

Is there a girl of moderate fortune, who hath the good sense and generosity to prefer a good husband to a rich one, and whose delicacy is not so very refined as to prevent her answering this address? There is a young man of a liberal education, whose age is twenty-six, possessed of a sound constitution, a clear head and a kind heart, who would be happy in her acquaintance. Direct P. Q. at the Coffee-house in Castle-street, Leicester Fields.—*Morning Post*, July 5, 1777.

Perhaps, however, one of the most amusing in all Captain Grose's collection is an advertisement for a subscription for the purchase of a fire-engine, which he declares was written by the mayor of a celebrated University:

Whereas a multiplicity of dangers are often occurred, by damage of outrageous accidents by fire, we whose names are undersigned, have thought proper, that the benefit of an engine bought by us, for the better extinguishing of which by the accidents of Almighty God may unto us happen, to make a rate, to gather benevolence for the better propagating such useful instruments.

Can any thing be more perfect than the confusion of intellect displayed in this ingenious composition?

But it is not for their amusing qualities alone that such a selection of advertisements is to be regarded, since nothing affords us more authentic information on the pursuits, pleasures, tastes, traffic, and employments of the times gone by than these perishable memorials. We have very lately fallen in with a considerable portion of *The Spectator* in its original folio numbers, and have enjoyed those admirable papers with higher zest, from the column of advertisements which accompanies the shorter articles. These almost persuade a person that he is living in the days of Addison and Steele, for the new plays, new publications, old wines, and older pictures, together with milk of roses for the ladies, and famous blacking for the gentlemen, meet him in every corner, with very little variation (price excepted), from similar announcements in the *Morning Post* of yesterday.

Among the various temptations held forth, we confess that our mouths somewhat watered at the delicious wines, "neat as they came from the grape, of the best growth in Portugal. To be sold by the importer in a vault in Brabant-court, Philpot-lane; viz. Red and White Port at 5s. per gallon. Red and White Lisbon at 5s. 6d." This appears in No. 221, Nov. 13, 1710, and the same paper tells us that "The merchant, at his house in Mincing-lane, next to Tho. Palmer, Esq. has on sale a fresh parcel of new French wines, viz. Obryan Claret at 3s. the bottle, or 3s. 9d. the flask; Hermitage and Burgundy at 5s. the flask."—"Messrs. Smith and Company under Thavies Inn, offer their new natural red and white Oporto

wine, now arrived and just landed, at 16d. per quart *without* doors and 18d. *within*: new Viana red at the same: new Sherries at 20d. per quart: Palm Canary at 2s. per quart *without*, and 2s. 4d. *within*: and Barcelona, deep, bright, strong, at 12d. per quart *without* doors and 14d. *within*." The last paragraph in the advertisement gives us a reason for the two prices; namely, "there are good rooms and accommodations for gentlemen," so that the charge for room, fire, and accommodation was proportioned to the quantity of wine drunken, and a bonus was held out to those who would partake of their indulgences at home and with their families.

But perhaps the strongest temptation was offered in No. 235, in a notice which we copy entire:

The richest Palm Canary Wine that ever was drank, for 28s. the Dozen, Bottles and all; of a noble racy Flavour, never touch'd since it came over, if one man may believe another, but purely neat from the Grape, bottled off from the Lees; no Sack in England so good: All that taste it like it, Quality and Gentry send for it over and over, which they would not do, were it not a choice Flower. The longer 'tis kept the richer it grows. Sold only at the Golden Key in Hoyden Yard in the Minories. None less than three Bottles. Also the remainder of about 50 dozen of curious French Claret (in Bottles) which a Gentleman (deceas'd) reserved for his own drinking. Sold at 33s. a dozen, Bottles and all, none less than 4 Bottles. It is entire and neat Wine, so choice good, that none that understand true French Claret can dislike it, a certain Person of Quality had a considerable number of dozens of it.

In the latter end of 1711, Estcourt the player, took the Bumper tavern, in James-street, Covent-garden, which he opened on the first day of the new year, with a new supply of wines, bought of Brookes and Heliier, the Smiths and Chalier of the day. In No. 264, of the *Spectator*, is a puff of Estcourt's house, written, no doubt, by Steele, who probably had good reasons for the indulgence; and in an advertisement at the end of the paper for Dec. 28,\* the fraternity of wine-bibbers are assured,

\* By the way, the Editor of any new edition of the *Spectator* would do well to print Estcourt's advertisement, as a note to Steele's paper, 264, as without it the drift of Sir Roger's supposed Letter is not very easily understood.



that they cannot fail of having the very best of wines there, because "honest Anthony the vender is a person altogether unknowing in the wine trade." This, perhaps, is the only instance on record of a man being calculated to make a better tradesman than his neighbours, *because he does not understand his business*; although it is obvious that the inference intended to be drawn is, that he was ignorant only of the tricks of the trade, and would not mar his master's wine by mixing. It would be well for us if we had a few such unpractised vintners in these days, when bottles are blown twenty-two to the dozen, and more Port-wine is sold in London in six months than comes to all England in twenty-four.

Lest the ladies should suppose they were forgotten, the advertising columns of the SPECTATOR teem with "The chrystal cosmetick, *which cures all red faces* (No. 386)," as well as

The famous Bavarian Red Liquor :

Which gives such a delightful blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the least hurtful, but good in many Cases to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully handsome and beautiful; is not subject to be rubb'd off like Paint, therefore cannot be discover'd by the nearest Friend. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World. Is sold only at Mr. Payn's Toyshop at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, near Cheapside, at 3s. 6d. a Bottle, with Directions (No. 234).

Then there is "Angelic Snuff, the most noble composition in the world, certainly curing all manner of disorders, and being good for all sorts of persons" (No. 386), as well as "a small quantity of double distilled waters, made by Troteme Ribequi, principal distiller to the Duke of Savoy," at the trifling price of three guineas a chest (No. 394), and above all,

At the Lace Chamber on Ludgate-hill, kept by Mary Parsons, is lately come over

great Quantities of Flanders-Lace, with variety of new fashion Patterns: She bought them there herself, so will sell great Penny-worths by Wholesale or Retail (No. 415).

The species of advertisement in which the SPECTATORS are most deficient, when compared with the papers of the present day, are those which promise rapid conveyances from one part of the kingdom to another. We have only discovered one that at all relates to this subject.

A Coach and six able Horses will be at the one Bell in the Strand to Morrow being Tuesday the 10th of this Instant June, bound for Exon, Plymouth, or Falmouth, where all Persons shall be kindly used. (No. 400.)

Now as the six able horses aforesaid were to perform the whole journey, we suppose that the happy passengers might be some six or seven days before they arrived at their destination, so that the promise of kind usage on the road was not altogether superfluous. It is well known, that at the period in which the coach and six able horses started for Falmouth, no person thought of taking a journey from York to London without first making his will, and then taking a solemn farewell of his family and friends. Even in so short a distance as from London to Oxford, so late as 1730, the coaches performed the fifty-six miles in *two days*, during winter, and in one day, reckoning it from twelve to fourteen hours, during the summer months; a distance now easily accomplished in six, or, at most, seven hours. We must, however, leave Mr. Freeling to enjoy the credit of these improvements, since we are entirely indebted to the Post-office and his good management there for the change that has taken place; a change (notwithstanding its long and daily enjoyment makes us insensible of the advantage) as remarkable as any, even the most important, invention of these latter days, and which has rendered us, in this particular, the envy and admiration of the world.

## A SABBATH AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.\*

Of this little, sweet, and enthusiastic poem, we have no wish to give a regular account; indeed no very regular account can be rendered of a work recording the various feelings, and duties, and meditations of a single day, and which aspires after no particular regularity of narrative, or strict continuity of action. To a lover of silent or animated nature—to one to whom the sabbath comes, not alone as a release from the dust and sweat of weekly toil, but as a time for purer aspirations and chastened thought, and the meek and mild austerities of devotion, these verses will be very welcome. We know not that they display great originality of thought, or contain much of that rapt and inspired fervour which sheds such a charm over the contemplative poetry of Wordsworth. The following passage affords a good specimen of the mannered beauty which distinguishes our author's style:

There is an isle by balmy breezes blest,  
A green gem in the ocean of the west,  
Where first the spring unfolds the mountain flower,  
And summer lingers longest in the bower;  
Bright ocean-lakes the favour'd shores surround,  
Waving in sun-light like a zone unbound;  
Stretching afar among romantic hills,  
Till to the charmed eye they seem like rills;  
Groves of unsullied verdure fringe the land,  
Whose branches cast their shadows on the strand,  
Or are within the liquid mirror seen,  
In forms more lovely and a softer green.  
Smooth as the summer sea the valley lies,  
The little hills like summer billows rise,  
Succeeding still in gentle interchange,  
Amid the garden, or the woodland range;  
Till nature seems the work of matchless art,  
And art like nature steals upon the heart.

(P. 10.)

This writer's lines have more of the gentleness and meekness of James Grahame, than of any other of the worthies of sacred verse. There is more softness than strength,—more to move the heart to sober and staid gladness, than to warm and elevate it. The outward and inward man of a presbyterian assembly is reflected with great truth, and with no incon-

siderable share of the grace and charms of poesy.

To say that the poem is the image of a Scottish sabbath day, will present a complete idea of it to many of our readers; these lines are characteristic:

That morn the Isle with expectation bright,  
Its people pours from valley and from height.  
The tartan'd maidens, link'd in rosy wreath,  
Glitter like sunbeams from the mountain heath.  
There the fair infant group, a mother's pride,  
Collect the wild flowers by the pathway side;  
Or gathering round her, arm in arm entwined,  
By her attracted, in her radiance shine.  
In straggling bands the aged men appear,  
Like venerable Patriarchs in the rear,  
And, to the customs of their country true,  
Robed in the mountain plaid, and bonnet blue,  
Strong in the Scriptures, though in humble guise,  
Unletter'd Sages—by the evangile wise;  
Men who, by toil, a scanty pittance earn,  
Yet mitred heads from their discourse might learn.  
The little barges on the billows ride,  
A navy of fair spirits on the tide;  
Like milk-white doves, on outstretch'd wings they sail  
With a smooth motion, in the gentle gale;  
Peace with her olive in the canvass beams,  
Hope leads the way, and in a rainbow gleams,  
While glistening through the trees the sunny spire,  
Is the bright beacon of each bark's desire.

(P. 15, 16.)

To those of a strict contemplative mind, who prefer the matter to the manner, and to whom religion alone, without any external accompaniments, is ever dearest, we perhaps are not enhancing the beauty of the poem by saying, that its scene is laid in a region of romantic beauty,—in one of the little lovely lake isles of Scotland. But the peasantry of the north will like it not the less. Much as they are averse to the intrusion of sculptural or architectural beauty upon their devotions, they are lovers

\* *A Sabbath among the Mountains*, a Poem in two Parts, 2d Edition. Edinb. 1823.



of the works of God's hand, and fond of worshipping him among their own green mountains and amid the open air. They are a thoughtful and poetical people, and lovers of Milton, and Thomson, and Jeremy Taylor, and Burns; and though they call not in the aid of instruments of music to assist them in their devotions, and are content to spend the sabbath in a very humble tabernacle, yet when they dream of paradise, they dream of a green hill and a spreading vale, a waving wood and a running stream—a dream of their native land. They may recognise its features (and also the poetical ones of a certain illustrious Scotch Minstrel) in our author's concluding lines:

Dear to my spirit, Scotland, hast thou  
been,  
Since infant years in all thy glens of green;  
Land of my love, where every sound and  
sight  
Comes in soft melody, or melts in light;  
Land of the green wood by the silver rill,  
The heather and the daisy of the hill,  
The guardian thistle to thy foemen stern,  
The wild-rose, hawthorn, and the lady-fern;

Land of the lark, that like a seraph sings,  
Beyond the rainbow, upon quivering wings;  
Land of wild beauty and romantic shapes,  
Of shelter'd valleys and of stormy capes;  
Of the bright garden and the tangled brake,  
Of the dark mountain and the sun-light  
lake;

Land of my birth and of my father's grave,  
The eagle's home, the eyrie of the brave;  
Land of affection, and of native worth;  
Land where my bones shall mingle with  
the earth;

The foot of slave thy heather never stain'd,  
Nor rocks that battlement thy sons pro-  
faned;

Unrivall'd land of science and of arts,  
Land of fair faces and of faithful hearts;  
Land where Religion paves her heavenward  
road,

Land of the temple of the living God!  
Yet dear to feeling, Scotland, as thou art,  
Should thou that glorious temple e'er desert,  
I would disclaim thee, seek the distant shore  
Of Christian isle, and thence return no  
more.—(P. 44, 45.)

To them, therefore, the Sabbath  
among the Mountains will be wel-  
come: we wish we could be as cer-  
tain of its being acceptable to the  
peasantry of England.

## THE RHAPSODIST.

### MORNING.

Do I yet press ye, O rushes?—though the light  
From yonder orient point bursts in full dawn?  
Daughter of mists! fair morning, thou dost blush  
To find me yet unrisen. Lift up thy veil,  
Lift up thy dewy veil, Goddess of Prime!  
And smile with all thy luxury of light.  
Breathe me a kiss, an earthly lover's kiss,  
Such as thou gavest the hunter-boy; and pour  
The perfume of thy sighs around my bed.  
This is the hour for Rhapsody. Arise!  
Thou slumbering son of Song, and mount the hill.  
A light thin mist hangs o'er the tumbling sea,  
Hiding some grand commotion. Look! oh, look!  
The reddening, foaming, thundering ocean swells,  
With its up-springing birth. Wind, burst the cloud,  
That the dread King of Glory may look forth!  
He comes! he comes! the purple-flowing waves  
Spread him a gorgeous carpet. Hail, O Sun!  
Thou who dost shower thy golden benefits,  
More liberal than all earth's mightiest kings!  
Thou who dost fling exuberant wealth around,  
And of thy rich profusion prodigal,  
Scatterest superfluous bounty o'er the world!  
O, thou ascending wonder! thou great type  
Of thy still greater cause! thou symbol-star  
Of intellectual brightness infinite!

How does the eye of rapture flow with joy  
 As the hills brighten, and the valleys dim  
 Tinge their dark verdure with thy matin ray!  
 My soul expands, like thy magnificence,  
 As I behold thee rise. This is the time,  
 When the heart pants with over-teeming life,  
 To range the blooming lawns. The dewy glade,  
 The tender-vested slope, the mossy bank,  
 The rushy-bosom'd dell, are now the haunt  
 Of the fond Rhapsodist. The foot of ecstasy,  
 The light, wing'd foot of ecstasy, springs o'er,  
 Nor crushes the half-waken'd flowers; they think  
 It but the passing sigh of morn that bows them,  
 Sweeping the woodland with its soft sweet wing.  
 Gems of my meek ambition! let me catch  
 The lustre of your radiance fresh with dew.  
 Waken, O rose! O fragrant-breasted rose!  
 Thou ever-blushing maiden of the field!  
 Are thy love dreams so sweet, thou fear'st to wake?  
 Ah! thou young shrewd one! thou dost keep thy breast  
 Close for yon travelling bee, whose sylvan hum  
 Taketh thine amorous ear. Thou smilest—ay—  
 But blush still deeper as you smile. Farewell!  
 O, thou lone blue-bell! sleeping in thy nook  
 Under the cliff, sleeping the morn away!  
 Look from thine eyrie, darling of the rock!  
 Look at thy sister-bud, the mountain-queen,  
 Turning her little treasure to the sun,  
 Glistening and gay with dew: Hast thou no charms  
 In that sweet breast, that pale-blue breast of thine?—  
 Ope thee, fine floweret. Delicate girl of the bank!  
 Pale primrose, where art thou? Just wakening!  
 Thine eye half-closed, and thy all-beauteous head  
 Still drooping on thy bosom: O, look up!  
 The waning moon her crystal light retires,  
 And the red blazonry of morn begins.  
 The laughing plains, the yellow-coated hills,  
 The flashing torrent, and the sun-bright lake,  
 The plummy forest fluttering all in sheen,  
 Lie like a landscape wash'd with swimming gold.  
 Thou that believest, unprofitably wise,  
 This but the waking vision of my soul,  
 This but the Rhapsodist's bewilder'd dream,  
 View thou the morning-dawn,—and doubt no more.

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SONNET.

LIFE has its wintry time ere sullen Age  
 Has scatter'd o'er our heads his cheerless snows,  
 And man begins to wish for calm repose,  
 And sighs to end his weary pilgrimage,  
 Long—long before his spring-time years have fled;  
 With spirits broken—prospects wither'd—left  
 Like some green valley of its verdure reft  
 By sudden blight, in desolation—dead.  
 For sorrow's cloud will dim youth's brightest ray,  
 And change its summer hopes to bleak despair,  
 And strip the tree of young ambition bare,  
 And coldly waste the bloom of heart away.  
 Tempests scowl round where quiet late has been  
 And joy, the swallow, flies life's wintry scene.

V. D.



## LETTERS TO THE COUNTRY.

## No. II.

Reason for writing to a lady—Disavowal of politeness—The misogynist answered—The two little milliners—A specimen of family conversation—Difference between the mental powers of the sexes stated and demonstrated—Argument interrupted by Miss Kitty Rivers—Beauty in a rage—Richard's character—Argument resumed and concluded.

WHY is my second letter addressed to Mrs. instead of, to Mr. Rivers? Am I about to turn tail (if I had one), and flee communication with my own contemplative sex? Wherefore do I not lay my epistle at the feet of him who reigns over the Riversdale family,—one of the “lords of the creation?”—For the best of good reasons: because I love the *ladies of the creation* better. And, by my beard! they deserve that title more truly than we do ours. We may be the tyrants of the creation, if you will; but the temperate dignity of mind, which almost echoes in the monosyllable “lord,” is seldom an inmate of our bosoms: we have, then, no right to usurp the appellation, with so little pretence to the attribute. But in the word “lady,” what is implied?—Sweet sway and gentle majesty. And how often do we meet those of your sex, who are justly entitled to this name, by the mildness and grace with which they exert that little influence which custom and illiberal philosophy have left them?

La! what a gallant man Mr. Chatterton is!—No, I am not. I despise and detest a gallant man. I would as soon see my great-grandfather's ghost enter the room, as a gallant man. I had rather be a downright monkey at once, than a gallant man; with his bows, and his smiles, and his grimaces; his compliments and his courtesies; his perpetual handing of chairs, and picking up of gloves, handkerchiefs, and pincushions; his incessant exertions in plying you with bread and butter, watching your cup that he may snatch it away before it is comfortably exhausted, his inevitable—“you are perfectly right, madam,” his pert commonplaces, and smirking poetry,—I hate him. I had rather, any time, be half an hour in Hades (if you know it by that tender and poetical name), than have one of these philandering fellows billeted on my society through the length of an entertain-

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ment. He disorders the whole economy of the room by his indefatigable attentions to propriety and decorum. Out upon him!

You, and all who know my heart, will exonerate me from the imputation of being a gallant man. (That we will, says Kate, looking slyly through her long lashes at a certain person whom she would tease a little, and the laugh that she endeavours to repress on her lips swimming out at her eyes,—that we will, indeed; especially when you get into chat with sweet Miss Sigh-away there of an evening, and leave me to poke the fire, snuff the candles, ring the bell, &c. &c.) But although there is a good deal of incivility, nay, asperity, in my manner towards women,—I had rather (to my shame I confess it) spend an hour in the society of an amiable sensible woman, than an age in the company of Plato himself. I had rather correspond with one of your sex, than with *all* of my own put together. Now do not say, that this proceeds from the ungenerous pleasure of exulting in my own sexile superiority of mind, and that I prefer the conversation of a woman only that I may enjoy my intellectual pre-eminence without fear of rivalry. To say this, would be unjust not only to our sex, but to your own. For though I candidly avow my opinion, that in the extremes of intellect, genius, wisdom, energy of mind, profundity of thought, and sublimity of imagination, women have never reached, and never can, by the very nature of their frames, habits, and constitution, reach the heights to which men frequently soar,—yet I think that in all the qualities of mind less than these, and which we may denominate conversational qualities, the balance, upon the whole, inclines equally towards your side. On an average, I think there is as much intellectual power dispersed through the general female mind, as through the general

male,—but being more equally diffused, is inconsiderable in each individual. This, to be sure, looks too like an hypothesis; perhaps it would be better to say, that the general mental power of your sex is inferior in kind, but equal in the degree of its kind, to ours,—both kinds being supposed to be evenly distributed over their respective sex, and such a comparison instituted between them as two dissimilar powers of mind will bear. Away with your metaphysics and mystifications! says the Miso-gynist, answer me to this: where do you meet a woman, who can utter any thing beyond a stream of silly prattle, sweet enough, I grant you, but withal insipid?—And where do you meet a man, say I, who can utter any thing *at all*, silly or solid, sweet or sour, insipid or sapid? Behold two boobies salute in the street! “Haw diddoo, Tom?” “Haw diddoo, Jack?” make up the sum of their conversation. The tail-less monkeys—No: to call them so, would be a libel on the Ape, for they cannot even *chatter*.—The boobies, I say, are not only senseless, but speechless; it is not that they have ideas, but no words or words, but no ideas, they have neither ideas nor words. And if what some philosophers assert be true, namely, that it is the use of speech which puts the difference between men and brutes, I wonder how far removed these dumb young gentlemen are from the condition of upright quadrupeds, and whether they may not be considered as the veritable Monboddos men, who have just gotten rid of their dorsal appendages. Now cast your eyes over to the other side of the street, and look at those two little milliners, propped each upon a couple of clattering pattens, holding in one hand a bonnet or a band-box, and with the other keeping their scanty trains out of the gutter.—Only look at them, where they stand; I wish you could only see them, standing with invincible patience in the very middle of the pathway, elbowed, joggled, and jostled, by the careless herd of passengers, now driven two yards asunder, now pushed into each other's bosom—there they stand, whilst the

mizzle falls thick and fast upon their tiptops, and the gusts, every now and then, from an adjacent alley, blow back curls, caps, and bonnets, in beautiful confusion—there they stand, I say, and neither rain, wind, jostlings, nor impudent salutations; nor the uproar of the middle of the street, the thunder of the heavy rolling vans and drays, drawn by a team of black elephants with their ponderous tread and splatter, nor the braying rattle of the stage-coach, nor the wild whoop of the *Jarvies*,\* nor the swift flash of the landau, grinding the curb-stones as it flies along; no, nor the mingled din and clamour of coachmen, coal-heavers, criers, ballad-singers, barrel-organs, and blackguard boys,—Punch with his peculiar squeak down one lane, the Pandians swelled with a rope-strung violoncello up another,—not all this broil and brattle, this worse than Babel in the best of its days, can hinder the two little milliners from talking. From hearing, it does undoubtedly; but from talking, is beyond its efficacy, or that of any sublunary preventive short of cutting out their tongues, or sewing up their lips. “Though hell itself should gape, and bid them hold their peace.”—

Why, Richard! why my dear boy, I thought you were speaking in *defence* of women?

Why, so I am, Ma'am, as hard as I can.

What! by saying that we would speak in spite of—

In spite of the d——; yes, Ma'am.

Upon my word, we are much obliged to you for your advocacy. Mary, love, in your next letter to Richard, be sure you *cross* it in blue ink, as usual, and then diamond-cross it in red, that you may not seem to degenerate from the volubility of speech, which this *Defender* of the Sex so particularly admires.

Ah! mamma, I'm sure he is not so bad as he seems (my protecting angel replies).

Odious, odious Richard! (says Kitty).

He says what I am afraid is but too true of our sex in general (says grave Susan).

Mamma, I remember (says Cherry)

\* Extra-sedent bipeds, who transfer intra-sedent bipeds, from place to place, through the instrumentality of rotatory vehicles, each solicited by a pair of ambling quadrupeds: they were formerly known by the generic appellation of—hackney-coachmen.



—don't you, Mary? don't you remember Richard saying you had a silver tongue?

So I did, Cherry; a tongue that could discourse most eloquent music, a voice

As sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's harp, strung with his hair—

(This is too bad; this is downright love-making; no more of it!) But I do love to hear a woman's sweet voice; and methinks, were I to die now, it would be a sweeter death than mortal ever met, to die whilst Mary sung me to eternal slumber in one of those low-breathed melancholy ditties of her's, which seems to be made up of little more than a succession of musical sighs.

'Pon my honour, he's making love again! says that wicked girl (whom I cannot often enough wish—over head and ears in love, herself), and then goes on—

Distracted with care  
For Phyllis the fair,  
Poor Damon her lover—

trembling with secret laughter all the time, whilst poor Mary is drowned in a flood of blushes.

But where, in the name of all the planets, have I wandered? Let me regress to the point from whence I have travelled so far and so wide.

I was saying, and I now say, that, taking the intellectual advantages which masculine education confers upon us, and the disadvantages which feminine education entails upon women, taking these things into account, I say that the mean mental height is pretty nearly the same for both sexes; in other words, that women, in general, are equally gifted, in point of mind, with men in general, that they are as pleasing companions, and not a whit inferior in powers of conversation. So that you are unjust to yourselves, and to men also, when you impute our preference of female society to a feeling or an idea that we shall find ourselves superior: at least, speaking for myself, I can truly say, that I never sought a woman's conversation for the purpose of finding my own strength in her weakness; but for the positive cause, that her conversation has charms in which that of my own sex is deficient.

The mind of man, like his body,

is cast in a grander mould than that of his more delicate companion, and is composed of a firmer material. Not that I mean to institute any hypothetical analogy between body and mind, or to argue from the weight of a man's fist to the solidity of his understanding; persons great in mind are frequently very diminutive in stature. Taking another and more philosophical view of it, however, the form and frame of the stronger sex furnish, in my opinion, an indisputable proof, that the same sex is also endowed with a more vigorous and energetic power of mind; for, unless we admit this, Providence would contravene itself, and break down its own general law, whereby the faculties of its creatures are proportioned to the circumstances in which they are placed. The frame and figure of man show him to be destined to fulfil the active, perilous, external duties of life, as opposed to the inactive, peaceful, and domestic offices, adapted to the softer and more delicate sex. It is he who must build the house, cultivate the field, barter the commodities, defend his property and his family; or, to speak of him in a more advanced state of human affairs, it is to him that the difficult and important duties of life are committed,—women are physically incapable of executing them. Man, therefore, must be endowed with the faculties which the due performance of these offices require; that is, he must be endowed with superior vigour, strength, boldness, and sagacity of mind. For, if not, there would be no congruity between the creature and its circumstances; and he would be in the same unphilosophical situation as an eagle with the soul of a dove, or a lion with the spirit of a mouse. The frame of woman fits her for duties of an opposite kind, which therefore demand opposite faculties. It is superfluous to confirm what I have above, I think, demonstrated, by an appeal to general biography and experience: if any one, recurring to that test, should affirm that our superiority of genius or understanding is wholly owing to education, I would ask, how it happens that, in a period of six thousand years, there should have been no instance of a Burns, or a Bloomfield, a John

Bunyan, or a John Clare, in petticoats? We find many such illiterate geniuses amongst men, and very few geniuses, literate or illiterate, amongst women. Even Sappho and Semiramis, or at least, their deeds, are apocryphal. Catherine of Russia, and Elizabeth of England, Madame de Staël, and Miss Edgeworth, with a few others, are some proof that genius does not always wear a beard and a pair of breeches—but the value at which these gems are esteemed amongst you indicate their scarcity. Moreover, to make assurance treble sure, I may as well add,—that you are avowedly inimical to the exhibition of the greater passions, to their delineation, and to their fictitious exercise, by the poet, the orator, or the imaginator; whilst it is in the developement of these greater passions, and the transient assumption of them by the poet, or imaginator, that genius ascends to its highest point of sublimity. In fact, you *dare not* be great imaginers, you are *afraid* to be creatures of genius. Are the dagger and the bowl dear to your thoughts? Are the demons of jealousy, hatred, anger, revenge, scorn, and impious ambition, the companions of your meditative hours? No:—then pretend not to genius. A powerful imagination and a soaring fancy delight in pictures of horror, agony, madness, guilt, and transcendent woe; these inspire you with fear and aversion. Genius is ever dipt in visionary blood: the groans of midnight murder, the supplication, the shriek of perishing mortality, are music upon which the ear of a true poet, in his waking dreams, feeds with horrid pleasure: the imaginary bowl from which he drinks his most potent draughts of inspiration is stained with gore, and is mingled of death-sweat and bitter-scalding tears. He revels, he riots, in scenes of anguish, cruelty, darkness, death, and despair: Hell is the poet's heaven: tragedy, deep and dreadful, is the gloomy amusement of his soul. You turn away in sickness and af-

fright from such contemplations; you tremble at the voice of the mightier Muse, after having invoked her, and the spirit which she would breathe into your feebly-ambitious bosoms suffocates you whilst you inhale it. How then can you pretend to equal energy, vigour, power, or (as I may call it) ferocity of mind, with us, when you disclaim and deprecate all intercourse with those passions, in the delineation of which alone energy, vigour, and power of mind are supremely displayed? You shut your eyes upon the play of the deadly passions, exhibited by the poets of our sex, and yet you pretend to those qualities of mind which are most congenial to such passions, which taught us to delineate them, and which would teach you (did you possess them) to enjoy the delineation!

I take it then, as completely established:—1st, by the necessary economy of Providence, which adapts the faculties of its creatures to their circumstances, giving to men the more strenuous powers of mind, as, by the structure of their bodies, they are engaged in the more arduous offices of life: \*—2d, by the evidence of general biography and experience, which not only afford no instance of a female Homer or Milton, whose superiority may be attributed to education, but which cannot adduce one woman who has raised herself above the common standard of the world, for every hundred thousand men who have sprung up from the lowest and most ignorant classes of society, by the mere force of natural abilities:—3d, by the peculiar disposition of the female mind (a peculiarity, manifest to observation, and evinced, theoretically, from such peculiar disposition of mind being necessarily congruous to such a peculiar form of body), a disposition which abjures even the poetic assumption or display of the greater passions, the fruit of the grander energies of the soul, and withdraws for relief from the terrible and sublime to

\* Even on the supposition of mental equality between the two sexes, at first setting out from infancy, it is plain, that the stronger-bodied sex, being therefore engaged in the more important line of actions, must eventually acquire stronger powers of mind; and that our intellectual superiority over the weaker-bodied sex is as firmly established, from the same premise of corporeal structure, as it was before, on the hypothesis of faculties being the immediate gift of Providence itself.



themes more congenial, a love-tale, a narrative of domestic sorrow, a pathetic story, or a scene of gentle woe: I say, I take it as completely established by any one of these arguments, and *à fortiori* by all three, that women, as intellectual creatures, are inferior to men, in power of thought and energy of mind. Nay, even where we cannot use these terms with propriety, even in the "common cry" of society, I think those qualities of mind in which energy or vigour make a part, such as judgment, penetration, subtilty, are chiefly visible in our sex: or to come more nearly to the subject I set out with, I think, the conversation, even of ordinary men, superior to that of women, in sense and solidity.

See what a passion Kitty is in! O, she could *bite* me, she could! See how the blood dashes over her cheeks, and fires her red lip with a double portion of vermilion! See how her glossy-black curls swell on her forehead, like the leaves of a young pine-tree preparing to blow! Now the rack begins!—

Why, you odious fellow, didn't you say this instant, that our conversational powers were not a "whit" inferior to yours?

No.

No? O what a —! Mary, didn't he say *that*?

What?

"What!" Do you hear her, now? You know as well as I do, only you won't speak against him. Didn't he say, I say, what I said he said, just this instant, about conversation?

I—I—I don't exactly remember; I believe—I believe—

You *belee-ee-ve*! No, but you know as well as your name's Mary, that he said not a moment ago—

I did not.

You did not! Now, Richard, upon your honour—Now, have you the face—

The same I've had, man and boy, any day these eight and twenty years.

So you say you didn't say, that in powers of conversation we were not inferior to you, just this moment?

I do, for it was—a *full half hour* ago.

Well, did you ever know such a provoking fellow! Put me into such

a passion, *all about nothing*. Look how I've tumbled all *my things*! Bless me! where's my *needle*? Mary dear, that's a good girl, lend me a needle. Run, Cherry, and bring me the *ball of cotton* that fell off my lap while I was talking; there it is under the sofa. Heigh-ho! I'm all in a flutter.

I thought he would end with some such piece of foolery, drily observes Mr. R. When nature was about putting the finishing touch to Richard's composition, she was called away in a hurry to some more important business,—the formation of a beau, or a butterfly, perhaps,—and left poor Dick quite in doubt whether she had intended him for a fool or a philosopher. Thus he is perpetually oscillating between sense and nonsense; one time you would take him for a grave sexagenarian, and another time for a witless child.

Sir, I do not dissent one tittle from the opinion you have just passed upon me; though I give you no credit for your penetration, inasmuch as you only repeat what I have often pronounced of myself. Sometimes I do and say things, which a *Cretin* would condemn; sometimes those which a rational man might fairly allow. Despondency has, sometimes, no depth to which I do not sink, under the consciousness of my own weakness and folly; I sometimes indulge in aspirations which I should be ashamed to declare. Incessantly replacing the rational by the absurd, the only question is, whether the star of stupidity does not generally predominate over my words and actions.

But, as to *Women versus Men*: if Miss Kitty would have let me explain myself out, I would have said,—that sense and solidity characterise (not the general conversation of our sex, for these qualities are seldom to be met with any where, but) the conversation of our sex as opposed to that of yours. Yet I say also, that your general conversation is not inferior to ours. How is this apparent contradiction to be reconciled? Why, by the production of other qualities, which counterbalance in your conversation the weight of ours. And what are these?—delicacy and feeling. Now mark!—for I will not sacrifice one particle of truth (at least, of what I conceive to be the truth,) to false gallantry; I will not, for the sake of

being installed the Champion of the Fair Sex, surrender one atom of our just prerogative. Mark, then: when I attribute to your sex a greater share of delicacy of thought and feeling, I am to be understood as speaking merely of society in general, of men and women as they come before us promiscuously in our long walk through the world. For even in these qualities, you are surpassed by the master-spirits of our sex. The elegant soul of Virgil and the exquisite sensibility of Shakspeare, have left you models, which the very best poets of your sex (who are all soul and sensibility) cannot even copy. And this, because it requires the highest degree of intellectual strength to be supremely refined, the most exalted imagination to be acutely sensitive; enthusiasm that can enter passionately and deeply into the intensities of feeling, judgment which can exactly determine the limit between delicacy and effeminacy, so as not to overpass it. But in judgment and enthusiastic ardour of mind, the best of your sex are not on a par with the best of ours; therefore neither in delicacy nor feeling. Ay, let the Flower of Riversdale look as she will; let her endeavour to contract her Madonna brows into something like a frown, and draw up her tucker till she looks as starch and as stern as Queen Bess, if she can; still I assert this opinion: even though she were to offer me the sweetest favour which the lips of a woman have to bestow, as the price of my apostacy, I should—(that is, I belee-ee-ve I should)—persevere in my ungallantry, in spite of a temptation to which Adam might yield, though it cost him a second Paradise.

But your constitutional delicacy of mind, the fineness of the strings which vibrate in woman's heart, endue your conversation, generally, with a grace, a sweetness, and a sensibility, which our coarser nature and fiercer disposition are unacquainted withal. The very gracility of the female figure bespeaks correspondent delicacy of mind; for it would be absurd to endue a being with rugged tastes, or vehement inclinations, whose bodily structure prohibited their indulgence and exercise. A woman's form is the metaphor of her mind; weak, elegant,

beautiful, but not sublime. Thus, inversely, of men. And now do you understand my creed? and are you still infidels therein? Is it not reasonable and liberal? Is it not borne out on the back of experience, and supported on the shoulders of argument and demonstration? Right or wrong, however; flimsy or firm; pregnable or impregnable; in a word, true or untrue,—it is *true to me*.

This, then, is the reason why I had rather spend an hour in the proximity of a petticoat, than an eternity confronted in bearded dialogue with Plato himself. Not if the lady were old or ugly, somebody will say. To which I reply: that if I entered upon a roomful of ladies, I certainly should not scramble for a double chin or a nut-cracker nose; I most unquestionably should not pitch, with malice prepense, on a preserved virgin, nor make a dead set at a dowager, as bulky and gray, as tressy and tottersome, as the tower of Riversdale Abbey: my excursions over the carpet would converge, I suppose, unconsciously to myself, towards some "Cynosure," some young-eyed, fresh-breathing nymph, who sifted her words through a double gate of pearls, and transfused her ideas into my mind through my eyes as well as my ears. This I am not Stoic (i. e. hypocrite) enough to deny. Beauty bespeaks a favourable audience, though discretion and good sense can alone command our applause. It costs even the most palpable fool, male or female, some trouble of the tongue, to undo the prepossession in his or her favour, which a noble or beautiful presence may have created in our bosoms. But, independent of all such considerations, to me there is a softness, a purity, and a tenderness of feeling, in the general converse of women, which equalizes it fully with the general converse of my own sex. Thoughts and expressions moulded by the understanding and lips of your sex, if less profound, less strenuous, than those we use, are, on a general review of both species, proportionately more refined, more elegant. And in respect of feeling, there is a lyre still strung in every woman's breast, whose chords are ever ready to tremble at every breath of woe. Let but the voice of sorrow strike upon her ear, and im-



mediately the little air-drawn lyre re-echoes in murmurs of pity from her heart.

To sum up my opinions on this point, and to give a general estimate of what I conceive to be the conversational characteristics of both sexes: In the first place, you frequently meet with men who really do not possess mental energy sufficient, to enable them to propagate articulative motion from the spirits to the organ of loquacity; their tongues lie in their mouths, because they may as well lie there as out of them, and except for the purposes of deglutition, seem to enjoy a complete sinecure in their bodily system. Now you seldom meet with a woman, who cannot *talk*, at all events. She is seldom in such a state of mental stupor, seldom so immersed in thoughtless abstraction, but that she can at least exercise that act of mind which consists in adapting the motions of the tongue to the formation of audible, though perhaps unintelligible sounds and sentences. When you speak to a woman, she seldom looks you full in the face, with a glazed eye and an open mouth, as if wondering what a vengeance you were grimacing at. I myself am acquainted with a Fellow of College who has to stop and recollect himself, brush up his wits and shake his ears for a minute or two, before he can set the machinery of his clapper a-going, so as to answer the plain question, How d'ye do, by the simple reply, Very well, I thank ye. So that, with regard to ordinary everyday society, that class which comprises all human creatures who enjoy various degrees of reason, from absolute simplicity up to common sense, in a word, with respect to the great bulk of the rational world, I think your sex is decidedly superior to ours. Every lady can speak upon general topics, with a sufficient degree of quickness and propriety; men of the same class of the community, are, for the most part, altogether disagreeable, despicable, and insufferable. Women are very often silly, but they are seldom utter fools; men are very often idiots, and very seldom better than silly. Secondly: if we ascend one step higher, to what may be called the middle rank of intelligent beings, here I think the sexes are about on an equality; if sense and solidity be for the most

part on our side, delicacy and feeling are to be met with chiefly in you. Perhaps, in conversation, the latter qualities are more effective than the former; they produce more instantaneous pleasure, and communicate more electric gratification, they are in themselves more pleasurable and grateful qualities, than their antagonists, if not so exalted in kind. Hence it is, from these positive charms of mind, and not from the absence of faculties that might rival ours, from these intellectual beauties in your conversation, independent of the physical beauties of your outward form,—hence it is, I say, that your society is preferable to that of men in general. But when we ascend, lastly, into the sphere of genius, into the society of transcendent wit, imagination, the sublime, and the greatly wise—we quit, that moment, the society of women.

These are my opinions, on the comparative pretensions of your sex, with respect to mind. I do not know how your friend Miss Harley will be satisfied with them. She and I had a fierce argument upon the subject, a few days before I quitted Riversdale, and my fair foe most strenuously contended that her sex was by no means inferior to ours in power, vigour, and energy of mind. She would not be satisfied with the concession of mere fortitude, that patient, passive quality, whose strength consists in *suffering*; nothing less than positive energy, the active qualification whose strength consists in *doing*, would fill up the measure of her ambition. The former and less obtrusive species of mental strength, I should have granted with the most liberal indulgence to her sex, for I think they possess it without my investiture; but the latter, the vigour which overleaps the common limits of thought, makes inroads upon the realms of genius, and returns with the glorious fruits of its transgressions, the fearless spirit which plunges at once into the obscure profound, the deepest abyss of hidden knowledge, and brings up Truth by the locks,—this species of mental strength, whether imaginative or ratiocinative, I think is incompatible with the constitution of your frame, the disposition of your mind, the duties of your station, and the habits of your life.

RICHARD CHATTERTON.

## BATAVIAN ANTHOLOGY.\*

A DUTCH ambassador entertaining the king of Siam with an account of Holland, after which his majesty was very inquisitive, amongst other things told him, that water in his country would sometimes get so hard, that men walked upon it; and that it would bear an elephant with the utmost ease. To which the king replied,—Hitherto I have believed the strange things you have told me, because I looked upon you as a sober fair man, but now *I am sure you lie*. We have little doubt but that if six months ago Baron Fagel had told (not the king of Siam, God save his majesty!) but the king of England, that in his country there was such a thing as poetry,—poetry which would bear criticism,—we have little doubt but that the king of England would have returned, in the most delicate and soothing terms which the “finest gentleman in Europe” could think of, the identical answer which his Siamese cousin gave in plain English. Not that we impute any want of information upon subjects of general literature, to our Sovereign; on the contrary, we believe him to be a man of very elegant acquirements, and of a refined and cultivated understanding:—but to an English ear, Dutch poetry sounds like a contradiction in terms. For ourselves, to our shame we confess it, we should as soon have expected moonlight to burst forth from green cheese, as eloquence from the mouth of Mynheer; and we dare say most of our readers would have thought, with us, that the two miracles were about on a par of impossibility. In the little volume before us, we have, however, a complete refutation of this our ancient opinion, the offspring of ignorance and prejudice; there is some poetry here which would not discredit any nation, some which would do honour to the most poetical nations that ever flourished—Greece and England. We should like to know whether our readers do not freshly recognize the Grecian model in the following chorus from the Palamedes of Vondel:

The thinly-sprinkled stars surrender  
To early dawn their dying splendour;  
The shades of night are dim and far,  
And now before the morning-star  
The heavenly legions disappear:  
The constellation's† charioteer  
No longer in the darkness burns,  
But backward his bright courser turns.  
Now golden Titan, from the sea,  
With azure steeds comes gloriously,  
And shines o'er woods and dells and downs,  
And soaring Ida's leafy crowns.  
O sweetly-welcome break of morn!  
Thou dost with happiness adorn  
The heart of him who cheerily—  
Contentedly—unwearily—  
Surveys whatever nature gives,  
What beauty in her presence lives,  
And wanders oft the banks along  
Of some sweet stream with murmuring song.  
Oh! more than regal is his lot,  
Who, in some blest secluded spot,  
Remote from crowded cares and fears,  
His loved—his cherish'd dwelling rears!  
For empty praises never pining,  
His wishes to his cot confining,  
And listening to each cheerful bird  
Whose animating song is heard:  
When morning dews, which zephyr's sigh  
Has wafted, on the roses lie,  
Whose leaves beneath the pearl-drops bend;  
When thousand rich perfumes ascend,  
And thousand hues adorn the bowers,  
And form a rainbow of sweet flowers,  
Or bridal robe for Iris made  
From every bud in sun or shade.  
Contented there to plant or set,  
Or snare the birds with crafty net;  
To grasp his bending rod, and wander  
Beside the banks where waves meander,  
And thence their fluttering tenants take;  
Or, rising ere the sun's awake,  
Prepare his steed, and scour the grounds  
And chase the hare with swift-paced hounds;  
Or ride beneath the noon-tide rays  
Through peaceful glens and silent ways,  
Which wind like Cretan labyrinth:  
Or where the purple hyacinth  
Is glowing on its bed; or where  
The meads red-speckled daisies bear.  
Whilst maidens milk the grazing cow,  
And peasants toil behind the plough,  
Or reap the crops beneath their feet,  
Or sow luxuriant flax or wheat.  
Here flourishes the waving corn,  
Encircled by the wounding thorn:  
There glides a bark by meadows green,  
And there the village smoke is seen:  
And there a castle meets the view,  
Half-fading in the distance blue.  
How hard, how wretched is his doom

\* Batavian Anthology; or, Specimens of the Dutch Poets. By John Bowring, and Harry S. Van Dyk. London, 1824.

† Ursa Major.



Whom sorrows follow to the tomb,  
 And whom, from morn till quiet eve,  
 Distresses pain, and troubles grieve,  
 And cares oppress;—for these await  
 The slave who in a restless state  
 Would bid the form of concord flee,  
 And call his object—liberty.  
 He finds his actions all pursued  
 By envy or ingratitude:—  
 The robe is honouring I confess,  
 The cushion has its stateliness:—  
 But, oh! they are a burthen too!  
 And pains spring up, for ever new,  
 Beneath the roof which errors stain,  
 And where the strife is—who shall reign.

(P. 142.)

This is Grecian, even to the imperfections of that school of poetry: the practice of uttering *moral tautologies* so frequent with Sophocles, Euripides, &c. is imitated in these lines—

How hard, how wretched is his doom, &c. with marvellous felicity. This practice among the Greeks may have arisen from their proverbial loquacity, but how are we to account for it (or even for its imitation) in the phlegmatic Dutchman?

The higher beauties of the English school of poetry are emulated with some success in several of the shorter poems; that to the Nightingale (quoted in our last number) is perhaps the most beautiful in the volume,—the subject almost makes it so. We have carefully used the word “emulated” with respect to English poetry, as however near in point of local situation the two countries may be, there has not as yet been sufficient connexion between them, in literary respects, to render *imitation* of either by the other a probable circumstance. Yet we were particularly struck by a remarkable coincidence, both in point of idea and expression, between a line in the last-mentioned poem, and one from a lately-published English tragedy, which we have somewhere met with: in the first, the nightingale is thus described—

A singing feather he—a winged and wandering sound:

in the latter, we find these words—

When that winged song, the restless nightingale

Turns her sad heart to music:

Both the above passages are eminently beautiful; the ideas, and even

the words, are the same in both; but which writer (as Puff says) thought of them first? Had the Dutch poet's dragoman, when he wrote his line, a singing in his head, the burthen of which was the English lay? The original, if produced, would answer this question.

When a person is cured of one misapprehension, the first thing he naturally does, is to fall into another:—In conformity with this general practice, upon our prejudice against the possibility of Dutch poetry existing having been put to flight by the publication of the Batavian Anthology, our next step was to indulge a prepossession, that although it might be Dutch poetry, it was not real poetry. It had sufficiently the air of a prodigy that a native of the modern Bœotia should put together such a combination of images and words as might convey to his dull ear and capacity, what *he* called poetic sensations, or should feel within himself any appetite for pleasures other than the indigenous ones of smoking, sailing, canalling, and money-making; but when in direct contradiction of opinions, formed, as we thought, on a philosophical estimate of the Batavian disposition, a volume of Dutch poetry was announced as forth-coming,—we consoled our wounded infallibility with the hope, that beyond the immediate purlieus of the Zuyder-Zee, these images and words aforesaid, would excite sensations, equally intense perhaps, but more akin to laughter than sympathy. We had figured to ourselves the Dutch Venus,—a lady of about half a ton avoirdupois, with a face like the full moon and a boddice-full of heavenly alabaster, enveloped in a dozen petticoats, and leading in her hand the national Cupid, as fat and immovable as a flying cherub on a monument;—when lo! the Medicean herself in all her bending beauty and graceful diminutiveness of person, salutes us with a well-known smile, and the immortal Urchin who floats round her shoulders, is as volatile, as classically proportioned, and as mischievously alive as ever. Are not these the very deities with whom we have been so long and so intimately acquainted?—

Cupid once in peevish pet  
 Cried to Venus—“They are wet—”

He has drench'd my strings in tears :  
All my quiver have I shot—  
Wasted all—they pierce him not,  
And his heart of stone appears."

"Listen, silly boy!" she said :  
"Steal a lock from Doris' head ;  
When thy arrows miss—refrain !  
Waste not, trifling rogue, thy strength—  
Wait and watch ! Be sure at length  
Cupid shall his victory gain."

So he runs where Doris dresses,  
But he dared not steal her tresses ;—  
For a straggling hair or two  
Softly he implores the fair :  
Bends his bow—"The shaft is here—  
He has pierced me through and through."  
(P. 58.)

The following verses are from  
Hooft, the Dryden, it may be said,  
of Dutch poetry : it was he who re-  
fined the versification of his age,  
without divesting it of its vigour ;  
and by the study of Grecian, Latin,  
and Italian authors, he was taught to  
impart that melody to his own lan-  
guage of which it had not hitherto  
been deemed susceptible :

On my brow a new sun is arisen,  
And bright is its glance o'er my prison ;  
Gaily and grandly it sparkles about me,  
Flowingly shines it within and without me :  
Why, why should dejection disarm me—  
My fears or my fancies alarm me ?

Laughing light, lovely life, in the heaven  
Of thy forehead is virtue engraven ;  
Thy red coral lips, when they breathe an  
assenting,  
To me are a dawn which Apollo is painting.  
Thy eyes drive the gloom with their  
sparkling.  
Where sadness and folly sit darkling.

Lovely eyes—then the beauties have  
bound them,  
And scatter'd their shadows around  
them ;  
Stars, in whose twinklings the virtues and  
graces,  
Sweetness and meekness all hold their high  
places :

But the brightest of stars is but twilight  
Compared with that beautiful eye-light.

Fragrant mouth—All the flow'rs spring  
is wreathing  
Are dull to the sweets thou art breath-  
ing :

The charms of thy song might summon  
the spirit

To sit on the ears all-enchanted to hear it :  
What marvel then if in its kisses  
My soul is overwhelm'd with sweet  
blisses ?

O how blest, how divine the employment,  
How heavenly, how high the enjoyment !  
Delicate lips and soft amorous glances,  
Kindling and quenching and fanning sweet  
fancies,

Now, now to my heart's centre rushing,  
And now through my veins they are  
gushing.

Dazzling eyes—that but laugh at our ruin,  
Nor think of the wrongs ye are doing ;  
Fountains of gladness and beacons of glory,  
How do ye scatter the dark mists before  
ye :—

Can my weakness your tyranny bridle ?  
O no ! all resistance is idle.

Ah ! my soul ! ah ! my soul is sub-  
mitted ;

Thy lips—thy sweet lips—they are fitted  
With a kiss to dissolve into joy and affec-  
tion

The dreamings of hope and of gay recol-  
lection,

And sure never triumph was purer,  
And sure never triumph was surer.

I am bound to your beauty completely,  
I am fetter'd and fasten'd so sweetly ;  
And bless'd are the tones and the looks  
and the mind too

Which my senses control and my heart is  
inclined to :

While virtue, the holiest and brightest,  
Has fasten'd love's fetters the tightest.

(P. 59—61.)

Hear how this luxurious Dutch-  
man talks of "coral lips," "fragrant  
mouths," "dazzling eyes," "kisses,"  
"delicate lips and soft amorous  
glances !" And in right lovers' lan-  
guage too ! from which no one can  
gather above half a meaning, or such  
a proportion of common sense as  
gleams from this plentifully-worded  
passage, for instance :

Lovely eyes—then the beauties have bound  
them,  
And scatter'd their shadows around them—

The "beauties" (wherever they  
are) must have scattered their sha-  
dows around our poet's head, we  
conceive, in order to reproduce such  
beauties as we are here presented  
with.

Under the very unpromising name  
of Huig de Groot, the reader is com-  
pelled to recognize an old acquaint-  
ance, the classical Grotius ; he will  
perhaps find it still more difficult to  
acknowledge the handy-work of a  
great moralist and profound thinker  
in these vapid lines :



Receive not with disdain this product from  
my hand,  
O mart of all the world ! O flower of Ne-  
therland !  
Fair Holland ! Let this live, though I may  
not, with thee ;  
My bosom's queen ! I show e'en now how  
fervently  
I've loved thee through all change—thy  
good and evil days—  
And love, and still will love, till life itself  
decays.  
If here be aught on which thou mayst a  
thought bestow,  
Thank Him without whose aid no good  
from man can flow.  
If errors meet thy view, remember kindly  
then  
What gathering clouds obscure the feeble  
eyes of men ;  
And rather spare than blame this humble  
work of mine,  
And think " Alas ! 't was made—'twas  
made at Louvestijn." (P. 112.)

They are valuable, however, as a  
proof that Huig de Groot, out of a  
philosopher's wig and gown, was as  
great a fool as any of us.

Heinsius, or in homely phrase, Da-  
niel Heins, the contemporary of the  
last-mentioned very bad poet and  
great philosopher, affords another  
comfortable proof of how nearly the  
wisest, in some moments of their life,  
approach to the weakest among us :  
we are told in the brief memoir af-  
fixed to his name, that "there is more  
of elegance than of energy in his  
writings ;" we confess our inability  
to discover either the one or the other  
quality in the subjoined Hymn :

Where'er the free clouds rove, or heaven  
extends,  
Our dwellings shall be blest,—while on  
our friends  
No slavery-fetters hang,—that land's our  
own  
Where freedom reigns and fetters are un-  
known.  
The bird may cleave with joyous wing the  
air,  
The steed o'er moor and plain his rider  
bear,  
The mule beneath his charge may patient be ;  
But man was born,—was born for liberty.  
(P. 103, 104.)

We have now given specimens suffi-  
cient in number to enable our readers  
to judge of the Batavian Muse and  
her offspring. With respect to the  
merits of the volume before us, as a  
translation, it is hard to decide : we  
have no means of bringing its faith-  
fulness to the test, and can therefore

only speak to its abstract poetical  
beauties. Some of the versions were  
executed, we suspect, with but a  
slight view to posthumous fame on  
the part of the translator ; such for  
instance as the " Hunter from Greece,"  
a specimen from which we beg leave  
to quote in support of our hypothesis :  
She seized his arms and grasped his horse's  
reins, and hied  
Full seventy miles, ascending with him the  
mountain's side.  
The mountains they were lofty, the valleys  
deep and low,—  
Two sucklings dead, one on the spit he  
saw.

We should have had some difficulty  
in perceiving that these verses were  
intended for poetry, had not the latter  
rhymes brought it home to our ear.  
It is but fair to state, however, that  
the Hunter from Greece is a transla-  
tion of a Dutch Provençal poem (if  
the epithet is allowable), where exact  
harmony of verse was a matter of  
but secondary moment, and the trans-  
lators appear to have followed the  
metre of their originals with scrupu-  
lous accuracy. This upon the whole  
was a judicious proceeding, for the rea-  
der is thus made acquainted not only  
with the matter but the manner of  
the Dutch poets (as far as this can be  
exhibited in another tongue) : it is  
not always, however, equally success-  
ful, some metres adapting themselves  
more readily than others to the genius  
of our language. Thus for example  
we cannot away with such a pro-  
tracted hitch as this :

Adieu thou proud but lovely one, whose  
all-surpassing charms,  
Allured me on to hope for rest and bliss  
within thine arms—

Whilst the chief beauty of the song  
at page 197, or the following, consists  
in the lightness and fantastic grace of  
its measure :

What sweeter brighter bliss  
Can charm a world like this,  
Than sympathy's communion ;  
Two spirits mingling in their purest glow,  
And bound in firmest union  
In love, joy, woe !

The heart-encircling bond,  
Which binds the mother fond  
To the sweet child, that sleepeth  
Upon the bosom whence he drinks his food :  
So close around that heart his spirit  
creepeth—  
It binds the blood.  
&c. &c. (P. 128.)

Many of the poems are turned with admirable felicity of expression and the most perfect ease of manner; nay, there are some in which it is pretty evident that the whole merit belongs to the translator, inasmuch as the original thoughts are of little value:

Maiden! sweet maiden! when thou art  
near,

Though the stars on the face of the sky  
appear,

It is light around as the day can be.

But, maiden! sweet maiden! when thou'rt  
away,

Though the sun be emitting his loveliest  
ray,

All is darkness, and gloom, and night to me.

Then of what avail is the sun or the shade,

Since my day and my night by thee are  
made? (P. 45.)

Upon the whole, if the Translators, as they profess, wished merely to give the British public some proof that poetry was not incompatible with the Dutch manners, mind, and language, they have more than accomplished their purpose; their book is not only an interesting document of this kind, but a pleasing collection of elegant little poems.

We wish the editors had been somewhat more diffuse in their memoirs of the several writers; the Introductory Essay might have been exchanged for the same quantity of biographical information, with no greater trouble to the writer, perhaps, and certainly with more benefit to the reader.

#### REPORT OF MUSIC.

MADAME CATALANI is at length advertised to appear at the King's Theatre in a comic opera, called *Il Nuovo Fanatico per la Musica*, on the 28th of February. Verily the proprietors must have bid high for the lady's services, since she positively refuses to accept any sum in the way of stipend, contending absolutely for a share in the profits of any thing in which she appears, and it is reported, that she is to be paid one entire half of the receipts at the above theatre nightly! That such was the offer made her we have the best reason to believe, but by what subsequent terms it has been modelled even more to her satisfaction, we have not learned. Nor is it yet known whether she extends her services to the *Concerts Spirituels*, six of which are now positively announced to be given on the Fridays in Lent at the Opera House. This is rather an unexpected blow upon Mr. Bochsa, the proprietor of the Oratorios, who in order to secure himself against competition, had engaged both Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane theatres. It will probably reduce both speculations to a loss. Such a termination will scarcely be a subject of regret, except in as far as the individuals who hazard their property and time for the general amusement are concerned. We

say this much, because, as we have in previous reports asserted, the demands of principal singers are arrived at a most scandalous pitch of shameless extortion. Our English females of the first class get from fifteen to twenty-five guineas a-night for singing at a great public concert or a theatre, and subsequently extract fifteen more for a private party from the persons who are so weak as to indulge the passion (fashion) for first rates, of whose performance three-fourths of the company neither hear, nor care to hear, a single note. The sums paid at provincial concerts and meetings are of course proportionally increased, because, say the performers, we are to be recompensed for travelling, and for lost time in town. And worst of all, are the demands of the Italians, who insist upon as much for three concerts, as they could earn upon the continent in six months. What marvellous fools do they make of the English nation! And why are we thus gulled?

In spite however of these facts, the success of the Birmingham, York, and Liverpool festivals, has infused an increasing spirit for the enjoyment of music throughout the country. We mentioned in our last report Madame Catalani's tour through the north. She has since been at Hull. Sub-



scription Concerts at York are going on, and Miss D. Travis has sung. She also appeared at Dr. Camidge's Benefit Concert, and is a great favourite, from the purity, delicacy, and taste of her manner. This young lady is notwithstanding very little known in the metropolis beyond the walls of the Hanover Square Rooms, where she constantly assists in the Ancient Concerts, being or having been the musical apprentice of the Archbishop of York and the Royal and Noble Directors of the Ancient Concert! Mr. Greatorox is her master, and she is a polished English singer, with perhaps the purest and the best knowledge of the true school of Handel of any female now in London. There seems indeed to be a noble rage for music in Yorkshire. A grand festival it is agreed shall be held in the autumn of the present year at Wakefield, in the fine gothic cathedral there. The Archbishop is at the head of a numerous list of patrons. Edinburgh, it is rumoured, takes Madame Catalani as the virtual conductor for a great meeting; and it is even asserted, that this lady meditates a round of Festivals, taking with her the principal singers and instrumentalists. The series of concerts at Bath is going on very successfully. The aim of the conductors is to vary the principal vocal performers nightly. Mrs. Salmon was there on the fifth night; and Mr. Moscheles should have attended, but he is not yet returned from Germany, in which country, by the way, he has been received with the marked admiration his great talents every where excite. Mr. Kalkbrenner has enjoyed similar honours, particularly at Vienna. At the sixth Bath concert, Miss Travis sung. Mr. Phillips seems gradually to be rising to considerable repute as an orchestra singer, since his successful *débüt* in the Bath Italian Operas.

A novel mode for the promotion of musical science, and diffusing a love of the art, has been adopted at Bristol. A plan of a society to be called "The Bristol Harmonic Institution," has been put into circulation. The objects are—

1. The regular performance of classical compositions principally by members of the society.

2. Lectures upon different branches of the science, or periodical readings and conversations relating thereto.

3. The formation of a musical library, not only of the works of the great composers, but also standard treatises, histories, &c. connected with the subject.

4. The direct encouragement of musical talent and ingenuity by the distribution of rewards or prizes for composition, essays, &c. A concert room, library, and apartment, it is proposed, are to be built by shares of 25*l.* each, and let to the future society at a rent. The holders are also to be invested with other privileges. The subscription for the power of attendance and access to the library, &c. is fixed at two guineas per annum. Non-residents may be honorary members; and professors, associates. Meetings are to be held weekly, and public concerts given monthly.

At a society called *The Enquirers*, established in that city, Mr. Cummins, the gentleman who received the donation of a snuff-box from the professors at the York festival, has delivered two most interesting lectures on music. Illustrative copies of ancient musical manuscripts of great beauty and rarity were exhibited. Mr. Cummins embraced a vast field of musical history, and treated the subject not only in a most masterly but in a most entertaining manner.

The grand performance on the 30th of January at Drury Lane was very fully attended. A part of the *Messiah*, — the *Day of Judgment*, an oratorio, by Schneider, a German, composer to the King of Prussia's chapel—and a motley selection of ballads and Italian songs, made up the selection. A performance in worse taste than that of the *Messiah* could hardly be found; with the exception of the air, *But thou didst not leave*, which was very chastely sung by Miss Goodall, there was not a single piece that had the slightest pretension to legitimate style: alas! alas! what woeful havoc have the Catalanis, the Brahams, and the Rossinis made with the simplicity and grandeur of fine expression! It is to be regretted that those of the vocal tribe who do know better, as well as those who do not, have not received a public lesson upon the necessity of distinguishing betwixt the

mannerism of the opera and the style of the church—between what delights the galleries, and the sober-minded sound judge. A good deal of hissing (a little would not suffice) would tend greatly to the restoration of Mr. Braham to his senses, and to the bettering of Mrs. Salmon's taste. *The Day of Judgment* was a miserable business—at once too light and too heavy; mechanically good, but in every other sense bad; besides, the singers did not know their songs, and gave them as if they were reading at sight. *The Day of Judgment* will never be heard of again, it is to be hoped, at Covent-Garden; we speak musically however, not morally, be it known. It appears a very ill-chosen subject for music. An unlucky professor in the band said in the green-room, with all the *bonhomie* imaginable, that if he was Mr. B. he would cut the Day of Judgment.

The subscription to the Nine Concerts at the Argyll Rooms fills slowly. The Philharmonic commences on Monday, the 23d of February, and there is to be a Morning Concert by the pupils of the Royal Academy at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday the 25th. They probably, like swans, will sing just before they expire, if we may trust the symptom of exhaustion we stated in our last report.

Our space permitted us only to allude briefly to the posthumous publication of Dr. Callcott's *Glees, &c.* by his friend, and son-in-law, W. Horsley, Esq. Mus. Bac. Oxon. If the musical writers of our own country have been particularly distinguished during the last half century for any species of composition, their title to strength, beauty, and originality, stands mainly upon glees. We have a long list, and many eminent names are upon it, but none that stand before Callcott, except it be Samuel Webbe; and, if Webbe is pre-eminent for the beauty and delicacy of his melodies, Callcott is scarcely less excellent in the grandeur of his designs, and the splendour of their execution. Mr. Horsley has given sufficient proofs of this in the remarks he has appended to his *Biographical Sketch of Dr. Callcott*, prefixed to the publication, which is written with a clearness, simplicity, and truth, well

worthy the end of the writer, for Mr. Horsley shows at once his love both for the art and for the man. Attainments such as those made by such a musician, under such circumstances, well deserve to be recorded, and to be held out to young professors. The Life is, indeed, distinguished by none of those amusing particulars which often diversify relations, but it presents to us a good man and a man of genius, labouring honourably and successfully, to advance himself and his art; and it attaches our sympathy still more strongly, by the melancholy termination of such a career of effort and ability—the failure of such an intellect, under the too incessant exercise of its best and noblest faculties. Of such a man it is due to art to record some particulars here.

Dr. Callcott was the son of a bricklayer and builder, at Kensington, and was born on the 20th of November, 1766. Even during infancy, he gave indications of his love of literature, and thirst for knowledge. He took no pleasure in the common pastimes of children. Books were his chief delight; and when he quitted them, it was for some pursuit which had science for its object, and in which he engaged with great energy. At the school of a Mr. Young he made some classical acquirements. His attention seems first to have been attracted to music by attending his father to Kensington church, which was undergoing some reparation. The organ excited, indeed, so much of his observation, that he endeavoured to construct one. He subsequently obtained an introduction to the organist, and attended the organ-loft on Sundays, where he acquired some insight into the first rudiments of music. His destination was surgery; but the shock he received on witnessing an operation determined him to abandon all thoughts of medicine as a profession. He then studied music ardently, but at the same time, more than one language; French, Italian, Hebrew, and Syriac, by turns employed his mind, and he also gave his attention to mathematics. He became acquainted with Drs. Cook and Arnold, who were strongly attached to him on account of the simplicity of his character, his enthusiasm for art, and his industry in its



pursuit. In 1783 he was made assistant organist at St. George's, Queen Square, and obtained some other musical appointments. Till this period his writings were serious, but he afterwards directed his thoughts almost solely to the production of glees. From the Catch Club, he received *three* medals in one year (1785); and in 1787 he sent in nearly *one hundred compositions* for the prizes, of which he obtained two. In 1789 he presented only twelve, but he carried off all the five medals. He did not, it seems, so well understand writing for an orchestra; and having asked Stephen Storace to look over a composition of this kind, and strike his pencil through such parts as did not please him, Storace struck out the whole, and returned it with the monosyllable "THERE!"

In 1789, a severe contest took place between Mr. Callcott and Mr. Evans, for the place of the organist of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, which ended in a division of the duty and emoluments. Mr. Callcott had risen to great eminence, and was continually employed in teaching, when Haydn arrived, and he anxiously sought some instruction from that master of orchestral effects. During their friendly intercourse, he wrote the beautiful bass song, *These as they change*, which perhaps exhibits the most complete knowledge of accompaniment of any thing he has ever written. Subsequently, it was observed, he wrote his glees in fewer parts. From 1789 to 1793, when the Catch Club discontinued their annual prizes, he was a successful candidate. He now began to study the theatrical writers on his art, intensely, a disposition which was greatly increased by his intimacy with Overend, the organist of Isleworth, a man of very deep musical research. He now formed plans of various musical publications, and, at last, of a Dictionary of Music. His energy in collecting materials was astonishing. In 1800, he took his doctor's degree (Mr. Horsley proceeded MB. at the same time) at Oxford, and he occupied himself in learning German, and reading the works of the German musicians, with a view to his dictionary. He also engaged in some elementary works on language, one of which he published with success

(*The Way to speak well made easy for Youth*). In 1804 and 1805, he wrote that most excellent treatise, his Musical Grammar, and he shortly after succeeded Dr. Crotch, as Lecturer at the Royal Institution, but "the fatal injuries which his constitution had received from excessive exertion, now showed themselves, and he was all at once rendered incapable of fulfilling any of his engagements." A long indisposition followed, and it was not till after an absence of five years that he recovered. He resumed his teaching, and carefully avoided all subjects of irritation, but his health again sunk, and, on the 5th of May, 1821, he died, giving exemplary proofs in the end of his life, of the piety and resignation to the will of Providence, which had marked the whole term of his existence. Such was this excellent man, and eminent musician. Mr. Horsley has spoken (and no one is better qualified to speak) of Dr. Callcott's writings, justly and honourably. They present, indeed, many specimens of beautiful expression, and fine composition. The work is published in a manner worthy of the subjects, and cannot but be considered as a noble addition to the musical collections of all who have a true taste for vocal harmony.

#### NEW MUSIC.

A collection of new German Waltzes, composed for the pianoforte, by T. Moscheles. The legitimate style of the German waltz is very rarely to be met with amongst the immense number of melodies which daily assume that title. Mozart's three waltzes afford the most classic specimen of this species of air, while they at the same time display as much character as any of the greater compositions of the master. The author of the Memoir of Rossini, in speaking of the music of Mozart, remarks, that "its distinguishing characteristic is that of touching the soul, by awakening melancholy images, by bidding us dwell upon the sorrows of the most tender, though frequently the most unhappy of the passions." This observation applies exactly to his waltzes, and to our minds describes the real character of the German waltz. Mr. Moscheles' collection approaches more nearly to this definition than any we recollect in sentiment and expression, and they are decidedly of the German school. We prefer the first, third, and seventh amongst the waltzes, and the trios at pages 3, 5, and 7; but they are all beautiful.

The Euterpe, or a choice collection of Polonaises and Waltzes for the pianoforte by foreign composers, books 1 and 2. We know many amateurs whose pianoforte playing hardly extends beyond the performance of a waltz, quadrille, or any national air, and yet their execution has a delicacy and expression that might put to shame the professed lesson player. To such persons we recommend the Euterpe, it contains much that is beautiful and new. The Polonaise by Ognisky, is an exquisite bit, as well as the waltz from the Freyschutz in the first number. In the second, the quick movements of *Di piacer*, and *Ah se puoi così lasciarmi*, are ingeniously turned into waltzes, and there are others by Weber, from the Freyschutz.

Harp players will reap the same degree of pleasure from the collection of the like kind, called *Amusement pour les Dames*. We have already spoken of the first number; the second is, perhaps, a little inferior to it in the elegance and novelty of the selection, but it suffers only by comparison.

Variations on a favourite German air by Joseph Mayseder. The subject is very sweet, and the variations light and brilliant. The fifth and the last (a Polonaise) are particularly happy.

Grand Variations on the national air of Rule Britannia, for the pianoforte, by Ferd. Ries. The extreme difficulty of this piece places it beyond the reach of any but first-rate players; indeed it should seem to have been intended as a vehicle for the display of the great attainments of the composer himself; for we can imagine that he alone who could conceive, could execute. For although it is not more difficult than the finest compositions of the great masters of the present day, yet each has its particular excellencies, and these are as distinct as they are peculiar. The piece, therefore, must be appreciated according to the powers it calls forth and confirms, rather than according to its merits as a composition.

Mr. Bochsá has added new variations to

Rode's air, as sung by Madame Catalani, for the harp. They are of an easy and agreeable description, but have no other qualities to entitle them to distinction.

Mr. Knapton's Arrangement of an Air from Nina, with variations, is executed with taste and elegance. The theme is well preserved; and the piece, without making any pretensions to originality or difficulty, avoids the usual common place of airs with variations.

Mr. Kiallmark has also been more successful than usual in his second Fanfare. It has much to recommend it as a lesson for players of moderate acquirement.

Two pieces for the harp, by S. Dussek. The one, *The White Cockade*, with variations; the other, *Charmant Ruisseau*, are judicious, and not inelegant *petites pieces*, calculated to give the learner neatness and rapidity of execution in the most prevailing passages of harp music, while they are not unworthy of the attention of the more advanced performer. British and foreign popular airs arranged as familiar rondos and variations for the pianoforte, by Joseph de Pinna. This work consists of twenty-four numbers, which may be purchased either separately or in a handsome volume. It is intended for beginners, and contains airs of every character, adapted in a light and agreeable style, and to each of them is prefixed a prelude. Many of the pieces are little more than an easy arrangement of an Italian song or duet, such as *Non più andrai*; *Giovinette che fute all'amore*, &c. while others are favourite English airs from operas, catches, &c. with variations.

The arrangements are the second book of the airs in the ballet of Alfred le Grand, by Mr. Latour. The second book of selections from *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, and *La donna del lago*, by Mr. Bochsá. Book I. of Mr. Bruguier's arrangement of airs, from *Zelmira*, and the first number of popular melodies, selected from English operas, and arranged in a familiar style for the pianoforte, also by Mr. Bruguier.

## THE SERVICES OF MR. RICARDO

TO THE

## SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY,

BRIEFLY AND PLAINLY STATED.

I do not remember that any public event of our own times has touched me so nearly, or so much with the feelings belonging to a private affliction, as the death of Mr. Ricardo. To me in some sense it was a private affliction—and no doubt to all others who knew and

honoured his extraordinary talents. For great intellectual merit, wherever it has been steadily contemplated, cannot but conciliate some personal regard: and for my own part I acknowledge that, abstracting altogether from the use to which a man of splendid endowments may apply



them—or even supposing the case that he should deliberately apply them to a bad one, I could no more on that account withhold my good wishes and affection from his person—than, under any consideration of their terrific attributes, I could forbear to admire the power and the beauty of the serpent or the panther. Simply on its own account, and without further question, a great intellect challenges, as of right, not merely an interest of admiration—in common with all other exhibitions of power and magnificence—but also an interest of human love, and (where that is necessary) a spirit of tenderness to its aberrations. Mr. Ricardo however stood in no need of a partial or indulgent privilege: his privilege of intellect had a comprehensive sanction from all the purposes to which he applied it in the course of his public life: in or out of parliament, as a senator—or as an author, he was known and honoured as a public benefactor. Though connected myself by private friendship with persons of the political party hostile to his, I heard amongst them all but one language of respect for his public conduct. Those, who stood neutral to all parties, remarked that Mr. Ricardo's voice—though heard too seldom for the wishes of the enlightened part of the nation—was never raised with emphasis upon any question lying out of the province in which he reigned as the paramount authority, except upon such as seemed to affect some great interest of liberty or religious toleration. And, wherever a discussion arose which transcended the level of temporary and local politics (as that for example upon corporal punishments), the weight of authority—which mere blank ability had obtained for him in the House of Commons—was sure to be thrown into that view of the case which up-

held the dignity of human nature. Participating most cordially in these feelings of reverence for Mr. Ricardo's political character, I had besides a sorrow not unmixed with self-reproach arising out of some considerations more immediately relating to myself. In August and September 1821 I wrote *The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*: and in the course of this little work I took occasion to express my obligations, as a student of Political Economy, to Mr. Ricardo's "Principles" of that science. For this as for some other passages I was justly\* attacked by an able and liberal critic in the *New Edinburgh Review*—as for so many absurd irrelevancies: in that situation no doubt they were so; and of this, in spite of the haste in which I had written the greater part of the book, I was fully aware. However, as they said no more than was true, I was glad to take that or any occasion which I could invent for offering my public testimony of gratitude to Mr. Ricardo. The truth is—I thought that something might occur to intercept any more appropriate mode of conveying my homage to Mr. Ricardo's ear, which should else more naturally have been expressed in a direct work on Political Economy. This fear was at length realized—not in the way I had apprehended, viz. by my own death—but by Mr. Ricardo's. And now therefore I felt happy that, at whatever price of good taste, I had in some imperfect way made known my sense of his high pretensions—although unfortunately I had given him no means of judging whether my applause were of any value. For during the interval between Sept. 1821 and Mr. Ricardo's death in Sept. 1823 I had found no leisure for completing my work on Political Economy: on that account I had forborne to use the means of introduction to Mr. Ricardo which

\* Not so however, let me say in passing, for three supposed instances of affected doubt; in all of which my doubts were, and are at this moment, very sincere and unaffected; and, in one of them at least, I am assured by those of whom I have since inquired that my reviewer is undoubtedly mistaken. As another point which, if left unnoticed, might affect something more important to myself than the credit of my taste or judgment,—let me inform my reviewer that, when he traces an incident which I have recorded most faithfully about a Malay—to a tale of Mr. Hogg's, he makes me indebted to a book which I never saw. In saying this I mean no disrespect to Mr. Hogg; on the contrary, I am sorry that I have never seen it: for I have a great admiration of Mr. Hogg's genius; and have had the honour of his personal acquaintance for the last ten years.

I commanded through my private connexions or simply as a man of letters: and in some measure therefore I owed it to my own neglect—that I had for ever lost the opportunity of benefiting by Mr. Ricardo's conversation or bringing under his review such new speculations of mine in Political Economy as in any point modified his own doctrines—whether as corrections of supposed oversights, as derivations of the same truth from a higher principle, as further illustrations or proofs of any thing which he might have insufficiently developed, or simply in the way of supplement to his known and voluntary omissions. All this I should have done with the utmost fearlessness of giving offence, and not for a moment believing that Mr. Ricardo would have regarded any thing in the light of an undue liberty, which in the remotest degree might seem to affect the interests of a science so eminently indebted to himself. In reality candour may be presumed in a man of first-rate understanding—not merely as a moral quality—but almost as a part of his intellectual constitution *per se*; a spacious and commanding intellect being magnanimous in a manner *suo jure*, even though it should have the misfortune to be allied with a perverse or irritable temper. On this consideration I would gladly have submitted to the review of Mr. Ricardo, as indisputably the first of critics in this department, rather than to any other person, my own review of himself. That I have forfeited the opportunity of doing this—is a source of some self-reproach to myself. I regret also that I have forfeited the opportunity of perhaps giving pleasure to Mr. Ricardo by liberating him from a few misrepresentations, and placing his vindication upon a firmer basis even than that which he has chosen. In one respect I enjoy an advantage for such a service, and in general for the polemic part of Political Economy, which Mr. Ricardo did not. The course of my studies has led me to cultivate the scholastic logic. Mr. Ricardo has obviously neglected it. Confiding in his own conscious strength, and no doubt partici-

pating in the common error of modern times as to the value of artificial logic, he has taken for granted that the Aristotelian forms and the exquisite science of distinctions matured by the subtilty of the schoolmen can achieve nothing in substance which is beyond the power of mere sound good sense and robust faculties of reasoning; or at most can only attain the same end with a little more speed and adroitness. But this is a great error: and it was an ill day for the human understanding when Lord Bacon gave his countenance to a notion, which his own exclusive study of one department in philosophy could alone have suggested. Distinctions previously examined—probed—and accurately bounded, together with a terminology previously established, are the crutches on which all minds—the weakest and the strongest—must alike depend in many cases of perplexity: from pure neglect of such aids, which are to the unassisted understanding what weapons are to the unarmed human strength or tools and machinery to the naked hand of art, do many branches of knowledge at this day languish amongst those which are independent of experiment.

As the best consolation to myself for the lost opportunities with which I have here reproached myself,—and as the best means of doing honour to the memory of Mr. Ricardo,—I shall now endeavour to spread the knowledge of what he has performed in Political Economy. To do this in the plainest and most effectual manner, I shall abstain from introducing any opinions peculiar to myself, excepting only when they may be necessary for the defence of Mr. Ricardo against objections which have obtained currency from the celebrity of their authors—or in the few cases where they may be called for by the errors (as I suppose them to be) even of Mr. Ricardo.—In using this language, I do not fear to be taxed with arrogance: we of this day stand upon the shoulders of our predecessors; and that I am able to detect any errors in Mr. Ricardo—I owe, in most instances, to Mr. Ricardo himself.

X. Y. Z



## THE DRAMA.

## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

*Native Land.*

A VERY agreeable and spirited opera has at length been produced at this theatre; and, as if success were a thing to be shunned or dreaded, the name of the author has been carefully shrouded within the innermost recesses of the theatre, safe at once from the curious and the critical. Whether it has been thought that an anonymous opera would become more popular than those whose papas "are registered where every day we turn the leaf to read them;" or whether it has been apprehended that the author's cognomen would give a plumper against the piece's celebrity, we have no direct means of judging. But since the publication of the Scotch novels, perhaps the most profitable "deed without a name" on record, every masquerade trick is practised in literature, and the Argyll Rooms must quail in domino-folly to the Row. A very eminent lover has asked "What's in a name?" Might it not have been more to the purpose to have inquired "What's in the withholding of a name?"—The public love to guess at little penny mysteries: it matters very little whether it be a novel or a murder, so as the perpetrator of either be not easy of discovery. In the instance of the present opera, which has undoubtedly caught more eyes and ears than any musical piece for the last season or two, the author stands aloof; and every person connected with the theatre, endeavours to put a different name into your hand: you are pestered with variety, quite as much as at an election for Ale-conner at Guildhall. Mr. Dimond is suggested in a whisper by one; but then another has seen Mr. Morton in town, and he can have been in town for no good. With this person Mr. Reynolds is accused, but then he is dethroned at Covent-garden; and Mr. Peake has been linked in with the Poachers, so as to be compelled to prove an *alibi* to get out of that scrape. Mr. Planché has not altogether escaped suspicion, as he has been observed lurking about the premises; and Mr. Soane, also,

has been pointed to as the author. —However, let the opera belong to whom it may: to Mr. Morton, Mr. Peake, Mr. Dimond, Mr. Planché, or Mr. Soane, we can say it is an extremely lively and pleasant production, and likely, we think, to benefit actor, author, and treasurer.

The plot of the opera is simple, yet interesting:—Aurelio, a noble of Genoa, betrothed to Clymante, having been seized as prisoner by the corsairs, is expected to return to his native land with other liberated captives. All his letters and commissions have been intercepted by Giuseppe, a villainous guardian, who wishes to secure his estates. At the opening of the piece the return of the prisoners is very spiritedly and affectingly managed; and Aurelio is actually amongst them, though, to satisfy his suspicions of his mistress's faith, he has prevailed upon his liberator, Captain Tancredi, to pass him off, browned and robed, as an Abyssinian. During his absence from home, the father of Clymante has died, leaving all his wealth to his daughter, on condition of her marrying by a certain day: and Clymante, in the hope of her lover being yet "in the wheel," induces her cousin Biondina to put on the disguise of a young gallant, to save the property by a pretended marriage. The return of the prisoners is on the very eve of this innocent fiction of a wedding, and of course the Abyssinian is in high phrenzy. He is invited, with Tancredi, to join the festival, and much good jealousy attends him. The discovery of the lady's unaltered feelings, the guardian's roguish conduct, and the mock marriage, is all brought about by the contrivances of Aurelio's servant, Peregrino, who, to prove his wife's love, comes home with an imaginary loss of an arm, a leg, and an eye. The opera ends in a marriage and a chorus.

The piece is admirably acted throughout. Mr. Sinclair, though tame in speech, is fiery in song, and produces his jealousy of a very colourable kind—perhaps it is scarcely green enough in the eyes. Farren has little to do, but he makes the most of

it. Mr. Cooper plays a foreign sea captain with English sea terms, with a good deal of spirit; but the character is not exactly what we are accustomed to in *our* native land. Fawcett as Peregrino is all ease, impudence, and pleasantry; but he never fails to be amusing in the half-lover and half-servant.

The ladies, however, *lord* it over the gentlemen bravely in this opera, and make the heads of the creation to look a very inferior race. Miss Paton performs with great gaiety and discretion, keeping several little affectations of which she is proprietress in the back-ground: she executes her songs too with great determination, and sings as though she were wrestling with music. The talents, however, for singing and dancing do not meet in this young lady—but we must not expect “better bread than’s made from corn.” Miss Love is becoming shrewder and shrewder ever hour; she will anon be able to throw an *arch* over the Thames: in Zarlina she is mightily agreeable, but once or twice we trembled at seeing her on a precipice—one step more would have carried her ladyship fifty fathoms deep. She *cries* too much—and, pray *has* that yellow petticoat a tuck?—a *leettle* lower would not be injurious to her—it is not every person that can afford to exhibit an acre of ankle!

— But oh! Miss Tree! How shall we ever do justice to her inimitable archness, delicacy, vivacity, and feeling!—She is grace itself. Not only does she act up to the spirit of all that is to be desired, but she sings in her own deep nightingale tones enough “to conjure three souls out of one weaver:” and then she dresses, and carries that fair form of hers so beautifully; and dances so modestly and well,—and looks so innocently throughout—that, if we were not critics, thrice removed from all the softer affections, we should inevitably be lost! The Spanish dance in itself makes the opera worth seeing—that is, as far as Miss Tree is concerned.

The dialogue of the opera is not “London particular,” but it is better than any we have lately heard. The songs, alack! are absolute nonsense, and in spite of the praises of every newspaper save one (the Evening

Chronicle), we protest that the writers of the Della Cruscan poetry were Miltons and Shakspeares compared with the poet of Native Land.—And yet feeble as are the songs, and simple as is the plot, we are compelled, either from the ease of the dialogue or the excellence of the acting, to confess we have not been so well pleased for many a day.

#### *The Poachers.*

A dull and indelicate piece under this title has been supplanting the pantomime for a few nights, and ruining the morals of Mr. Blanchard and Miss Love. We are surprised at two things relative to this piece; the first is, that innocent pun-loving Mr. Peake should have been accused of its dirty dulness; and the next is, that the audience do not hoot it from the stage. When a father dare not take his daughter to the theatre, which is really the case when this dramaticle is played, some purifying may be indulged in.

#### DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The pantomime is gone. The Flying Chest is broken up for old firewood, and Elliston has returned to the Cataract, which he has placarded all about the streets, as if it was a new water-work. Lodoiska has been revived; and its overture and guns go off well together. Elliston still keeps his foot in his stirrup—himself in the saddle.—Pray, sir, when do the troop go to the country fairs?

The Merry Wives of Windsor, no very dull comedy as originally written by that prince of poachers, Warwickshire Will, has been got up at some cost, with a profusion of actors, dresses, scenes, and songs; and, strange to say, it drags on tediously and unsatisfactorily, in spite of Downton, Miss Stephens, Harley, Miss Povey, and Braham. The music meddles with the wit; and for the sake of “their most sweet voices,” Braham and Miss Stephens are pressed into the KING’s service, without being very well qualified to bear his arms. Shakspeare and Braham seem to keep different shops. To be sure Master Fenton is no very mad wag, but he is one of Shakspeare’s creatures for all that, and not a pupil of Mr. Leoni only! — “This opera” (opera forsooth!) has evidently been got up hastily—Herne’s oak is hardly dry. Where was Madame Vestris



for one of the ladies? Had she not learned her part?—Indeed it was so whispered. Some of the songs were beautiful, and they were all beautifully sung; but the selection might, we think, have been more judiciously made. Downton, as Falstaff, is a buck of the first order; indeed, where Shakespeare was allowed a chance, we were highly amused—but the attempt “to put John upon the gentleman” failed, as it invariably does.

George Colman, the younger, has been appointed the Reader of Plays in the Licencer’s Office; and his “first step has been on Henry’s head.” Poor Mr. Shee, the portrait painter and poet, having concocted a Tragedy, and what is more, having succeeded with the Manager in procuring it to be accepted, has had his little bud nipped by George Colman the younger. The Poet has addressed the following letter to the public:

Mr. Editor—The new tragedy of *Alasco*, which has been for some time in rehearsal at Covent-Garden theatre, has, I find, been withdrawn by the Manager of that establishment, under the censure of the Lord Chamberlain’s office. As the infliction of such a censure can be called for, or justified, only by some religious, moral, or political objection to its public appearance on the stage, and as the discredit of producing a work to which any of these objections can be honestly made, might, by conjecture, attach to some writer whose interests or feelings may suffer by the imputation, I think myself bound thus publicly to avow, that I am the author of the production in question, and solely responsible for whatever poetical or political delinquencies it may be found to contain.

In hitherto withholding my name, and submitting my work entirely to the disposal of Mr. Kemble, I was influenced only by literary diffidence; for I should consider myself as dishonoured indeed if I had ever written a line, which, in any circumstances, I should be either ashamed or afraid to avow.

Those persons to whom I am known, will not readily believe me capable of composing a work, which could be justly charged as being in any respect inimical to the religious, moral, or political interests of my country.

The immediate publication of the play in question, will enable the public at large to decide, whether the unusual severity with which it has been visited, be the result of sound discretion, and laudable vigilance in the official guardians of dramatic purity, or a harsh, unnecessary, and injurious ex-

ercise of authority, not more injurious to the interests and feelings of the author, than fatal in its principle to the character and independence of dramatic literature in this country.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

*Cavendish-square, Feb. 18.*

Alas!—To be accepted by the Theatre, and then damned in little at the Lord Chamberlain’s Office, is hard;—“To be discarded thence!”—Death in battle a man of spirit may bear, but death in this quiet stifling manner is not to be borne. First, “*Shee* wept in silence, and was *Di. Do. Dum!*”—but then, as if the lion came over him, he (*qu. Shee?*) rushed to his inkstand, drew an angry pen (remember he is a painter-militant, reader, and can *draw* a sword as ably as any man), and indited the above haughty and exculpatory epistle. The play will soon be printed, and then we shall see whether Shee has been wrong, or the younger Colman right; whether Shee’s lines are white as purity, or the conduct of George in refusing a licence, a liberty!—*Broad Grins* ought to be particular!

Since the insertion in the newspapers of the letter we have extracted, Mr. Shee has vented his anger a second time, incrusting a curious little specimen of his Grace of Montrose’s penmanship in the *amber* of his own clear style. Really we think Mr. Shee has been hardly dealt with; and, perhaps it would become a licensor to give some reason for putting his terrible *veto* upon a dramatic production, instead of silently crushing it in the egg. The *serpent* parts should be pointed out. This matter will cause as much bustle, in a short time, as the two parsons about their one shirt, of which Mr. Colman has given so *correct* an account. The following is letter the second:

*Cavendish-square, Friday,  
Feb. 20, 1824.*

Sir,—As I understand an impression has been excited in the minds of some persons, that the new tragedy of *Alasco* has been interdicted on religious as well as political grounds, and as it is of some importance to me that those who interest themselves in its fate should not, for a moment, be left to suppose that the most vigilant malevolence could discover in any work of mine, even a pretext for such an imputation, I am obliged, reluctantly, to trespass

again on your attention, with a request that you will have the goodness to insert in your paper the following letter from the Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household. When I tell you, Sir, that I have received this letter in answer to an appeal, in which I assert, in the face of those authorities that have thought fit to inflict on my character and interest so severe an injury, that my work contains "not one sentiment moral, religious, or political, of which an honest subject of this empire can justly disapprove, or which any honourable man, of any party, should be ashamed to avow," you will know how to appreciate the admissions in his Grace's letter; to which, in my own justification, I beg to direct the public attention:—

(Copy.)

*Grosvenor-square, Feb. 19.*

Sir,—Thinking Mr. Colman a very sufficient judge of his duty, and as I agree in his conclusion (from the account he has given me of the tragedy called *Alasco*), I do conclude, that at this time, without considerable omissions, the tragedy should not be acted; and whilst I am persuaded that your intentions are upright, I conceive that it is precisely for this reason (though it may not strike authors) that it has been the wisdom of the Legislature to have an examiner appointed, and power given to the Chamberlain of the Household to judge whether certain plays should be acted at all, or not acted at particular times.

I do not mean to enter into an argument with you, Sir, on the subject, but think that your letter, conceived in polite terms to me, calls upon me to return an answer, showing that your tragedy has been well considered.

I remain, Sir, with esteem,

Your obedient servant,

MONTROSE.

*To Martin Archer Shee, Esq. &c. &c.*

From the above official letter, Sir, you will observe, that the Lord Chamberlain acknowledges the uprightness of my intentions. You will perceive also that his Grace neither asserts nor insinuates that my work contains one sentiment or expression, in itself morally, religiously, or politically objectionable, but expressly alleges the present time as the cause of its exclusion from the stage. But, Sir, the letter of the Lord Chamberlain excites reflections far more important than any which concern the interests of so humble an individual as I am. We find from that letter, that the fiat of the newly-appointed examiner is irrevocable—that he rules lord paramount of the British drama, and that, in a question of appeal against the manner in which he exercises the duties of his office, the Lord Chamberlain thinks himself justified in taking the report of the officer

accused as the foundation of the judgment which he is called upon to pronounce.

It now only remains for me, Sir, by the publication of my play with all the expedition of which its passage through the press admits, to show what the particular sentiments are which the new dramatic censor thinks unfit to be addressed to the ears of Englishmen in a public theatre,—to offer my humble production to the future candidate for tragic fame, as an example of the delicacy and consideration which he may expect from the judicious zeal of this vigilant guardian of the morality and decorum of the stage. I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

#### COUNTRY CRITICISM.

We have been tempted, as we have been this month indulging in theatrical curiosities, to make extracts from some very learned opinions which have lately fallen from the Judicial Bench in the West Countrée. Mr. Young appears to have been declaiming before the good people of Exeter to some purpose, if we may judge by the effect of his acting upon the great prose writers of that city. If this be the usual style in which the dramatic critics in Mr. Woolmer's Paper write, we should advise him to keep them in strait waistcoats during the time the Theatre is closed. Mr. Young, we believe, doth not disrelish commendatory prose; but, if he has swallowed the following, he is a bolder man than we took him for.

*The Drama.—Exeter Theatre.*

The theme of our remarks this week, must be the performances of Mr. Young, assuredly one of the first tragedians of the age, a man, "take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." There is a chasteness and vigour of intellect, a gracefulness in this great actor, in which he blazes forth a (theatrical) star, "*veluti Georgium sidus inter ignes minores.*" "His voice is most musical in passages of continuous melancholy—most potent in energetic declamation; it flows along in a full, deep, rapid, stream, or winds plaintively on through all the course of philosophic thought. In a part of mournful beauty he is perfectly delicious—the very personification of a melodious sigh; again in a proud, soldierly character, where there is one firm purpose, he plays in a fiery spirit entirely his own; and, in a piece where the declamation abounds in images of pomp and luxury, he displays a rich Oriental manner, which no one can rival. His



mode of treading the stage, is firm, intelligent, and decisive; his action noble."—Mr. Young commenced his engagement with the character of Hamlet. His scene with the Queen Mother was a piece of brilliant invective; when the Ghost tells him "Speak to her, Hamlet," the subdued tones of his voice as, with his eye fixed on the spectre, and horror depicted on his countenance, he addressed her, "how is it with you, lady," was a moving sight. The soliloquy where Hamlet reprobates his own tardiness of action, was a fine specimen of passionate self-rebuke, and the speech on man, a piece of eloquence worthy the poet's thought. We could select a thousand beauties, but it would amplify our subject too much, as we should have to record so many more on each night. The persons who represented the other characters in this tragedy, were the same as performed with

Mr. Macready, a few weeks since; Jones was King!! and the Mother Queen—the youthful and interesting Miss Huddart.—Of Age-to-morrow followed—one of the most lively and effective farces we know; an indisputable proof of which is that it has amused for years, and will continue to do so for seasons.

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Last evening Mr. YOUNG played *Lear*; and this evening takes for his benefit the character of *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*, in *The Man of the World*, which will conclude his engagement; the box circle, as well as the upper, is taken for this great performer's benefit; in what circle is not Mr. YOUNG sought after—whether the box, the social, or the court?

There's a compliment for you!—Enough to knock down a bullock!

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## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED, A DRAMA;

BY LORD BYRON.

A TASTE has lately sprung up in these countries, from the due cultivation of which we may hope to derive great advantages, moral as well as literary; we mean—a taste for the monstrous. An importation, which took place some years ago, of the larger race of Hanoverian "small deer," has been frequently the theme of lamentation and seditious outcry with some of our gravest politicians, whose very seats at the council-board these nefarious quadrupeds have undermined; yet there are animals of another sort, much more enormous in size and far more terrific in aspect, proceeding also from the same fruitful fatherland of every thing hideous and unsightly,—Germany to wit,—whose migration into Great Britain has rather been encouraged than deprecated. The son of a British peer has lately turned monster-monger, having translated one of those strange animals from the wilds of Saxe Weimar to Albemarle-street; it was bred up at the table of the poet Goethe with his

other children (*more Alemannorum*), has become very tame and docile under its present master, wears a collar inscribed with the letters F, A, U, S, T, and goes willingly to any stranger who has the least curiosity to examine it. Another of these monsters was introduced to the notice of the public, a short time since, under the auspices of an Irish Clergyman; it answered (we think) to the name of MELMOTH, stood for sale some months at the house of an eminent bookseller in this city, and was finally knocked on the head after having bitten two or three persons who were foolish enough to handle it. A third of the same brood was exhibited last season at the Lyceum in the Strand, where it performed several outlandish tricks to the great amusement of the spectators. The aforesaid Irish Clergyman had shown up an elder-brother of the monster above, at Drury Lane theatre, some time before; this fellow, whom his keeper used to call BERTRAM, drew great crowds to see

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\* The Deformed Transformed, a Drama, by the Right Hon. Lord Byron. London 1824.

his performances, but a report coming to the Bishop of ——'s ears, that he had mauled and otherwise maltreated (without any occasion) a beautiful young lady, the wife of one Count St. Aldobrand, his lordship refused to prefer his master to a living, judiciously observing that a keeper of wild beasts had no pretensions to be a rector over men. A certain illustrious Scottish Novelist is also suspected of concealing several monsters (though of another family) in his library; and it is even said that there is a design on foot among some of the fair sex, blues, authoresses, &c. in the present scarcity of lap-dogs, to take a number of these pretty little German shock-monsters, as companions, in their stead. Upon the whole, we have observed that ever since the first print of Schiller's Moor (a monster of great note and celebrity) appeared in our shop-windows, the imaginations of the English people have run mightily upon this sort of animal.

It is easy to perceive that this taste for the monstrous will be of infinite use in morality as well as in literature: 1°. In morality; because having once accustomed our minds to the beauty of the horrid, the unnatural, the grotesque-great, and our ears to the euphony of the blasphemous, the extravagant, the outrageous,—having familiarised ourselves to the company and conversation of felons, highway-men, pirates, debauchees, witches, ghosts, dead-men, demons, devils, and to all their diabolical hyperbolical practices, we shall shortly grow so cunning in iniquity, that Satan himself, though he came in person as he did to Monk Lewis and Monk Ambrosio, will not be able to cajole us out of our sweet souls, or even of our little “pickers and stealers” to keep up the fire of purgatory; he will entrap none hereafter, but those who are not awake to his arts and chicanery, viz.—fools and little children (God pity them!): 2°. In literature; because, having once imbibed a taste for what is *out of nature*, the sphere of intellectual exertion will be thereby enlarged; and, having overstepped the narrow limits of truth and reality, we may expatiate at will in the boundless realms of extravagance and mental liber-

tinism,—for it is much easier to write contrary to all rules of propriety, than according to one.

Lord Byron is a man peculiarly gifted to succeed in the monstrous; his insatiable thirst of freshness and extraordinariness, his ravenous appetite for all that is outrè, eccentric, præter-human, and unique, his liberal principles moreover, whose essence consists in setting at nought all laws but the law of lawlessness, all rules but the rule of irregularity, all canons whatever, theological, moral, political, or poetical, by which we, poor-spirited common-place creatures, are content to regulate our lives, conduct, and writings,—these qualifications admirably fit out his lordship for an adept in the serious monstrous, the strange sublime. Besides, his long residence in a foreign land, at the *wrong side of the Alps* for every thing pure or chastely noble, where our English sense and sobriety are altogether tramontane, ridiculous, and unintelligible, together with his lately-imbibed idolatry for German genius,—are highly favourable to the improvement of a taste for the falsetto fine and burlesque terrific. But if there were any doubt of his lordship's abilities in this line, the Deformed Transformed would dispel it in their favour; we will attempt a brief outline of this fresh monstrosity.

The reader has no doubt often read or heard of the Devil and Dr. Faustus; this is but a new birth of the same unrighteous couple, who are christened, however, by the noble hierophant who presides over the infernal ceremony,—Julius Cæsar and Count Arnold. The drama opens with a scene between the latter, who is to all appearance a well-disposed young man, of a very deformed person, and his mother; this good lady, with somewhat less maternal piety about her than adorns the mother-ape in the fable,—turns her dutiful incubus of a son, head and shoulders out of doors, to gather wood, and leave a clear house for his fair-faced brothers and their mamma. Arnold, upon this, proceeds incontinent to kill himself, by falling, after the manner of Brutus, on his wood-knife: he is however piously dissuaded from this guilty act, by—Whom does the reader think? A monk, perhaps, or a me-



thodist-preacher; no,—but by the Devil himself in the shape of a *tall black man*, who rises, like an African water-god, out of a fountain. To this stranger, after the exchange of a few sinister compliments, Arnold, without more ado, sells his soul, for the privilege of wearing the beautiful form of Achilles. In the midst of all this childishness and absurdity, we still however recognize the master-mind of our noble but vagabond poet; his bold and beautiful spirit flashes at intervals through the surrounding horrors, into which he has chosen to plunge after Goethe, his *magnus Apollo*,—the sun of darkness, as he might in his own magnificent jargon be styled. Whilst the Stranger mingles some of Arnold's blood with the water of the fountain, he repeats this incantation:

*Stranger.* Shadows of beauty!

Shadows of power!

Rise to your duty—

This is the hour!

Walk lovely and pliant

From the depth of this fountain,

As the cloud-shapen giant

Bestrides the Hartz mountain.

Come as ye were,

That our eyes may behold

The model in air

Of the form I will mould,

Bright as the Iris

When ether is spanned;—

Such *his* desire is,

(*Pointing to ARNOLD.*)

Such my command!

Demons heroic—

Demons who wore

The form of the Stoic

Or Sophist of yore—

Or the shape of each Victor,

From Macedon's boy

To each high Roman's picture,

Who breathed to destroy—

Shadows of beauty!

Shadows of power!

Up to your duty—

This is the hour!

(*Various phantoms arise from the waters, and pass in succession before the Stranger and ARNOLD.*)

(P. 17.)

Amongst these phantoms are Julius Cæsar, Alcibiades, Socrates, Mark Anthony, Demetrius Poliorcetes, and lastly Achilles—

The god-like son of the sea-goddess,  
The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks  
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves  
Of rich Pactolus rolled o'er sands of gold,

Softened by intervening chrystal, and  
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,  
All vowed to Sperchius as they were—be-  
hold them!

And *him*—as he stood by Polixena,

With sanctioned and with softened love, be-  
fore

The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,

With some remorse within for Hector slain

And Priam weeping, mingled with deep  
passion

For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young  
hand

Trembled in *his* who slew her brother. So

He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as  
Greece looked her last upon her best, the  
instant

Ere Paris' arrow flew.

(P. 23.)

With all our anger against this perversely-spirited man, how the heart melts in kindness and pity towards him, when we find him still so alive to every thing that is beautiful, sweet, and pathetic! We have often seen the group, to which he alludes in the above passage, displayed with the highest powers of the pencil on canvass; but in the one word “trembled” he adds a feature to the picture worth all the rest, and awakens a feeling in our bosoms which no pencil but that of a poet could excite,—of a poet great and glorious as himself.

The following extracts may continue the thread of our epitome:—

*Stranger.* I too love a change.

*Arnold.*

Your aspect is

Dusky, but not uncomely.

*Stranger.*

If I chose

I might be whiter; but I have a penchant

For black—it is so honest, and besides

Can neither blush with shame nor pale with  
fear:

But I have worn it long enough of late,

And now I'll take your figure.

*Arnold.*

Mine!

*Stranger.*

Yes. You

Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with  
Bertha

Your mother's offspring. People have their  
tastes;

You have yours—I mine.

*Arnold.*

Dispatch! dispatch!

*Stranger.*

Even so.

(*The Stranger takes some earth and moulds it along the turf. And then addresses the Phantom of Achilles.*)

Beautiful shadow

Of Thetis's boy!

Who sleeps in the meadow

Whose grass grows o'er Troy:

From the red earth, like Adam,

Thy likeness I shape,

As the Being who made him,  
 Whose actions I ape.  
 Thou clay, be all glowing,  
 Till the rose in his cheek  
 Be as fair as, when blowing,  
 It wears its first streak !  
 Ye violets ! I scatter,  
 Now turn into eyes !  
 And thou, sunshiny water,  
 Of blood take the guise !  
 Let these hyacinth boughs  
 Be his long flowing hair,  
 And wave o'er his brows,  
 As thou wavest in air !  
 Let his heart be this marble  
 I tear from the rock !  
 But his voice as the warble  
 Of birds on yon oak !  
 Let his flesh be the purest  
 Of mould, in which grew  
 The lily-root surest,  
 And drank the best dew !  
 Let his limbs be the lightest  
 Which clay can compound !  
 And his aspect the brightest  
 On earth to be found !  
 Elements, near me,  
 Be mingled and stirred,  
 Know me, and hear me,  
 And leap to my word !  
 Sunbeams, awaken  
 This earth's animation !  
 'Tis done ! He hath taken  
 His stand in Creation !

(ARNOLD falls senseless ; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, which rises from the ground ; while the Phantom has disappeared, part by part, as the figure was formed from the earth. (P. 28.)

Arnold's deserted body lies on the ground, all *a-mort*, but after another bout at incantation, the soul of the Stranger (or an Ignis-fatuus, we are in doubt which) takes up its habitation there with Pythagorean dexterity of locomotion : then enter " four coal-black horses," led by a couple of goblin-pages whom Arnold nicknames :

Arnold. I'll call him  
 Who bears the golden horn, and wears such  
 bright  
 And blooming aspect, *Huon* ; for he looks  
 Like to the lovely boy lost in the forest  
 And never found till now. And for the  
 other  
 And darker, and more thoughtful, who  
 smiles not,  
 But looks as serious though serene as Night,  
 He shall be *Memnon*, from the Ethiop king  
 Whose statue turns a harper once a day.  
 And you ? (P. 37.)

And the holy quartett being thus  
 appointed with cavalry and travelling

names (Arnold taking that of *Count* Arnold, and the Devil that of *Cæsar*) set off for the Eternal City, at that time besieged by Charles of Bourbon, the traitor Constable of France. Beëlzebub, by the way, turns songster as well as Cæsar, trolling a merry roundelay as they go off:—

*Cæsar sings.* To horse ! to horse ! my  
 coal-black steed

Paws the ground and snuffs the air !  
 There's not a foal of Arab's breed  
 More knows whom he must bear !  
 On the hill he will not tire,  
 Swifter as it waxes higher ;  
 In the marsh he will not slacken,  
 On the plain be overtaken ;  
 In the wave he will not sink,  
 Nor pause at the brook's side to drink ;  
 In the race he will not pant,  
 In the combat he'll not faint ;  
 On the stones he will not stumble,  
 Time nor toil shall make him humble ;  
 In the stall he will not stiffen,  
 But be winged as a Griffin,  
 Only flying with his feet :  
 And will not such a voyage be sweet ?  
 Merrily ! merrily ! never unsound,  
 Shall our bonny black horses skim over the  
 ground !  
 From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we,  
 or fly !  
 For we'll leave them behind in the glance  
 of an eye.

(They mount their horses, and disappear. (P. 38.)

The next scene (which concludes the first Part) is a " camp before the walls of Rome," where there is nothing done, though a good deal is said, by Arnold, Cæsar, Bourbon, and Philibert his lieutenant. The noble writer has, as is pretty well known, a great turn for the diabolical ; and in the person of Cæsar, who is a kind of humourist devil, or infernal snap-dragon, he has a noble opportunity for giving vent to much Satanic wit and hellish jocularities:—

Arnold. What ! are there  
*New Worlds* ?

Cæsar. To you. You'll find there  
 are such shortly,  
 By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold ;  
 From one half of the world named a whole  
 new one,

Because you know no better than the dull  
 And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.

Arnold. I'll trust them.

Cæsar. Do ! They will deceive you  
 sweetly,  
 And that is better than the bitter truth.



*Arnold.* Dog!

*Cæsar.* Man!

*Arnold.* Devil!

*Cæsar.* Your obedient, humble servant.  
(P. 40.)

And again:—

*Bourbon.* The Bourbon's breast  
Has been, and ever shall be, far advanced  
In danger's face as yours, were you the  
*Devil.*

*Cæsar.* And if I were, I might have  
saved myself  
The toil of coming here.

*Philibert.* Why so?

*Cæsar.* One half  
Of your brave bands of their own bold ac-  
cord

Will go to him, the other half be sent,  
More swiftly, not less surely.

*Bourbon.* Arnold, your  
Slight crooked friend's as snake-like in his  
words

As in his deeds.

*Cæsar.* Your Highness much mistakes  
me.

The first snake was a flatterer—I am none;  
And for my deeds, I only sting when stung.

*Bourbon.* You are brave, and that's  
enough for me; and quick  
In speech as sharp in action—and that's  
more.

I am not alone a soldier, but the soldiers'  
Comrade.

*Cæsar.* They are but bad company, your  
Highness;  
And worse even for their friends than foes,  
as being

More permanent acquaintance.

*Philibert.* How now, fellow!  
Thou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege  
Of a buffoon.

*Cæsar.* You mean, I speak the truth.  
I'll lie—it is as easy: then you'll praise me  
For calling you a hero. (P. 51.)

Again too:

*Bourbon.* Civilized, Barbarian,  
Or Saintly, still the walls of Romulus  
Have been the Circus of an Empire.  
Well!

'Twas *their* turn—now 'tis ours; and let  
us hope  
That we will fight as well, and rule much  
better.

*Cæsar.* No doubt, the camp's the school  
of civic rights;  
What would you make of Rome?

*Bourbon.* That which it was.

*Cæsar.* In Alaric's time?

*Bourbon.* No, slave! In the first  
Cæsar's,

Whose name you bear like other curs.

*Cæsar.* And kings.  
'Tis a great name for bloodhounds.

*Bourbon.* There's a demon  
In that fierce rattle-snake thy tongue. Wilt  
never  
Be serious? (P. 54.)

Here is a fine passage from the  
same scene, in the author's best *hu-  
man* manner: Bourbon speaking of  
the impiety of his assaulting the  
City of God, the majestic Mistress  
of the Ancient World, exclaims—

Those walls have girded in great ages,  
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past  
earth

And present Phantom of imperious Rome  
Is peopled with those warriors; and me-  
thinks

They flit along the eternal city's rampart,  
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy  
hands,

And beckon me away!

*Philibert.* So let them! Wilt thou  
Turn back from shadowy menaces of sha-  
dow?

*Bourbon.* They do not menace me. I  
could have faced,  
Methinks, a Sylla's menace; but they  
clasp,

And raise, and wring their dim and death-  
like hands,

And with their thin aspen faces and fixed  
eyes

Fascinate mine. Look there!

(P. 49.)

Part the Second begins with a very  
fine Chorus, before the Walls of  
Rome, at the moment of the assault:  
we quote one or two stanzas:

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.  
Whither flies the silent lark?  
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?  
Is the day indeed begun?  
Nature's eye is melancholy  
O'er the city high and holy:  
But without there is a din  
Should arouse the Saints within,  
And revive the heroic ashes  
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.  
Oh ye seven hills! awaken,  
Ere your very base be shaken!

Hearken to the steady stamp!  
Mars is in their every tramp!  
Not a step is out of tune,  
As the tides obey the moon!  
On they march, though to self-slaughter,  
Regular as rolling water,  
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border  
Of huge moles, but keep their order,  
Breaking only rank by rank.  
Hearken to the armour's clank!  
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,  
How he glares upon the barrier:  
Look on each step of each ladder,  
As the stripes that streak an adder.

(P. 58.)

"Regular as rolling water!"—  
What a line! How musical, how

expressive, how grand in idea, and how just in metaphor!

The fifth stanza also is eloquent and powerful.

Onward sweep the varied nations!  
Famine long hath dealt their rations.  
To the wall, with Hate and Hunger,  
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,  
On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,  
Must thou be a theme for pity!  
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!  
Alaric was a gentle foeman,  
Matched with Bourbon's black banditti!  
Rouse thee, thou eternal City!  
Rouse thee! Rather give the torch  
With thy own hand to thy porch,  
Than behold such hosts pollute  
Your worst dwelling with their foot.

(P. 60.)

In the second scene, Bourbon is killed just as he is mounting the wall; while he is expiring, Cæsar sardonically asks him,

*Cæsar.* Would not your Highness choose  
to kiss the cross?

We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword

May serve instead:—it did the same for Bayard.

*Bourbon.* Thou bitter slave! to name  
him at this time!

But I deserve it.

(P. 64.)

Bourbon, it will be recollected, for some private injury, was in arms against his country, whilst Bayard, his celebrated cotemporary and countryman, died fighting in its defence at the battle of the Valley of Aost. A single combat between Arnold and *Benvenuto Cellini*, the person it is said who shot Bourbon, ends this scene.

In the third and last scene of this Part, the Pope is preserved from the fury of a Lutheran soldier, by the interposition of his Holiness's very good friend and patron-saint (as we protestants have it)—the Devil. The Old Lady of Babylon escapes through a private door of the Sanctuary, where her infallibility was put to such a dangerous test; but her place is supplied by Olimpia, a young lady of beauty and fashion, who, being pursued by certain soldiers for some maiden treasure which she was suspected of concealing,—leaps like a feathered Mercury upon the altar, exhibiting her agility, if not her delicacy, to the white-eyed mortals beneath, and knocks down a soldier with a massy crucifix, the first time,

we conjecture, that this implement was devoted to such active service. In the moment of danger, Arnold comes to the lady's rescue, but she scouts his proffered assistance, precipitates herself from the canonical Tarpeian, splits her excellent white skull on the Mosaic, and is carried off half-dead by the Devil and the Deformed Transformed into the Colonna Palace:

*Cæsar.* Come then! raise her up!

*Arnold.* Softly!

*Cæsar.* As softly as they bear the dead,  
Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolt-  
ing. (P. 83.)

The present publication (as is said in a short preface) contains the two first parts only of the entire drama, and the opening Chorus of the third; the rest is to appear ("perhaps") hereafter. From the Chorus, which is laid amidst the Apennines, we beg leave to select the following beautiful—lament for the violet:

The spring is come; the violet's gone,  
The first-born child of the early sun;  
With us she is but a winter's flower,  
The snow on the hills cannot blast her  
bower,

And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue  
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.  
And when the spring comes with her host  
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most  
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse  
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember  
Their Herald out of dim December—  
The morning star of all the flowers,  
The pledge of day-light's lengthened hours;  
Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget  
The virgin, virgin Violet. (P. 85.)

and the chaunt which concludes the volume:

*Chorus.* The Hound bayeth loudly,

The Boar's in the wood,

And the Falcon longs proudly

To spring from her hood:

On the wrist of the Noble

She sits like a crest,

And the air is in trouble

With birds from their nest.

*Cæsar.* Oh! Shadow of glory!

Dim image of war!

But the chace hath no story,

Her hero no star,

Since Nimrod, the Founder

Of empire and chace,

Who made the woods wonder

And quake for their race.

When the Lion was young,

In the pride of his might,

Then 'twas sport for the strong



To embrace him in fight ;  
 To go forth, with a pine  
 For a spear, 'gainst the Mammoth,  
 Or strike through the ravine  
 At the foaming Behemoth ;  
 While man was in stature  
 As towers in our time,  
 The first born of nature,  
 And, like her, sublime ! (P. 36.)

The versification of the poem, as is usual with our author's later works, is shamefully incorrect ; if it be regulated by any principle, which we very much doubt, the principle is a false one,—at least the practice of ending heroic lines in the midst of an uninterrupted flow of words, whereby all metrical distinction between verse and prose is annihilated, can never be successful in the English, whatever it may be in the Italian, school of poetry. Will it be believed that the harmonious soul which poured forth the eloquent numbers above, could be guilty of such metreless measure as this :

*Cæsar.* I tell thee, be not rash ; a golden  
 bridge  
 Is for a flying enemy. I gave thee  
 A form of beauty, and an  
 Exemption from some maladies of body,  
 But not of mind, which is not mine to give.  
 (P. 63.)

or this :

*Arnold.* Had no Power presented me  
 The possibility of change, I would  
 Have done the best which Spirit may, to  
 make  
 Its way, with all Deformity's dull, deadly,  
 Discouraging weight upon me, like a moun-  
 tain,

In feeling, on my heart as on my shoul-  
 ders—  
 An hateful and unsightly molehill to  
 The eyes of happier man. (P. 26.)

A writer in the LONDON MAGAZINE stigmatizes this new species of versification, under the name of "prose-poetry," and we certainly are much inclined to aid him in preventing, as far as we can, the dissemination of such an erroneous method of composition, which we perceive has been of late years ardently cultivated, even by our best writers. We cannot but say that this hobbling uneasy measure, half verse half prose, is as far from the Miltonian standard, as it is from that of true melody, and that it merits the utmost discouragement and reprobation from the critics and the public in general.

As may appear from the preceding observations, the Deformed Transformed is, for what we have seen, a work, in our opinion, totally unworthy of the illustrious author ; monstrous in design, flimsy in composition, meagre in imagery, wretched in versification,—a hasty, crude, and extravagant thing. But no one can read it, without acknowledging that it is the effusion of a great and extraordinary mind, an audacious fancy, and a splendid genius. Lord Byron may write below himself, but he never can write below *us*. Alas ! that he does not write a page, where he writes a poem !

#### VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Our foreign summary for this month is very meagre indeed. From Spain we learn little, and even that little is not interesting. The Beloved has gone on ever since his restoration promising an amnesty, and pretending to deliberate on its extent. In the mean time, however, he is punishing as fast as possible (sparing neither age nor sex) every person whose conduct in the recent contest has in any way exasperated him. He has hit latterly on an ingenious device for raising money, namely, punishing with severity the wives and daughters of the wealthy Constitutionalists, but adding a saving clause to the

sentence, by which their imprisonment may be remitted in consideration of a stipulated fine. One of his decrees upon this subject is a curiosity, and as such we record it : it will afford to future ages a precious specimen of the humanity and gallantry of a Spanish Legitimate of the nineteenth century. After the surrender of Pampeluna a number of illustrious females were arrested under pretence of Constitutionalism, and the following are some of the sentences passed upon them by Ferdinand since his restoration ;—one would think his embroidery passion might have created some feeling in favour of the

sex, but he appears to have all the frivolity of woman unredeemed by any of the virtues of man.

Donna Francisca de Camarasa, to be exiled to Zamora, accompanied by an officer of justice, *whom she is ordered to support on the journey by a daily allowance of about two dollars!*

The mother of the preceding, a lady of very advanced age, fined 20 ounces of gold.

Donna Josepha Deudariana, two years imprisonment in the royal gaol; *but on payment of ten ounces of gold annually she is set at liberty.*

Donna Eloya Harrequin, four years imprisonment in the royal gaol; *but free on an annual payment of 100 dollars.*

Donna Martina de Yriarte, four years imprisonment; *or to pay 20 ounces of gold annually.*

Donna Joaquina Ecbarri, to be exiled from the kingdom of Navarre for six years, and not allowed to go near the royal residence; *sentence redeemable for five hundred dollars.*

La Senora de Echevevria (63 years old) exiled from Navarre for four years: *remitted for 20 ounces of gold.*

Our readers must see from the mere perusal of these sentences, that they are in fact nothing more than so many devices for extorting money; every lady named, with one exception, is a lady of title, and of course Ferdinand knows very well, that the sentence will be "remitted," or, in other words, that the cash will be remitted; it is a coarse and cowardly expedient. The sister of the gallant Mina, accused of no crime but the glory of her consanguinity to him, was in prison, in daily expectation of a nominal trial, and her anticipated sentence was, confinement in the hulks at Malaga! This unfortunate lady had already lost her husband at one of the recent sieges. The prisons, at Pampeluna particularly, were crowded with females of rank. These are things which need only to be stated; a comment would enfeeble their effect.

The next decree put forth by Spain is almost ludicrous when contrasted with the cruelty and avarice of that which we have just recorded. Will our readers believe, that this extortioner from women—this galley-condemning embroiderer, has actually had the audacity to put forth a manifesto, affecting to open the trade of South America to the European States, and to resign his own royal

monopoly! The Holy Allies have now, it seems, Ferdinand's *permission* to trade with Mexico, Columbia, Buenos Ayres, and Peru! The countries with whom the United States have made common cause, and to whom England, with all her caution, and all her not very creditable temporising on this subject, has sent commercial consuls! He might just as well issue a proclamation permitting the sun of heaven to shine, or its dew to fall upon their plains. Whatever profit may have been acquired by her frauds and murders in South America—Spain has received already; it has been enjoyed and squandered—the crime remains, and perhaps the retribution. Another decree has been issued by the cabinet of Madrid, and which has reached us through the French papers; this creates a *caisse d'amortissement*, as a means of redeeming the shattered credit of the country. Its provisions are too minute for us to weary our readers with their details; their sum and substance is, that an annual sum of eighty millions of reals shall be assigned to the sinking fund to be created. This assignment is to answer for the payment of any *new obligations*, which the treasury may think it necessary to contract, in order to meet the current wants of the government. The object of this is too plain to be for a moment misunderstood; it is in other words a bait held out to capitalists to lend their money on a newly created security, by which the payment of the Constitutional loans may be evaded. We do not think the capitalists, in this country at least, are quite gullible enough to bite—the waters are too troubled and the gilding of the bait is mere tinsel. So far from having an overplus to create a sinking fund, Spain cannot at present levy one half of her current expenditure; besides, capitalists know too well how to appreciate the faith of Ferdinand's guarantees—the Constitutional loans equally guaranteed, have been already erased by a dash of his pen; and the man who once contracts the habit of denying a debt is very apt to grow perfect in the science—it is much easier to borrow than to pay. France indeed, thanks to her army of occupation, has contrived to reimburse herself; but she knows Ferdinand too well to rest



contented with his mere royal security; he has signed an act, by which he acknowledges a debt to her of 34,000,000 francs, and assigns as a security the salt factories of Arragon and the customs of Miranda—the most certain revenues in Spain. Another new project in contemplation is the recruiting twelve thousand Irish soldiers to form, it is said, Ferdinand's body guards! The Madrid ministerial papers, however, pretend that this measure is not a new one, but intended merely to fill up the old established foreign legions, which had lately been suffered to fall into decay. The truth, however, is too obvious; Ferdinand endures the fate of most tyrants; he cannot trust his own subjects, and is compelled to resort to foreign mercenaries. Even the Swiss, it seems, notwithstanding a flaming letter from Louis to the Cantons, praising the conduct of the stipendiaries during the late campaign, have fallen into disfavour. Ferdinand, no doubt, calculates upon two things in his selection of the Irish, namely, their disfranchisement at home, on account of their religion, and the additional importance which their very bigotry in that religion would acquire for them in Spain. The proposal is broadly stated in the Spanish journals. What reception, should it be officially made, it will meet with from our ministry remains to be seen. After all, perhaps, even if acceded to, Ferdinand may not find himself a gainer—in order to give it efficiency the foreign enlistment bill must be repealed; and, fallen as Ireland is, we hope and trust that in case of an emergency the cause of Mina and freedom will find in her soil as many recruits as that of Ferdinand and slavery. The very idea, however, speaks a volume as to the state in which Spain is, and the confidence which Old Embroidery has in the allegiance of "the Faithful."

The intelligence from Greece and of Greece is as cheering as the friends of that sacred cause could wish. The patriot troops to the number of 4,000 had landed on the isle of Scio, routed the Turks who opposed them, and driven them to take refuge in the Castle, where they were besieged by sea and land. We trust that beautiful island, which was the first scene of the barbarian brutalities,

will also become the scene of their retribution. Mr. Leicester Stanhope, the son of Lord Harrington, has joined Lord Byron, who is honourably distinguishing himself in this cause, and has at length succeeded in forming a corps of artillery which, it is said, is abundantly sufficient to reduce all the fortresses in the hands of the Turks. The primates of Missolonghi have elected Lord Byron a member of their council, and his Lordship has sold an estate in England, the produce of which he has contributed to the expenses of the war. The Porte, they say, has threatened the decapitation of the noble poet, should he fall into their hands; he has certainly earned their hostility by the double provocation of chivalry and genius. The best news however upon this subject is that they are now at last likely to be supplied with that which they most want—money. A loan for their service has been brought forward in the city of London sanctioned by two commissioners, Messrs. Jonnes Orlan-dus and Audreas Luriottis. The loan is for 800,000*l.* and is contracted for by a most respectable house; the experiment has been so successful that it is said the scrip will come out at a high premium. While on this subject, we think we ought to mention the death of Sir Thomas Maitland, Governor of the Ionian Islands; he was not, we believe, considered a very warm partizan of the Greek cause. His Lordship's appointments are to be divided, it is said, between the Marquis of Hastings and Sir Frederick Adam.

Accounts from Portugal speak of the preparations for a descent on South America with 12,000 Portuguese troops, commanded by Lord Beresford. It is not very easy to reconcile the conflicting statements made with respect to the Brazils, some of which represent the late conduct of the new Emperor as extremely popular, while others say that his government had been overthrown and a new one installed which had evinced a very republican spirit. To such an extent indeed was this carried, that they are represented as having declared that if Don Pedro showed any symptom of wishing to become absolute, or even of withholding a fair and liberal constitution, guaranteeing the rights of the people, they would at

once relinquish their allegiance to him. These are very opposite rumours; but they are still only rumours: perhaps truth may lie between. There is a long account in the Colombian Gazette of the entrance of Bolivar into Lima: he was of course every where received with the greatest enthusiasm, installed by the Peruvian Congress with supreme political and military power, and honoured with the title of Liberator. He was also offered 50,000 dollars a year, which he nobly declined, alleging that the people of Colombia had already anticipated all his wants. This man seems to want no single requisite essential to the character of a hero; we are glad to say that every account confirms the probability that he will receive his best reward in the liberation of his country; the Viceroy and Royalist commanders have been defeated in all directions. It would appear however as if the Holy Allies had not yet quite given up their designs on the rising freedom of this country. The American House of Representatives lately requested of the President to inform them whether he was apprized of the intention of any European potentate to aid or resist Spain in her South American projects, to which he replied, that he "possessed no information on the subject not known to Congress which could be disclosed *without injury to the public good.*"

We had very little idea, when we were condensing our pacific summary for last month, that we should have to announce in this the declaration of a war by England against any part of the world. These are times, however, when war may arise with any one, and at any moment. The Gazette has actually announced the commencement of hostilities with Algiers. (A good opportunity, by the bye, for Mr. Croker to renew his application for the war salary.) A dispatch has been received from Captain Spencer of the Naiad, who had been ordered to Algiers to remonstrate against some late proceedings of the Dey, stating the entire failure of his mission, and that, in consequence, the British Consul was obliged to strike his flag and embark. Captain Spencer also states the capture, by the Camelion, of an Algerine corvette, so that the first blow has been actually

struck. It is gratifying to think that by this capture seventeen unfortunate Spaniards were released from slavery. A notice from the Admiralty promises the immediate appointment of convoys for the protection of our Mediterranean trade. The Dey is said also to have quarrelled with the American Consul, so that he is likely to have a hot summer in the warlike city. It might not be amiss to propose to him another visit from Lord Exmouth—the last we hope which this legitimate will ever receive in a sovereign capacity. The existence of these pirates is a disgrace to Europe.

Our domestic details are almost entirely limited to our parliamentary digest. Even these, however, are unusually scanty, considering the late period at which the session commenced, and the necessity therefore of crowding into a short space the business which had heretofore required so much longer an interval. A sudden fit of the gout rendered it unadvisable, according to the opinion of the physicians, for His Majesty to open the session in person; it was therefore done by commission. The following is a copy of the speech delivered on the occasion.

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

We are commanded by his Majesty to express to you his Majesty's deep regret, that, in consequence of indisposition, he is prevented from meeting you in Parliament upon the present occasion.—It would have been a peculiar satisfaction to his Majesty, to be enabled in person to congratulate you on the prosperous condition of the country.—Trade and commerce are extending themselves both at home and abroad.—An increasing activity pervades almost every branch of manufacture.—The growth of the revenue is such as not only to sustain public credit, and to prove the unimpaired productiveness of our resources, but (what is yet more gratifying to his Majesty's feelings) to evince a diffusion of comfort among the great body of his people.—Agriculture is recovering from the depression under which it laboured; and, by the steady operation of natural causes, is gradually re-assuming the station to which its importance entitles it among the great interests of the nation.—At no former period has there prevailed throughout all classes of the community in this island, a more cheerful spirit of order, or a more just sense of the advantages which, under the blessing of Providence, they enjoy.—In Ireland, which has for some time past been



the subject of his Majesty's particular solicitude, there are many indications of amendment, and his Majesty relies upon your continued endeavours to secure the welfare and happiness of that part of the United Kingdom.—His Majesty has commanded us further to inform you, that he has every reason to believe that the progress of our internal prosperity and improvement will not be disturbed by any interruption of tranquillity abroad.—His Majesty continues to receive from the powers his Allies, and generally from all Princes and States, assurances of their earnest desire to maintain and cultivate the relations of friendship with his Majesty; and nothing is omitted on his Majesty's part, as well to preserve general peace as to remove any causes of disagreement, and to draw closer the bonds of amity between other nations and Great Britain.—The negotiations which have been so long carried on through his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople for the arrangement of differences between Russia and the Ottoman Porte are, as his Majesty flatters himself, drawing near to a favourable termination.—A convention has been concluded between his Majesty and the Emperor of Austria, for the settlement of the pecuniary claims of this country upon the Court of Vienna.—His Majesty has directed that a copy of this convention shall be laid before you, and he relies on your assistance for the execution of some of its provisions.—Anxiously as his Majesty deprecated the commencement of the war in Spain, he is every day more satisfied that in the strict neutrality which he determined to observe in that contest (and which you so cordially approved) he best consulted the true interests of his people.—With respect to the provinces of America which have declared their separation from Spain, his Majesty's conduct has been open and consistent, and his opinions have been at all times frankly avowed to Spain and to other Powers.—His Majesty has appointed Consuls to reside at the principal ports and places of those provinces, for the protection of the trade of his subjects.—As to any further measures, his Majesty has reserved to himself an unfettered discretion, to be exercised as the circumstances of those countries, and the interests of his own people, may appear to his Majesty to require.

*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

His Majesty has directed us to inform you, that the estimates for the year are prepared, and shall be forthwith laid before you.—The numerous points at which, under present circumstances, his Majesty's naval force is necessarily distributed, and the occasion which has arisen for strengthening his garrisons in the West Indies, have rendered unavoidable some augmentation of his establishments by sea and land.—

MARCH, 1824.

His Majesty has, however, the gratification of believing, that notwithstanding the increase of expense incident to these augmentations, it will still be in your power, after providing for the services of the year, to make arrangements, in some parts of our system of taxation, which may afford relief to certain important branches of the national industry.

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

His Majesty has commanded us to acquaint you, that he has not been inattentive to the desire expressed by the House of Commons in the last Session of Parliament, that means should be devised for ameliorating the condition of the Negro slaves in the West Indies.—His Majesty has directed the necessary information relating to this subject to be laid before you.—His Majesty is confident that you will afford your best attention and assistance to any proposition which may be submitted to you, for promoting the moral improvement of the Negroes, by an extended plan of religious instruction, and by such other measures as may gradually conduce to the same end.—But his Majesty earnestly recommends to you to treat this whole subject with the calmness and discretion which it demands.—It is a subject perplexed with difficulties, which no sudden effort can disentangle.—To excite exaggerated expectations in those who are the objects of your benevolence, would be as fatal to their welfare as to that of their employers.—And his Majesty assures himself you will bear in mind, that in the correction of a long standing and complicated system, in which the fortunes and the safety of large classes of his Majesty's subjects are involved, that course of proceeding is alone likely to attain practical good, and to avoid aggravation of evil, in which due regard shall be paid to considerations of justice, and in which caution shall temper zeal.

There was no amendment moved either in the Lords or Commons; and the first night went off as dully as we ever remember at any preceding period. In pursuance of the promise held out in the speech, a copy of the Convention between the Emperor of Austria and the King of England, concluded at Vienna last November, has been laid before Parliament. By this document, it appears that the Emperor was to pay to this country two millions and a half sterling in discharge of the Austrian loan, amounting to twenty millions, being about two-and-sixpence in the pound!—Perhaps, considering every thing, we are fortunate in obtaining so much, but we do not wonder that such a circumstance should draw from Mr.

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James the remark that in justice to other bankrupts the name of the Emperor should appear in *the Gazette*! The dividend is certainly a small one.

Notice, has, we are glad to see, been taken in both houses, of a very scandalous practice which had crept into some prisons, of sending prisoners before trial to the treadmill; in the House of Lords, Lord Liverpool, and in the House of Commons, Mr. Peel, both decidedly reprobated the practice. It is doubted by some persons whether the treadmill is judicious even in the way of punishment after conviction; but there can be no question as to its impolicy, if not its illegality, when extended to those whom the law presumes to be innocent.

Mr. Hume commenced his labours for the session, by a motion for a select committee to inquire into the state of the laws of the United Kingdom, and their consequences, respecting artizans leaving the country and carrying their skill and industry abroad; into the state of the laws respecting the exportation of tools and machinery; and also into the state of the laws and their consequences respecting the combination of workmen to raise their wages and to regulate their hours of work." This motion was intended, as the mover premised, to do away with some of the existing restrictions. The motion was met by Mr. Huskinson in a spirit of liberality which did him great honour. Its effect, he said, would be to produce a report which would enable the house to retain what was useful in the laws, to clear from the statute book such of them as were useless, and to substitute in their stead such amendments as would best promote the commercial interest and glory of the country. He also cordially thanked Mr. Hume for having undertaken so arduous a task, and highly complimented him on his zeal and industry. A committee was accordingly appointed.

We are most happy to observe that the Vagrant Act (very properly so called,) is likely to undergo some modification. Mr. Peel, whose official situation must have called his attention more especially to its abuses, declared that there were certain parts of it on which, when it came before the House,

he meant to submit amendments, and particularly on the clause respecting indecent exposure. There can be no doubt that it would be better to set about making a new law altogether, than endeavouring to amend one so full of deformity.

Lord Nugent made a motion for papers relative to Spain, and particularly for the instructions given to Sir William A'Court, together with all documents relative to the proposed mediation of England in the outset of the contest with Spain. This was met by an amendment proposed by Mr. Sturges Bourne, approving of the neutrality of this country, and lauding the prudence and inviolability with which it had been maintained. The House divided, when there appeared, for the amendment, 171—for the original motion, 30.—Majority, 141. The debate was confined to these two speakers, and presented no feature of interest.

Lord Althorpe has obtained leave to bring in a bill for the more easy recovery of debts under 10*l*. This measure promises to prove one of great utility; but as it is to undergo some modifications, we must postpone for the present a more detailed account of it.

In the committee of supply Lord Palmerston proposed an increase of our military establishment, assigning as a principal reason the commotions in our West India Islands. The addition submitted was of six new regiments upon the existing establishment, besides 200 men added to each of the three Veteran Battalions: this would increase our land forces by 4,560 troops, and our expences by 103,464*l*. The sum total of our military establishment then would be, exclusive of our Indian establishment, 73,341 regular troops, and 3,354 men in Veteran Battalions in Ireland. This was opposed by Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Hume. The latter gentleman moved an amendment against the principle of increasing a standing army, but it was negatived by a majority of 102 to 10.

The most important parliamentary business of the month, however, has been the opening of the budget by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A state of peace enables the minister to produce it thus early; our readers may remember that during the war



it was necessarily, from the fluctuation of affairs, postponed to a late period of the session. The exposition of the state of the finances was ably and eloquently brought forward, as indeed all the finance statements of Mr. Robinson have been. He laid before the House the revenue and expenditure of the year 1823, and followed it up by a statement of the revenue, expenditure, and surplus of the year 1824. One of his propositions was the reduction of the old 4 per cent. stock; the outstanding account to be estimated at 75 millions. Under this proposition the present holders were to have six weeks time to assent to or dissent from a transfer into the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cents.; and those who within that period dissented were to be paid off. The bonus he proposed was in time rather than money: it was that the holders of the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock should be secured against any reduction for five years from October next. The reductions which he proposed were, first, in the cessation of bounties to the following extent:—

On the whale fishery.....	£50,000
On the herring fishery.....	70,000
On Irish Linens.....	100,000

The result, he calculated, would cause a surplus of income to the following amount:—

1823.....	£1,710,955
1824.....	1,052,106
1825.....	372,346
1826.....	477,346
1827.....	522,346

leaving a total surplus at the end of the year 1827, amounting to 4,135,099*l*.

The annual duties on which he proposed a repeal were as follow:

On rum.....	£150,000
On London coals.....	100,000
On wool.....	350,000
On silk.....	462,000

making a total further reduction of 1,062,000*l*.—The reduction on rum was to be at the rate of 1*s*. 1½*d*. per gallon. On London coals, 3*s*. 4*d*. per chaldron; and inland coal permitted to be brought in any quantity by the canal, at 1*s*. 3*d*. per chaldron. On wool, the reduction is to be from 6*d*. to 1*d*. per pound, and a free exportation of British wool allowed, on payment of 1*d*. duty. On silk, the present restrictions were to be taken off, and French silks and gloves, to

be freely imported, on paying an ad valorem duty. A considerable reduction was also proposed of the duty on foreign raw silk. The statement of the right hon. gentleman met with unqualified approbation, with the exception of a proposal to expend 500,000*l*. of the surplus in the erection of new churches. We must not omit mentioning a vote of 60,000*l*. being proposed for the erection of a national gallery, and a communication that government had already laid the foundation of a collection by purchasing, at the price of 57,000*l*. the pictures of the late Mr. Angerstein. The minister mentioned, that, when the nucleus was thus formed, he had no doubt that His Majesty's liberality would considerably increase it, and that the royal example would be extensively followed.

The business in the House of Lords has been unusually barren. The late Attorney General has been created Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and called up to the House of Peers, with the title of Baron Gifford. He is also appointed Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, for the purpose of relieving the Lord Chancellor in the hearing of Scotch Appeals.

*Feb. 25.*

#### AGRICULTURE.

*February 24, 1824.*

The weather has been so mild that the winter ploughing has been long finished, and the farmers are now busily occupied in preparing for their spring corn. The short frost in the beginning of this month enabled the farmers to avail themselves of this brief space to carry a considerable quantity of manure upon the land, but yet nothing like the usual quantity has been removed. The crops of winter tares and seeds are generally looking very healthy, and the wheat appears equally promising, except where the slug has committed its depredations. The turnips have begun to run to top, but have turned out much better than was expected in the early part of the winter. Hay and straw have consequently become much cheaper.

The corn market, with the exception of one week, has still continued advancing. This rise is to be attributed to very many causes operating at one and the same moment.—The general feeling of the deficiency of the crop has prevailed since the harvest, and, when it was known that much of the corn has been housed in a damp state, caused an almost universal eagerness among the merchants to buy. The farmers, on the contrary, acted upon by the same

causes, were unwilling to sell, at least such as could hold their stock. The supplies were at first, of course, short of the usual arrivals: the merchants were anxious to purchase what came to market in a good state, and corn rose rapidly. The abundance of money in the market was another cause of its advance, for the holders of cash seeing corn rising progressively, and in all probability likely to advance still higher, became speculators in grain. The farmers, on the other hand, were enabled to retain their crops, by the facilities afforded on the part of the country bankers—a willingness arising from the proved stability of those who still survived the shock which the distress of late years had occasioned, and from the appearance of rising markets.

The prices fell for about a week after the opening of Parliament, owing, as it is supposed by some, to the prosperous state which the country is allowed to be at present enjoying. But the real cause of this sudden fall was the fact, and one that daily became more apparent, that the ports would open for the importation of oats. It was well known by the most experienced that, should this take place, the price of wheat must and would fall. The consumption of corn has been immensely increased by the late depression. All those who were accustomed, during the high price of the late war, to eat oat bread, have become, since the peace, large consumers of wheaten. The present price of oats being much greater in proportion than the present price of wheat, the natural effect has been that wheaten bread has been the cheapest food; but if the price of oats were to become much lowered, which it must necessarily be, by an importation of oats, those in the north and in the midland counties who now consume wheat would eat oat bread, and the price of wheat would consequently fall. It is generally believed that if there should be no importation for oats, wheat will still keep up its price, since it is understood that the deficiency is so great in the western part of England, in Ireland, and Scotland, as to require constant and large supplies until next harvest from Norfolk, Essex, and Lincolnshire, the counties allowed to have by far the best crops. In confirmation of this opinion, it is an undoubted fact that on the 16th of this month, February, the wheat bought off Mark-lane was principally for country orders, and such was the general belief that wheat immediately rose full or nearly half what it had fallen in the course of the previous week, and on the following market it again assumed a more favourable appearance.

The average importation during the last four weeks has been:—

Wheat..	9326 qrs.	Oats....	10125 qrs.
Barley..	8528 qrs.	Flour	11666 sks.

The average price:—Wheat, 63s. 11d.;

Barley, 33s. 3d.; Oats, 23s. 4d.; Peas, 38s.; Flour is 60s. to 65s. per sack.

The Beef trade in Smithfield Market is very heavy, and fetched from 3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d. per stone. Mutton is brisker; for Downs and other light weights from 4s. to 4s. 8d. is obtained.

In the Hop trade there is but little business. It is found that the vines are much injured by the late blight. The Goldings are by far the most injured, as upon digging one-fifth have been discovered either dead or cankered, and those alive are very weak. A Mr. J. Walker, of Westington, has addressed a letter to the Hop Planters, calling upon them to memorialize the Lords of the Treasury for a repeal of the Hop Duty of 1822. He says, "he is bold enough to say *that they will have relief*." The letter is dated January 8, but was not published until after our last report.

#### COMMERCE.

February 22, 1824.

Though there have been no remarkable fluctuations or very important occurrences in the commercial world, it seems certain that trade on the whole is improving, and the positive assurances of the continuance of peace given in his Majesty's Speech, at the opening of the present Session of Parliament, give reason to expect that this improvement will proceed in that steady course which is, on the whole, the most beneficial to the interests of the merchant; which will doubtless be farther promoted by the perseverance of the government, in gradually introducing a liberal freedom of trade, and abandoning a system of restrictions now no longer tenable. With regard to foreign nations, we hardly know whether it is worth while to dwell on the decree of the King of Spain, published at Madrid on the 9th of this month, and granting to all nations a free trade with Spanish America, to all nations without exception, on the plan of reciprocity of duties. It remains to be seen what effect this may have on the former subjects of Spain; it does not appear to us why they should receive as a boon from Spain a liberty, which they already possess without any of those restrictions with which it would undoubtedly be accompanied, (the decree speaks of the privileges and preferences to which the Spaniards are justly entitled) and of which Spain cannot deprive them. The hostilities commenced with Algiers will hardly have any effect on commerce, unless it be to raise for a time the rate of insurance to the Mediterranean, for which, however, the Admiralty will provide convoys.

Cotton.—The market, which had been without interest after the third week in January, improved at the close of the month, and in the last week about 1250 bales were sold at fair prices, and more would have



been done had the holders been disposed to meet the demand freely. On the 6th, was the great sale of 11,600 bales at the India-house, to which the exporters were looking forward to complete their orders for the continent. The buyers were not numerous, and the sale went off without briskness; the Bengal and Madras at the previous current prices, but Surats,  $\frac{1}{4}d.$  to  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  lower: and the Bourbons,  $1d.$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  lower than in the sale last August. 3556 Bengals belonging to the company, were bought in at  $5\frac{1}{2}d.$  also the whole of the privilege and 1350 Surats. The Surats were soon afterwards disposed of at the sale prices, and in some instances at an advance of  $\frac{1}{4}d.$  per lb. The demand for cotton has since been good, and within ten days after the sale an advance of  $\frac{1}{4}d.$  per lb. was fully established. At Liverpool, in four weeks, ending Feb. 14, the sales were 56,570 bags, the arrivals 31,260 bags.

*Coffee.*—For nearly three weeks after our last publication, the market remained nearly in a state of stagnation. The public sales were inconsiderable, and though there was some demand after the first week of this month, it was at too low prices; for the limits from the continent being lower by every succeeding mail in even a greater degree than the market prices here had fallen. According to the annexed market report of the 17th instant, however, it appears, that a considerable improvement had taken place:—

There were several considerable public sales of coffee brought forward last week: 2511 bags pale Cheribon, fair quality, 65s. to 65s. 6d.; 360 bags St. Domingo, fair quality, 68s. to 69s. 6d.; Havannah, 67s. to 69s. 6d.; the Jamaica and Demarara coffee nearly supported the previous prices.

There were three public sales of coffee brought forward, consisting of 219 casks 204 bags British plantation, 1076 bags Foreign; the former consisted of Jamaica and Demerara descriptions; the latter sold freely at fair prices; good ordinary Demarara, 72s. fine ordinary, 84s. to 84s. 6d. low middling, 89s. to 93s.; the few lots Jamaica were taken in, but full prices were offered; for good ordinary, 76s. The Foreign consisted chiefly of Brazil descriptions; good ordinary pale 65s. to 69s. fine ordinary coloury, 70s. to 74s.; 108 bags

slightly damaged St. Domingo sold 67s. to 68s.

*Sugar.*—The market, which had been rather heavy, received an impulse from the unfavourable news from Jamaica, which induced the holders to demand an advance of 1s. per cwt. which was not however immediately acceded to by the buyers. Though the great interest excited by the news from Jamaica subsided, the market has become more firm, and a general advance of 1s. was obtained; the sales were, it is true, rather limited. The refiners, too, were confident of higher prices, and were very firm, which caused the business done to be inconsiderable, as the buyers were unwilling to accede to their terms.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—The Rum market has been very interesting this month. At the end of January it began to improve, and about 4000 puncheons were sold in the last week; the demand was increased towards the end of the week by the declaration of a government contract of 100,000 gallons of ordinary strong, and 80,000 gallons of very strong quality, supposed to be for Captain Parry's northern expedition; the great cause of the advance was probably the rise in the price of Corn. Brandies also rose 1d. to 2d. per gallon. The contract being taken at 1s. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for the ordinary, and 2s. 8d. and a fraction for the very strong, caused the market to be more heavy, but the prices have remained unchanged. Brandy, to arrive, about 3s. free on board. The West India Committee, in answer to their application to the Government, have been informed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that no alteration will be made in the duty on sugar—a small part of that on Rum will be taken off, and the duty on deficiencies abandoned.

*Spices.*—The Company's sale was on the 9th instant, since which the market has in general been heavy.

*Indigo.*—The result of the sale at the India House coincides with the statement in our last month of the commencement of it; an advance of 3d. to 4d. per lb. has since been obtained.

*Tallow, Hemp, and Flax.*—The tallow market has been very depressed, and the prices are about 34s. 3d. In Hemp and Flax no alteration can be stated.

## SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### FRANCE.

*The Drama.*—The theatres, at one time so fertile in novelties, have lately brought forward not only nothing remarkable, but hardly any thing new; the Scandinavians, a tragedy, brought out at the second theatre, was not indeed damned at the first representation; but this forbearance of the public is ascribed to the regard of the public

for Victor, the actor, who performed the principal character, and was known to be the author of the piece. On the second representation, it appeared to have been much improved by judicious curtailments and corrections, and was much applauded.

*Poetry.*—Numerous single poems on the late Campaign in Spain have been published; some of them are not destitute of

poetical merit. *La Vendée*, a poem, in ten cantos, by the Viscount Prevost d'Iray, deserves mention. The author has wisely refrained from attempting any thing in the usual style of lyric poetry, he has felt the force of the sentiment,

*Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri*

and has, by this self-denial, certainly given a better idea of those extraordinary events, the simple narrative of which imparts such an irresistible charm to the *Memoirs of Madame de la Rochejaquelein*. Viscount Arlincourt has published a third edition, corrected, of *La Carolide*. The Countess of Redern, who published four years ago an allegorical novel, *Zelie, Reine des Braves*, and a collection of poems which were much admired, has been since engaged in a larger poem, from which she has detached two episodes, and published them separately. The first is on the death of the Duke de Berry; the second celebrates the heroic filial piety of a Mademoiselle Chaussande, whose mother being condemned to death by one of the sanguinary tribunals that desolated France during the revolution, accompanied him to prison, and died with him on the scaffold.

*Natural History and Geology*.—Experimental researches into the properties and functions of the nervous system in animals with *Vertebrae*, 8vo. by M. Flourens. A geological memoir, in the Lower Boulonnais, by M. F. Garnier, 4to. is a work of great merit. An Essay on the Geognostic construction of the Pyrenees, by J. de Charpentier, 8vo. The author, a man of profound knowledge of the subject, passed four years in the Pyrenees as director of a mine, and therefore had an opportunity of observing accurately. This work has been crowned by the French Institute.

*Jurisprudence*.—The History of the Roman Laws, by Gustavus Hugo, 2 vols. 8vo. This learned work is a translation from the German, the author being Professor in the University of Gottingen. It is divided into four periods; 1, from the foundation of Rome to the promulgation of the law of the Twelve Tables; 2, to the time of Cicero; 3, to Alexander Severus; and 4, to Justinian. A Collection of the Ancient French Laws, from the year 420 to the revolution in 1789, is the most extensive of the kind that has hitherto appeared in French. It promises a good history of French legislation, being entirely drawn up from the best authorities. Vol. V. and VI. now published, contain the monuments of the reigns of John, Charles V. and Charles VI. to the year 1400, inclusive. The great bookseller, Panckoucke, is publishing *The English Bar*, 3 vols. 8vo. The second volume now published is entirely taken up with the Speeches of Lord Erskine. A new translation of Blackstone's Commentaries has now been published, in six vols. 8vo. The French

Journals speak in very high terms of the following work: *De l'Etat Civil, et des Ameliorations dont il est susceptible*, par M. Hutteau d'Origny, Mayor of the 5th Arrondissement of Paris, one vol. 8vo. The intention of the French Government to render the Chamber of Deputies septennial has given rise to numerous pamphlets, both for and against the proposed change; among these are two giving an account of the debates on the septennial bill in both houses of parliament, in 1716.

*History, Memoirs, and Biography*.—The *Essai de Memoires de Ducis*, by M. de Campenon, is read with great interest; the account of his intercourse with Buonaparte is remarkable: he seems to have had a kind of instinctive aversion to Buonaparte, from whom he never would accept any honorary distinctions.

Mr. Capefigue's account of the operation of the army in Spain, under the command of the Duke of Angoulême, is very apropos; at least, as the official account will be necessarily delayed for a long time; for it seems that the Government intends to publish a very particular account with maps, plans, and engravings, to be executed by the first artists.—An Essay on the maritime invasions of the Normans in the Gauls, followed by a view of the effect of those invasions, on the literature, manners, national institutions and political system of Europe, by M. B. Capefigue, which was honourably noticed by the Institute, is now published. The same author intends shortly to publish his Memoir (crowned by the Institute) on the political, civil, commercial, and literary situation of the Jews, in the middle ages. We mentioned on a former occasion, the edition of Froissart's Chronicles, prepared by M. Dacier; the first volume is now published. It will make 15 vols. 8vo. The editor M. Buchon will publish Monstrelet, in 15 vols., and other Chronicles, from the 13th to the 16th Century; the whole collection will form 60 vols. in four division of 15 vols. each of which may be had separately. Dulaure's moral, and political history of Paris, 27 and 28 *livraisons*, contain part of the reign of Lewis XV.

*Fine Arts*.—Mr. Charles Nodier and Mr. Taylor will shortly complete their picturesque Tour in Normandy; they are now in that province, collecting the materials for the last numbers of their work. The second edition of the great work on Egypt, proceeds in its regular course. The numbers just published are 115 to 125 of the plates, in vol. 12 and 13 of the text. The Picturesque Tour in Spain by M. de la Borde has reached the 14th number. Vicount Senonnes had produced the 4th and 5th numbers of his Picturesque Views in Italy, which we have mentioned before. The 4th number is dedicated to Rome, the 5th to the Campagna Romana. The work



will extend to 30 numbers, each containing 6 plates.

*Military Art.*—An Essay on the general history of the Art of War, its origin, its progress, and its revolutions, from the first formation of European societies to our time, 2 large vols. 8vo., by Colonel Carrion Nisas. This work has appeared under auspices that give a favourable opinion of its merit. The minister of war, learning that the author was engaged on it, proposed to him to communicate the MS. to General Guilleminot. The author gladly took the opportunity of having the opinion of so good a judge. The report was so favourable that the minister himself wished to see the MS., and was so pleased with it, that he not only expressed his opinion in a letter to the author in the most flattering terms, but considering the work worthy of the protection of Government, His Excellency took measures to hasten the publication. From what we have been able to peruse of this work, it seems fully worthy of the high patronage it has obtained.

*Divinity.*—Thesaurus Patrum, Floresque Doctorum, &c. A selection of thoughts and passages from the Fathers of the church, in alphabetical order. This collection is to form eight volumes, of which three are published.

*Novels.*—Madame de Montoleiu has augmented by a new work the numerous collection of her novels. It is called Dudley and Claudy, or the Island of Teneriff. 6 vols. 12mo.—This is the only novel of which we have any thing more than the title. It is well spoken of by the Moniteur. Among the works announced for immediate publication, is the third part of Mr. Charles Dupin's Tour in Great Britain. Under the title of *Force Commerciale* the author treats of the canals, aqueducts, roads, iron and stone bridges, hanging bridges, &c. On the subject of the hanging bridges we ought to mention a highly interesting work on the subject, by Mr. Navier, an engineer of great merit, who was sent to England by the French Government to collect information on this subject, and has published the result of his mission, under the form of a report, in one vol. 4to. with numerous plates.

#### GERMANY.

A work of small compass, but of extreme importance to the whole Christian world, *Biblische Kritische Reise*, &c. i. e. a Critico-biblical Tour in France, Switzerland, Italy, Palestine, and the Archipelago, in the years 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, accompanied by a history of the text of the New Testament, by Dr. I. M. A. Scholz, Professor of Divinity (Roman Catholic), in the University of Bonn. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 209 (with a *fac-simile* of ten Manuscripts of the Royal Library). Dr.

Scholz is already advantageously known to the learned world by his biblical labours, and by the Journal of his Travels in the Levant, published in 1822, soon after his return. He promises a collection of plates, and observations on the Egyptian and Phenician antiquities which he had an opportunity to examine. He is at present busily engaged on a great critical and exegetical edition of the New Testament, an immense undertaking, which is the object, as it will be the result, of all his labours. This collection of researches and writings may be considered as an important event in the history of sacred criticism, and the work we are now speaking of must attract in a particular manner the attention of the friends of that branch of study. Though short, it embraces many things: it contains the elements of an entirely new theory; it tends to overturn, or at the least, greatly to modify ideas pretty generally received, and in a word, it is calculated to have a powerful influence on the criticism of the New Testament. It is therefore highly requisite that the learned should examine the assertions of the author to adopt his solution of the problem of families, if they judge these assertions well founded; and if they should consider them as inaccurate or too general, to gather at least the new facts, the useful principles, and the certain consequences, which they cannot fail to recognise in it.

We have dwelt more than usual on this small work on account of its paramount importance; and though it is wholly out of the plan of our articles to go into a critique on the works we mention, we will on this occasion add an extract from the opinion (which we have before us) of an eminent Protestant writer:—"If," says he, "the principle of Scholz respecting versions were rejected (Scholz is not inclined to allow their authority), some essential modifications of the author's system would doubtless result from it; but the principal inference which he deduces from it would not be shaken. I mean the great pre-eminence of the Asiatic text over the African, and consequently the real merit of our received text. Scholz would still have the glory of having been the first to establish on a solid foundation this important fact, the results of which rise above criticism, and almost occupy a place among the guarantees of religion."

So strong a recommendation cannot fail to draw the attention of our learned readers to this work, and we shall be happy if it should induce some person competent to the task to undertake a translation of it, which we doubt not would be acceptable.

Among the later productions of the German Press we have not met with any thing worthy of particular notice.

## THE FIGHTING GLADIATOR.

"HA! it hath reach'd him!"—on his rugged brow  
 The flash of triumph plays still doubtfully  
 One moment's dread suspense—his aching eye  
 Gluts on the life-blood of his fainting foe—  
 His hand still quivers to repeat the blow—  
 His outstretch'd arm still bears the shield on high,  
 As, gazing on the last death-agony,  
 He views in death his mighty rival bow.  
 Hark the loud shout of the applauding crowd!  
 He starts to terrible consciousness of all,  
 And his heart sickens—would those plaudits loud  
 Upon the "dull cold ear of Death" might fall!  
 He thinks upon his comrade's dying groan  
 And his brain burns beneath the laurel crown.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—  
 Poems, &c. by Thomas Wilkinson, of  
 Yanwath, Westmoreland.

Scenery of the River Exe, consisting of  
 Thirty Views of the most interesting  
 Scenes, from its Source in the Exmoor to  
 its Confluence with the Sea at Exmouth.  
 Drawn and etched by F. C. Lewis, Engraver  
 to his Royal Highness the Prince Leopold.  
 Imperial 4to.

Topography, illustrative of the Actual  
 State of Olympia, and the Ruins of the  
 City of Elis. By John Spencer Stanhope,  
 Esq. FRS. in imperial folio, containing  
 numerous Plates, Engraved by G. Cooke,  
 John Pye, E. Finden, &c. &c. from Draw-  
 ings by Mr. Dewint.

Flora Historica, or the Three Seasons of  
 the British Parterre, Historically Treated,  
 with Observations on Planting, to secure a  
 regular succession of Flowers, from the  
 Commencement of Spring to the End of  
 Autumn. By Mr. Henry Phillips.

Biographia Poetica, or Lives of the Bri-  
 tish Poets, from Chaucer to Cowper, in 4  
 vols. 8vo. including every Poet in the Col-  
 lection of Chalmers, Campbell, &c. and in  
 those of the Early Bibliographers, whose  
 writings, or whose names retain sufficient  
 interest to be comprised in an Historical  
 Collection.

Narrative of an Excursion to the Moun-  
 tains of Piedmont, in the Year 1823, and  
 Researches among the Vaudois, with Illus-  
 trations of the very interesting History of  
 these Protestant Inhabitants of the Cottian  
 Alps, with an Appendix, containing im-  
 portant Documents from Ancient MSS.  
 By the Rev. W. S. Gilly. In 4to.

The Principles of Medical Science and  
 Practice, deduced from the Phenomena,  
 observed in Health and in Disease. By  
 Hardwicke Shute, MD.

A new Edition of Globes, three feet in  
 diameter, being the largest which have ever  
 appeared in England, will be shortly pub-  
 lished by Messrs. Addison, of Regent-  
 street, Globe Makers to his Majesty.

Imryagina Conversations of Literary  
 Men and Statesmen. By Walter Savage  
 Landor, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo.

The Old English Drama, a Selection of  
 Plays from the Early English Dramatists,  
 including the whole of Dodsley's Collec-  
 tion, and every Play of any excellence.  
 In small 8vo. in Monthly Parts.

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the  
 Liver, and on some of the Affections  
 usually denominated Bilious; comprising  
 an impartial Estimate of the Merits of the  
 Nitro-Muriatic Acid Bath. By George  
 Darling, MD. Member of the Royal Col-  
 lege of Physicians.

In a small Volume, Notes, Biographical,  
 Critical, and Poetical, on the Portraits of  
 the British Poets, from Chaucer to Cowper.

A Volume, in Prose and Verse, to be  
 intitled, "The Climbing Boy's Album,"  
 containing Contributions from some of the  
 most eminent writers of the day, illus-  
 trated with Engravings from Designs by  
 Mr. Cruikshank. The object of this work  
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## BIRTHS.

Jan. 22, 1824.—In Baker-street, the lady of Wm. James, Esq. MP, a daughter.

29. At the Rangers Lodge, Oxford, the lady of Sir Henry Lambert, Bart. a son.

Feb. 1. The lady of Major Deare, of the Eighth Hussars, a daughter.

—At Ickwell Bury, near Biggleswade, Lady Johnstone, a son.

3. At Greenstead Hall, Essex, the lady of Major Robt. H. Ord, KGO. a son.

6. At Woolterton Hall, Norfolk, the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Orford, a daughter.

—Mrs. Jackson, of Brunswick Square, a daughter.

8. At the Principal's Lodge, at the East India College, Herts, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Batten, a daughter.

9. In Grosvenor Square, the Rt. Hon. Lady Petre, a daughter.

—The lady of Wm. Stuart, Esq. MP, for Armagh, a daughter.

10. At Belton Hall, Lincolnshire, the Countess of Brownlow, a daughter.

—In Hill-street, Berkeley Square, the lady of W. Lucas, Esq. MP, a daughter.

—In Stratton street, the lady of George Carr Glyn, Esq. a son.

—At Cheddington, Kent, the lady of the Rev. R. P. Wish, a son.

—At Powis Castle, Shropshire, the Rt. Hon. Lady Lucy Clive, a daughter.

14. In Lower Brook-street, the lady of the Hon. Wm. Barrington, a son.

—The lady of C. M. T. Western, Esq. a son.

17. At Whitehall Place, the Rt. Hon. Lady James Stuart, a son.

## ABROAD.

At Paris, the Rt. Hon. the Marchioness of Worcester, a son and heir.

## IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, the Countess of Bective, a daughter.

At Ballinrobe, the lady of Lieut. Col. Arthur H. Gordon, of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, a son.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Aberdeen, the lady of Capt. Arrow, RN. Commanding the Coast Guard of that District, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

Jan. 22. At Eye, Herefordshire, by the Hon. and Rev. S. Rodney, Edm. Pollexfen Bastard, Esq. of Ketley, Devonshire, and MP. for that county, to the Hon. Anne Jane Rodney, daughter of the late and sister to the present Lord Rodney.  
—Major James Henry Phelps, of the 8th Regt.

to Mary, youngest daughter of Robert Grant, Esq. of Druminnor, Aberdeenshire.

24. Daniel Wakefield, Esq. to Selina, second daughter of J. G. De Burgh, Esq. of Chewton House, Old Down.

25. Rose Price, Esq. eldest son of Sir Rose Price, Bart. to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Desart.

28. By Special License, at Hepburn Hall, Wm. Henry Lambton, Esq. brother to John George Lambton, MP. for the county of Durham, to Henrietta, second daughter of Cuthbert Ellison, Esq. MP. for Newcastle on Tyne.

29. At St. James' Church, John Ruggles, Esq. of Spains Hall, in the county of Essex, and of Clare, Suffolk, to Catherine, daughter of John Haynes Harrison, Esq. of Copford Hall, Essex.

Feb. 3. At Mary-le-bone Church, the Rev. W. Heberden, eldest son of Dr. Heberden, to Elvira Rainier, second daughter of John Underwood, Esq. of Gloucester Place.

3. At Kensington, John Hurnall, Esq. of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to Mary, only daughter of Charles Badham, MD. FRS.

4. Captain H. Jenkinson, RN. to Miss Acland, sister to Sir Thos. D. Acland, Bart.

10. At St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Dean of Carlisle, Thos. Hoskins, Esq. of North Perrot, Somersetshire, and late of the Royal Dragoons, to Charlotte, daughter of the late James Adams, Esq. of Berkeley Square.

11. At Grasmere, Westmoreland, Thos. Carr, Esq. of Compton Lodge, to Miss Dowling, of Amble-side.

16. At Wilmington, Kent, John Walter Hulme, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Eliza, eldest daughter—and William Parr Isaacson, Esq. of Newmarket, to Sarah, second daughter—of J. Chitty, Esq. Barrister-at-law.

## IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, John Hazen, Esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James King, Esq. of Coleraine-street, and niece to Sir Abraham Bradley King, Bart.

## ABROAD.

At Madeira, at the Consul General's house, Lieut. George Anson, 11th Dragoons, eldest son of the late Gen. Sir George Anson, KCB. MP. to Barbara Park, niece to Henry Veitch, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Consul General for that Island.

## DEATHS.

Jan. 18. At Glyndbourne, Sussex, in his 95th year, the Rev. Francis Tutte, MA. one of the Prebendaries of Peterborough.

19. At his house, York Place, Clifton, aged 71. the Rev. Thomas Grinfield, brother of the late Gen. Grinfield.

20. In the Edgeware Road, aged 86, Mrs. Thicknesse, relict of the late Governor Thicknesse, (father to the late Lord Audley) whom she married in 1762, after the death of his first wife, Lady Betty Thicknesse; Mrs. Thicknesse was the author of *Sketches of the Lives and Writings of the Principal Literary Ladies in France*, 3 vols. 8vo. and some other publications.
22. At Castle Dennington, Leicestershire, in his 71st year, the Rev. Thos. Bosville, AM. of Magdalen College, Oxford, and of Ravenfield Park, in the county of York.
23. At Binfield, Berks, aged 49, Lieut. Gen. Sir Fras. Wilder.
26. At Camberwell, aged 43, Vincent Wanostrocht, LL.D.
- In Upper Seymour-street, Judith, relict of the late Gen. Sir Robt. Laurie, Bart. of Maxwellton, in the county of Dumfries.
27. At Chiswick, in his 86th year, the Rev. Dr. Horne.
- At Castle Howard, Yorkshire, in her 71st year, the Right Hon. Margaret Caroline, Countess of Carlisle. Her ladyship was the second daughter of Grenville Leveson Gower, first Marquis of Stafford.
29. At her house, in Hill-street, Berkeley Square, Mrs. Tynte, relict of the late John Kemeys Tynte, Esq.
31. In his 34th year, Mr. G. Fordyce Mavor, of Finsbury Square, of the Firm of Harding, Mavor, and Co.
- Feb. 1. At the house of Robt. Clark, Esq. of Trinity Square, Captain Stephen Rains, RN. in his 59th year.
- At Woolwich, aged 73, Mrs. Hartley, the once celebrated actress, and the contemporary of Garrick. This lady, when in her zenith, was possessed of extraordinary beauty of person, and frequently sat as a model, to Sir Joshua Reynolds; and Mason is said to have written his *Elfrida*, that she might represent the heroine, which character she sustained for sometime with great popularity.
- At Cheltenham, in his 78th year, the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Bart. Prebendary of Ely, Chancellor of the diocese of Ferns, &c. This gentleman who had been for nearly half a century a distinguished character both in the literary and political world, first established the *Morning Post*, and the *Herald*, the latter in 1780, the former a few years previously; he also commenced the *Courier de l'Europe*, and the *English Chronicle*. Of the *Herald* he was for many years the sole proprietor, and supported that paper by his wit and talents. He contributed largely to the celebrated "Probationary Odes," and the "Rolliad," and was author of a satirical work entitled "Vortigern and Rowena," and of several popular operas and other dramatic pieces. Sir Henry was the patron of Gainsborough, De Lolme, Lavoisier, and other individuals of talent; and the friend and associate of Garrick, the elder Colman, Bonnel Thornton, Cumberland, and other contemporary wits. At one period he obtained much notoriety by his quarrels and duels with Mr. Bowes, the husband of the Countess of Strathmore, Messrs. Miles and Fitzgerald, &c. one of which was about Mrs. Hartley, the lady whose decease has been just noticed.
3. At the King's Palace, the Countess of Harrington. Her remains were interred on the 12th, in Westminster-abbey.
- At Lymington, aged 49, James Green Livett, Esq.
4. Sir John Simeon, one of the Masters in Chancery.
- At Birmingham, aged 29, Mr. George Mills, medalist, one of the first artists in England in this branch of the Fine Arts. His medals of Watt, West, Admiral Duckworth, &c. are sufficient proofs of his ability and talent.
- At Fleet House, near Weymouth, Abigail, relict of the late George Gould, Esq. of Upway House, in the county of Dorset, and last surviving sister of Robt. Goodden, Esq. of Compton House, in the same county.
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- Lately, at Bayswater, in his 85th year, Mr. Charles Frederick Baumgarten, formerly leader of the band at Covent Garden Theatre.
19. At his house, in Gloucester-place, in his 73d year, Sir John Orde, Bart. Admiral of the Red.
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- At Rochfort, Gustavus Hume Rochfort, Esq. MP. for the county of Westmeath.
- At Collen, in the county of Louth, the seat of Lord Oriel, in her 87th year, the Rt. Hon. Margaret, Viscountess Ferrard, and Baroness Oriel, his Lordship's wife. Her Ladyship was a Peeress in her own right, and is succeeded in her titles by her only son, the Rt. Hon. T. H. Skeffington, one of the Representatives for the county of Louth, now Lord Ferrard.

## ABROAD.

- At Boulogne, in his 80th year, Sir Brook Boothby, Bart. of Ashbourne Hall, Derbyshire: he is succeeded by his only brother, Wm. Boothby, Esq. of Edwinston, Notts. Sir Brook was of literary habits, and published *Britannicus*, a Tragedy, and *Tales and Fables*, 2 vols.
- At Paris, the Rev. Rich. Hayes, of the Order of St. Francis, who rendered himself conspicuous in the Catholic discussion on the Veto.
- At Eichstett, aged 84, Count Joseph Von Stubenberg, Archbishop of Bombay, and Prince Bishop of Eichstett.
- At Paris, of a complaint in the chest, M. Gericault, painter; whose picture of the "Wreck of the Medusa Frigate," was exhibited in London three years since.
- At Versailles, aged 54, George Francis Lynn, Esq. of Southwick Hall, Oundle, Northamptonshire.
- At Paris, (Jan. 28.) Louis Matthieu Langlès, the celebrated Orientalist, who was born at Montdidier in 1764. The whole life of this indefatigable scholar was devoted to the study of Oriental literature, with which his numerous translations and other works exhibit his intimate acquaintance. His "Ancient and Modern Monuments of Hindostan," alone, sufficiently attest the profundity, extent, and variety of his researches in this field of literature.
- At Malta, of Apoplexy, Sir Thos. Maitland, GCB. and GC. Col. of the 18th Regt. Foot, Governor of Malta, Commander of the Forces in the Mediterranean, and Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. Sir Thomas was brother to the Earl of Lauderdale.
- At Florence, in her 72d year, Aloisia de Stollberg, relict of Prince James Stuart, and the friend of Alfieri.